

LIFE

A high-angle, black and white photograph of a war glider cockpit. The cockpit is open, revealing several soldiers in military uniforms and caps. They are seated in rows, with some holding rifles. The glider's structure, including the canopy frame and various mechanical components, is visible. The background shows a grassy field.

WAR GLIDER

SEPTEMBER 7, 1942

10

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



A favorite for camp and campus alike—the remarkable new Parker "51". A completely new kind of writing instrument. Concealed, leak-proof point. \$12.50 (illustrated) and \$15.

Matched Parker "51" Pen and Writefine Pencil Set in handsome presentation case, \$17.50 (illustrated) and \$22.50.



Give a Parker

TO MAKE YOUR PARTING GIFT
A LASTING ONE...

Only a Parker gives you: extra large ink capacity . . . original pocket-level Military Clip . . . and the Blue Diamond Life Contract Guarantee.

Faster—faster—our young men and women must prepare for new duties at home and at the front.

And as they leave for school or camp, what lasting gift to tell how fondly you wish for their success? A Parker Pen or Set is the answer.

Parker Pens are *supercharged*! They contain no rubber sac . . . hold one-third more ink than the average of three well-known sac-type pens.

The patented arrow clip is trim and convenient. It secures each

Parker at pocket level—out of sight, as military regulations demand.

The ease and balance of the Parker Pen are a revelation. The 14K gold point starts in a split-second. That satin-smooth tip of osmiridium won't wear scratchy in a lifetime!

Visit your pen counter and test the sensational new Parker "51" with the "51" ink that dries instantly as you write. See the handsome new Parker Vacumatic Pens and Sets. Your gift problem is solved!

◆ Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our Contract unconditionally Guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete.



Matched Parker Vacumatic Pen and Writefine Pencil Set in lovely gift cases, \$8.75, \$12.75 (illustrated), \$15.



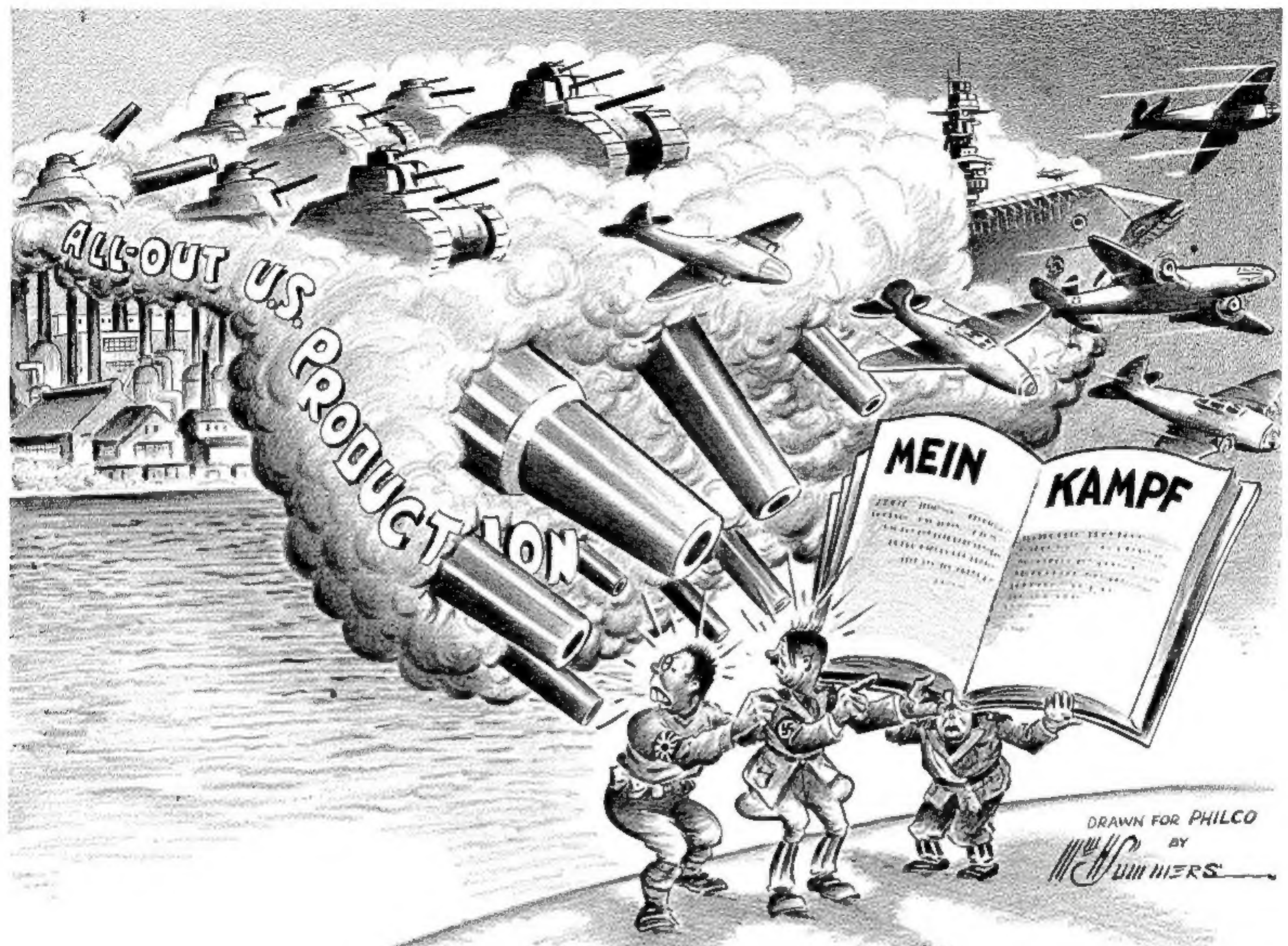
Acclaimed by the youth of America everywhere. Beautiful Parker Vacumatic with Full Television ink supply. Convenient "one-hand" patented filler. Exclusive pearl and jet ring barrel. Junior and Sub-deb, \$5; Major (illustrated) and Debutante, \$8.75; Maxima, \$10.

Parker

Since 1888 America's finest
pens, pencils, sets

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"IT ISN'T IN THE BOOK"... or "A Chapter the Author Forgot!"



Copyright 1942—Philco Corporation

WHATEVER tomorrow's headlines may be, the big news of the war today and tonight is being written in the mighty industrial plants of America.

Here at Philco, for instance... research engineers who have helped to make America the center of the world in electronic achievements are at work on vital war assignments. Laboratories and production lines that have done their share to give America more radios, refrigerators and air conditioners than all the rest of the world combined, are now producing the eyes and

ears of mechanized warfare... intricate communications equipment and powerful radios for tanks and airplanes. Other divisions of Philco have turned their skill to the making of artillery fuzes, shells and industrial storage batteries.

Repeated a thousandfold throughout the nation, the unconquerable spirit and strength of this united effort gives us cause for our faith in Victory. And for our faith in a more abundant future... in the fuller life that will be the heritage of the scientific miracles born from the stress of war.

This cartoon by Wm. H. Summers is one of a series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists. Posted on the walls of the Philco factories, they interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of industry and the significance of their work in the nation's united effort for victory.

Free Limited Offer... While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Wm. H. Summers will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 18D.

PHILCO CORPORATION



America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on sugar, rubber, gasoline and all products of peace-time consumption, remember too to preserve the use of the things you own. Through its national service organizations, Philco offers, at reasonable and uniform charges, the means of prolonging the life of Philco products.

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER

This One



ZUH4-R1D-4K9C

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick of Palatine, Illinois.



They captured the gleam of an electric eye

Rick Twins discover Pepsodent Powder can make teeth far brighter to the naked eye, too!



Photoelectric eye proof of Pepsodent's superior polishing ability convinced scientists. But not the Rick Twins. They wanted to see just how good Pepsodent was without scientific gadgets—when it was used in the practical way—the way anyone would brush teeth. So they tossed a coin to see who would use Pepsodent, and Margaret won. Marilyn chose to test another leading tooth powder.

People always had a hard time telling them apart... they were that alike. But that was before the test started. Then, admitted Marilyn, "Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first... then amazed that Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it. Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"

... and the Rick Twins' dentist says:

"Of course, I was skeptical. Pepsodent's claims sounded just too good to be true. However, this Rick Twins' test convinced me that the statement of The Pepsodent Company is accurate and truthful."



Rick Twins Confirm Laboratory Findings

Independent laboratory tests found no other dentifrice that could match the lustre produced by Pepsodent.

By actual test, Pepsodent produces a lustre on teeth *Twice as Bright* as the average of all other leading brands!

Pepsodent Powder can make your teeth far brighter, too!

LIFE'S REPORTS

1,000 MILES UP THE VOLGA

by WALTER GRAEBNER

Moscow (by cable)

For eleven days I have sailed through the waters which Hitler covets this summer beyond everything else in the world. I have gone by boat from Baku, the Caspian port of the Eastern Caucasus, more than 1,000 miles up the Volga River to Kuibyshev. The Russians call the Volga "the main artery of our country." That is why Hitler wants it, and that is why the Russians are determined he shall not have it.

My traveling companion was Myer Handler of the United Press. We took off at dawn from Tehran in a Russian plane and, after flying over the oil fields of the Caucasus, landed at an airfield outside Baku. The moment the plane stopped, women mechanics began checking the gasoline tanks and tinkering with the motors. Seconds later an open Ford baggage truck rolled up with a woman gripping the wheel. Superior in every outward physical way to any women I had seen since leaving America, these Russian women seemed to be perfect specimens of fitness—sturdy, erect, bright-eyed, with healthy hair and peach-colored skin. Some wore blue and white Air Force uniforms, some overalls, some frocks of various colors. A few used lipstick. They went about their business just as the men did and paid no more attention to the men than the men did to them. I noticed particularly that when the women passed a group of men, the men did not study the backs of their legs in the American and European manner.

During the early blackout hours, passengers began assembling on the pier of this Caspian Sea port. After we had sat on a bench for ten minutes, a Russian cavalry officer wearing two Red Army awards marched over and saluted stiffly. I rose and saluted. He repeated his salute and I repeated mine. Then he greeted us in Russian and I greeted him. Again we exchanged salutes, after which he said, "Together the Americans and the Russians will smash the Germans." Between more salutes he told us he had been injured three times in the war and was now on leave.

Our ship was an old 5,000-ton oil burner badly needing a new coat of paint. We had a second-class cabin on the middle deck which was the best we could get as the top deck, first class, was reserved for officers in the armed forces. The third class was in the open on the forward deck and did not include beds. People just huddled among and on top of bedding rolls, suitcases and sacks full of thick brown bread.

Early we discovered that we carried about the only matches on the ship. Beginning the first night, and lasting throughout the voyage, a constant stream of people flowed past our door stopping just long enough to bum a match or a light from our cigarettes. They said nothing, just poked their heads inside, got a light and moved on. Few Russians smoke ready-made cigarettes and those who roll their own do not carry cigaret paper. They simply use a piece of old newspaper.

We became well-acquainted with several naval officers who spoke a smattering of English and fairly good German. One, an instructor at the naval college, learned to read English from American naval and engineering manuals. In recent years he has read books by Upton Sinclair, Hemingway, Dos Passos and Dreiser.

At dawn one day we reached the Volga delta. As far as we could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2



RUSSIAN PASSENGERS ON A VOLGA STEAMBOAT LOOK AT THE CITY OF KALININ

Let Us Give You Both These Books FREE

With your subscription to "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"

THE SUN IS MY UNDOING

and

WAR AND PEACE

This 1176-page romantic novel of a lusty slave trader and his many loves is RIGHT NOW a best-seller everywhere at \$3.00! Over 470,000 copies!

Tolstoy's deathless novel that encompasses all humanity in its mighty grasp! A classic of the ages—even now sweeping to top rank on the best-seller lists!

These two books, YOURS—FREE! One, a national best-seller with 470,000 readers thrilled by its exciting romance! The other is the famous classic acclaimed as "the greatest novel ever written." Accept BOTH by subscribing to "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club" NOW!

YES, you may have—FREE—the book all America is reading, **THE SUN IS MY UNDOING**. Not since *Anthony Adverse* or *Gone With the Wind* has there been such a tremendous tale! Not since *Rhett Butler*, or *Anthony Adverse* himself, has a hero soared to such popularity as *Matthew Flood*!

The most fabulous courtship in modern fiction sprang from the unholy desire of *Matthew*, trader in human flesh, for *Sheba*—bewitching, untamed, black African slave. He fought, kidnapped and robbed to possess her—even burned to death his rival who would not give her up.

But *Matthew* won, just as he had won his grandfather's fortune through a scandal that was to echo for a century. His plunge into the slave trade had cost him *Pallas Burmester*, the one woman in all his life who said "NO!" to him—and meant it! But fiery, black-browed *Matthew Flood* was not one to be told what to do, or where to go!

In *Matthew's* wake tossed the lives of three generations of women. So many fiery characters, such sheer adventure, so much pulsing life is in this book that you will live every page of it yourself!

PLUS—The Most Magnificent Novel in All Literature!

IN ADDITION to receiving free **THE SUN IS MY UNDOING**, you ALSO get—on this special offer—Tolstoy's monumental **WAR AND PEACE**! Here—for the first time in a handsome cloth-bound edition which is abridged in 544 thrilling pages, so as to be

read as a modern volume—is the book which has been widely acclaimed "the greatest novel ever written."

Here is love at its most passionate, war at its most savage, man in his noblest and basest moments, woman at her tenderest. Through its pages walks every type of humanity, high and low. Its setting is the panoplied background of one of history's epic hours—the invasion of Russia by Napoleon's armies.

Reading **WAR AND PEACE** is an unforgettable experience—a fascinating journey into the realms of genius! (Since this is a great classic which you will always cherish in your lifetime library you may prefer the beautiful edition bound in genuine pin seal grain leather. Just take your choice.)

The Best of the New— AND of the Old

The Book League is the ONLY book club that builds for you a library containing the best of the new best-sellers AND the best of the older masterpieces! The TWO books sent you each month are valued at \$3 to \$4. But—by subscribing to "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"—you get BOTH for only \$1.39!

Each month ONE of the Book League's selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, John Steinbeck, Vicki Baum, Nevil Shute, or Somerset Maugham—a book selling everywhere for \$2, \$2.50, \$3.00.

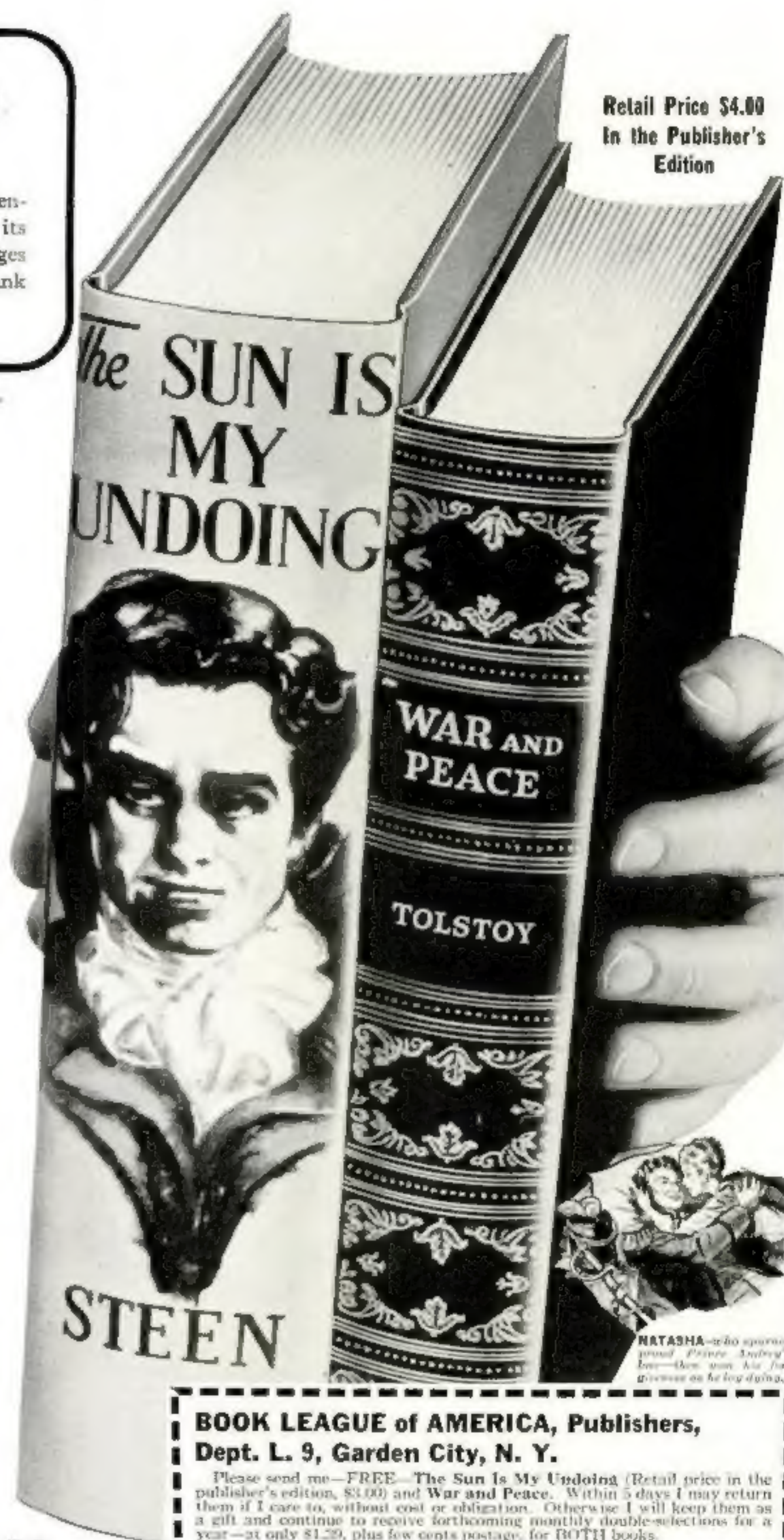
The OTHER book is a great work by a great writer, such as *War and Peace*. These volumes are uniformly bound and, month by month, grow into a handsome, lifetime matched library. Other authors whose works appear in this series include: Shakespeare, Poe, Oscar Wilde, Zola, Hugo, Dumas, etc.

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Please send me—FREE—*The Sun Is My Undoing* (Retail price in the publisher's edition, \$3.00) and *War and Peace*. Within 5 days I may return them if I care to, without cost or obligation. Otherwise I will keep them as a gift and continue to receive forthcoming monthly double-selections for a year—at only \$1.39, plus few cents postage, for BOTH books.

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☐ HANDSOME LEATHER BINDING: Check box if you wish your world's masterpieces (one each month) in genuine pin seal grain leather with silver stamping—for only 50¢ extra monthly.

Another dive bomber tagged for Davy Jones!

A faint, fleeting speck in the blue, it circles warily . . . once . . . twice. Six thousand feet below, on the destroyer's deck, hopeful eyes are watching. Will he risk it? Then . . . "Here he comes!" The speck grows larger with frightening speed. . . . Now the swastikas are visible through the glasses. "Let him have it!" First an aiming burst

from the forward [redacted] anti-aircraft cannon—a 3-second burst . . . [redacted] rounds. Another short burst. Then, while the Nazi bird of prey is still three thousand feet away, it encounters a stream of [redacted] mm. explosive shells—shudders, veers, and then crashes into the sea trailing its shroud of smoke. *Another dive bomber tagged for Davy Jones!*

Called by high Naval authorities "the best known defense against the dive bomber," the [redacted] anti-aircraft cannon became Pontiac war assignment No. 1 in March of 1941. Since then, we have produced a grand total of [redacted], peak production having been attained *11 months ahead of schedule.*

Concurrently, our engineers, working with the Bureau of Naval Ordnance, made numerous improvements in design and process. The result is not only a *more effective weapon at lower cost* but also a very considerable saving of precious alloy steels.

Since our last report to the American people, substantial progress has also been made on Pontiac's other important war assignments. Aerial [redacted] and [redacted] automatic field guns are progressing on schedule to the volume production stage. Our output of [redacted] inner-engine assemblies has almost doubled in the last 90 days. [redacted] tank components are being delivered daily, and our output of vital transport units for affiliated Divisions of General Motors has again been increased.

Without the magnificent cooperation of 360 associate manufacturers or sub-contractors, the foregoing would have been impossible. In 11 states stretching from coast to coast, they have played an important part in enabling Pontiac to do what it has toward providing our fighting men with the arms they need for victory.

Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.



PONTIAC 
DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS

LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

see, broad channels of coffee-colored water, all as swift and wide as the one we followed, emptied into the Caspian. Between the channels grew thick fields of reeds which give wonderful cover for machine-gun-carrying partisans and which, when cut and dried, make good fuel.

At the first village we dropped anchor midstream and presently a small tug pulled alongside. A rope ladder was dropped and down it were helped four of our passengers. They were injured soldiers who had been given sick leave in their native village. All suffered from serious leg wounds. As the tug moved off, people of all ages poured from huts and hurried toward the pier. There must have been 200 altogether and all crowded around the tug as it docked. One white-turbaned woman couldn't wait and waded right around to the far side of the boat into the arms of her husband. As we chugged upstream the whole village began chanting a welcome to the returning heroes and we could still hear their voices long after the village had disappeared behind the river bend.

The Volga is Russia's lifeline

Every mile of the Volga seems to be alive with ships, tugs and barges. The principal product which passes up the river is oil from the Caucasus. Some oil barges are unloaded to supply the Army and Air Force, some to feed industries. But more than vital oil supplies go up the Volga. The Caspian-Volga waterway is the last lap of the Russian supply line from America and England via the Middle East.

At places the Volga is as wide and brown as the Amazon. Sometimes it is as peaceful and picturesque as the middle reaches of the Thames. Sometimes the channel seems to spread into a broad lake which could be mistaken for any one of a hundred in Wisconsin or Westmoreland. Golden-brown cliffs rise along much of its western shore and cast a reflection into the water when the morning sun is just right. Rarer are the white cliffs which tower even higher and are more jagged than the brown. They resemble England's Channel coast. The eastern shore is much less developed than the western. Hundreds of miles of it are studded with thick forests, broken here and there by white flowing sand dunes. Animal life is just rare enough so that the sight of a horse or calf was exciting. Occasionally herds of 50 or 100 brown and black cows descended one of the green side valleys to drink out of the main waters.

The lower deck of our ship was filled with women, children and babies of whom I am told there are constantly millions on the move in Russia—war or no war. The main deck was jammed with soldiers, airmen and labor corps recruits. Some stayed with us all the way from Astrakhan to Kuibyshev, but most of them rode for a day or two to some town where they were taken off and replaced by others. Altogether we probably had 1,500 to 2,000 Army and labor corps personnel on board during the voyage. There were dark, heavy-featured Georgians; tall, high-cheekboned Tartars; short, flat-faced Mongolians and others. Part of the way we carried several hundred tank regiment men who had just finished training. They were lean, bronzed, bright-eyed and full of energy. Their uniforms looked as if they had not been washed in a year, but the Russians figure that clean uniforms aren't essential for killing Germans. Their kit was limited to a small bedroll, cup, flask and a few personal belongings such as a chipped mirror, knife, book and dominoes. Food while traveling was reduced to a simple minimum, consisting of dry black bread, dried fish and possibly a jar of compote. Soldiers eat these rations with great relish.

It is dangerous to generalize about the Russians because there are so many of them, but these characteristics seemed to apply to our shipload: they were medium tall with blue eyes, shaved blond heads, good teeth (brightened occasionally by steel crowns), clear complexions and large feet, well-calloused on toes and heels. Nearly all had superb voices and every night groups of 15 or 20 gathered in corners of the deck to sing folk and classical songs in perfect harmony.

There was no distinction whatever between ranks. Colonels shared discomforts, sleeping on bare decks with buck privates, ate the same food and played dominoes (favorite game among the soldiers) at the same tables. I even saw a colonel take a razor and shave a lieutenant's skull. He was careful to do a clean job, too.

At Stalingrad about 100 fighter pilots and mechanics who had just been in action at the Voronezh front came aboard. They were mem-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

DELICIOUS!

Florida Salad Bowl
Wash salad greens, separate leaves, and chill until crisp. Break into pieces and toss lightly with French dressing in salad bowl. Arrange alternate rows of green pepper rings and canned Florida grapefruit sections across center. Garnish with chilled carrot sticks and pickled beets. Serve with additional French dressing. One No. 2 can Florida grapefruit sections makes 8 servings.

EASY!

Florida Fruit Cup
Chill canned Florida grapefruit sections; drain. Combine with fresh blackberries and watermelon balls. Chill thoroughly and garnish with mint before serving in individual serving dishes. One No. 2 can Florida grapefruit sections makes 6 fruit cups.

QUICK!

Florida Refresher
Chill canned Florida grapefruit juice thoroughly. Shake and pour into chilled or frosted glasses, allowing about 1/2 can of juice per serving. Garnish each glass with sprigs of mint and fresh Bing cherries.

ALL THE VITAMIN "C" you need daily... in these Money-Saving Recipes!

If you want to get Vitamin C in your meals... if you don't want to run the risk of losing most of this precious vitamin by cooking your "C" foods... if you want to save money, too... then by all means include at least one of these quick, easy, canned grapefruit recipes in your menu!

Canned Florida grapefruit sections (or juice) supply so much of the precious Vitamin C for so little money that anyone can afford to serve plenty of tempting dishes like those shown above.

Remember the Government urges you

to eat fruits rich in Vitamin C at least once every single day!

And the cheapest, easiest way to live up to Uncle Sam's health rules is to use canned Florida grapefruit sections. Just about as delightfully tart and tender as any fruit that grows, Florida grapefruit in cans is your greatest protection against Vitamin C starvation! At least one out of three people suffers from lack of enough Vitamin C. Make sure that your family gets plenty... this delicious easy way!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLA.

CANNED *Florida* CITRUS FRUITS



"From A.M. to P.M.
**THIS FINER
FRESHER COFFEE**
keeps us smiling!"



7:30 a. m. "John leaves for work, bright and early... and I mean really bright after his breakfast cup of wonderfully flavored A&P Coffee."



6:00 p. m. "Home for dinner again after a hard day—and you'd be surprised what a lift we both get out of the finer, fresher flavor of this coffee."



10:00 p. m. "John gets a chuckle out of the new hat and other things I can afford... you see, I changed to A&P Coffee and I save money on every pound."

ONLY A&P COFFEE
offers you all these
BIG ADVANTAGES

★★★ A&P Coffee is really "tops". It is the pick of the plantations... expertly blended and roasted... delivered swiftly to A&P Stores, still in the flavor-sealed bean. When you buy it at A&P, it's Custom Ground (especially ground) for your very own coffee-maker. A&P Coffee appeals to every enthusiast of fine coffee—because of its magnificent flavor. You get finer, fresher flavor. Change to A&P Coffee and save money on every pound you buy!



**A&P
PLEDGE**

A&P pledges all its experience, all its skill, all its resources to the job of providing you with the finest possible foods at the lowest possible prices.

Save up to 25%* ON MANY FINE FOODS

*Many A&P brands bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our—

The 33 Ann Page Foods
White House
Evaporated Milk
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and Bokor Coffees
Marvel "Enriched" Bread
Jane Parker Cakes,
Rolls and "Dated" Danuts
34 A&P Canned Fruits
and Vegetables

Nectar and Our Own Teas
Sunnyfield Butter
Mel-O-Bit Cheese
12 White Sails
Household Products
7 Sunnyfield Cereals
Sunnyfield Hams and
Smoked Meats
Sunnyfield Flours
and many other fine foods

SOLD ONLY AT A&P FOOD STORES

LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

bers of the famous group of Stormovic fliers commanded by Boris Rivenshtein, one of the greatest airmen in the Soviet Union. His group has been fighting almost continuously since Russia's entry into the war. In that period his men have shot down about 200 German planes with a loss of 20 Russian planes and 13 pilots. "Ten for one is a good enough average," boasts Boris with smiling eyes and a slap on his thigh.

Boris and his boys say the Germans aren't a patch on what they were in 1941. Their bombing, pretty bad a year ago, is terrible now and each time they come over they come higher than last time. Their anti-aircraft fire is astonishingly inaccurate. Many captured German pilots are only 17 years old.

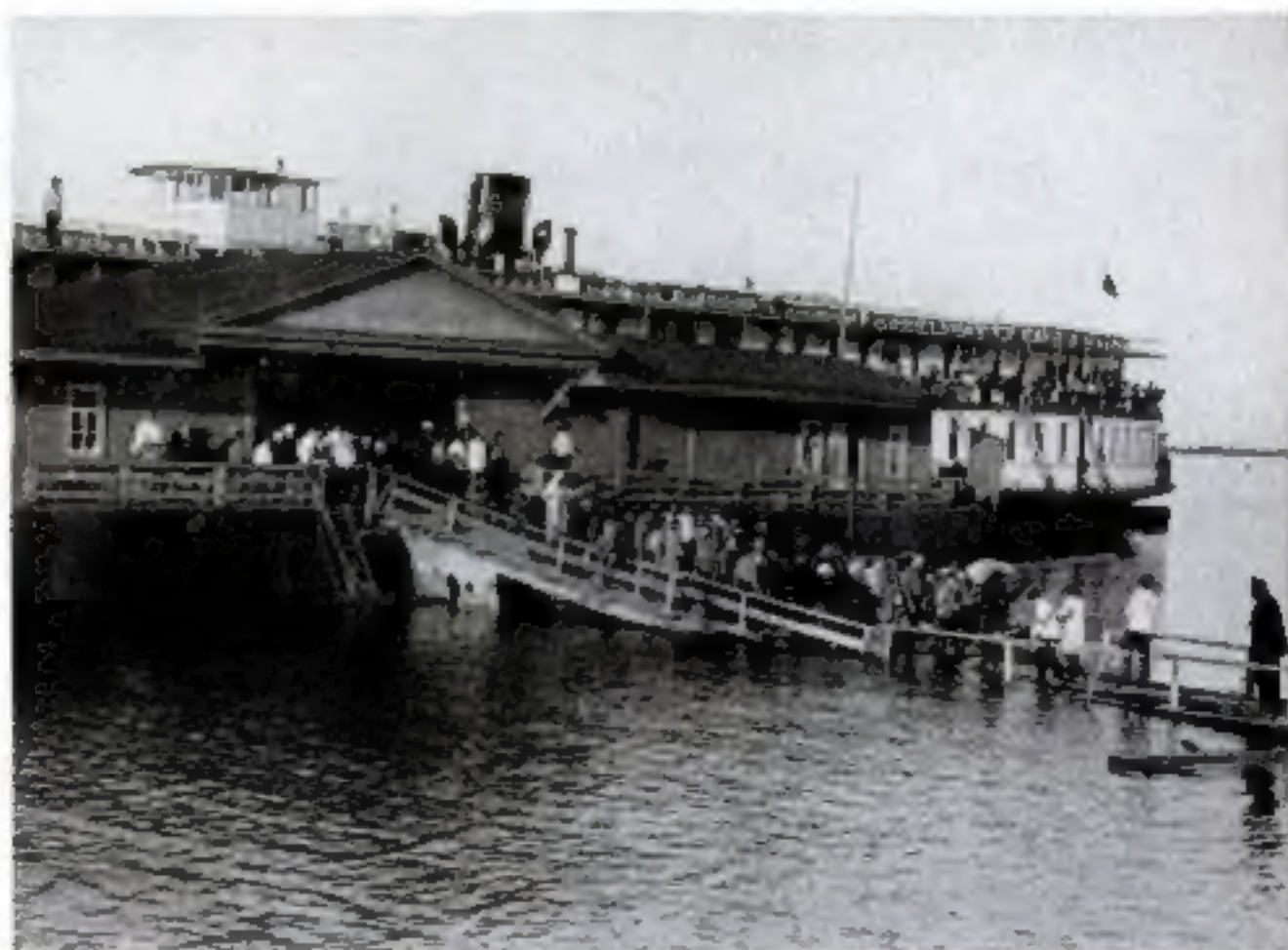
Stalingrad is the St. Louis of the Volga. The western shore is a wall of brown, four-storied landing stages that look like floating Montana boarding houses. Large-bosomed women hang out windows. Moppets, bare to the waist, fish for minnows with flies hooked to bent pins.

The landing stages are nearly awash from the weight of iron and steel products ready to be shipped north or south. When fat, white side-wheelers pull up, conveyor belts immediately begin to move incoming cargo to freight trains paralleling the river, while sunburned, sweating dockers fill up the space with outgoing materials. Passengers use the time to go ashore and buy eggs, milk and vegetables from the peasants who come to meet the boats.

The business section is an ear-shattering din of crawling tanks and trains, of street cars, lorries, motorcycles, marching men and policemen's whistles. The streets are teeming with people. Newly arrived troops queue up to register at various headquarters before going to the front. Above the sound and fury are the protecting wings of the Red Air Force bombers and fighters. Joseph Stalin has reason to be proud of his city.

First I poked my head into a beauty parlor. Half a dozen women in white frocks were doing the nails of six other women, several of whom were exceptionally attractive. As nearly as I could tell the tables were outfitted with all paraphernalia found in the American and British beauty parlors. Next door to the beauty shop was a barbershop with female attendants. A group of soldiers were having their beards shaved.

At the intersection of the main streets I sat down in front of an information booth to observe traffic. Sidewalks and streets were jammed with soldiers and women in bright frocks and well-worn shoes. Here and there the groups stood before soda fountains, drinking lemonade. Streetcars operated by women were filled to capacity, either with people or with freight. I had not been sitting long before a policeman asked me to show my credentials. As I had no police registration certificate, he requested me to accompany him to police headquarters. We walked for about a half mile. I felt positive I had missed the boat. But suddenly a Russian colonel, who was probably also a passenger on the boat, appeared. He said a half dozen words to the policeman and then motioned me to go my way in peace. I scurried to the boat and soon we were off on the last lap of our journey.



AT LANDING STAGES ALONG THE VOLGA BOATS STOP TO TAKE ON PASSENGERS

**"Who—
ME?"**



D DOUGLASS

NOT right now, sonny. But you just wait! This whole great country is going to be needing you. Say about 15 years from now, when you've acquired a little algebra, and a best girl, and 100-odd more pounds of bone and muscle.

"What'll it need ME for then?"

For lots of things. For jobs a great deal different and better than today's. You like airplanes, don't you?

"Airplanes? You bet!"

Well, we'll need you to fly them. Better planes than any we have now, flying higher and faster. They'll be safer, and the whole world will be safer, too, when you take to the air. We're determined on that, and we're doing everything in our power to make sure of it. What else do you like to do?

"Well, we're buildin' a clubhouse . . ."

Building! Just the thing! We're going to want your help with a lot of building. Houses, and the things that go into houses. Things like air conditioning, and better heating and lighting, and refrigerators. I tell you, you're going to be busy!

"Bu—but I like to PLAY!"

And you'll have some wonderful things to play with! Radio such as nobody knows today, and television, and the results of new research in electricity and plastics and electronics—things that aren't even imagined yet. Things that you'll have a hand in imagining, and then making real.

And you'll find there's no play in all the world that's as much fun as helping to build the world of the future.

Yes, sonny, we're all going to need you. And we're all of us—fathers and mothers, soldiers, men and women of American industry—working and fighting right now to make sure that this world of the future will be a better world. A world in which a young man like you can find the fullest opportunities to work and build and play. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

985-31761-211



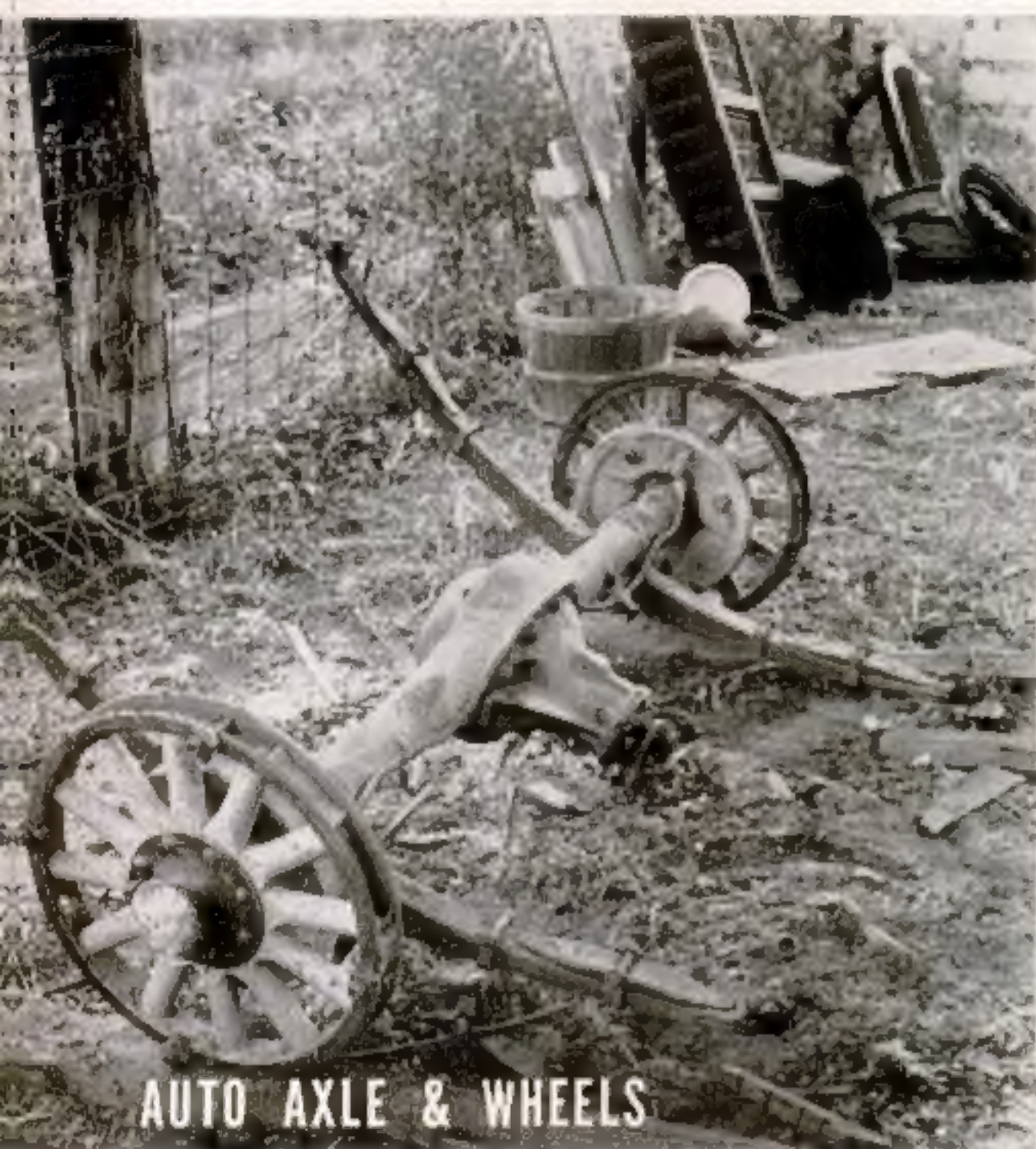
DRAG HARROW



WINDMILL



WATER TROUGH



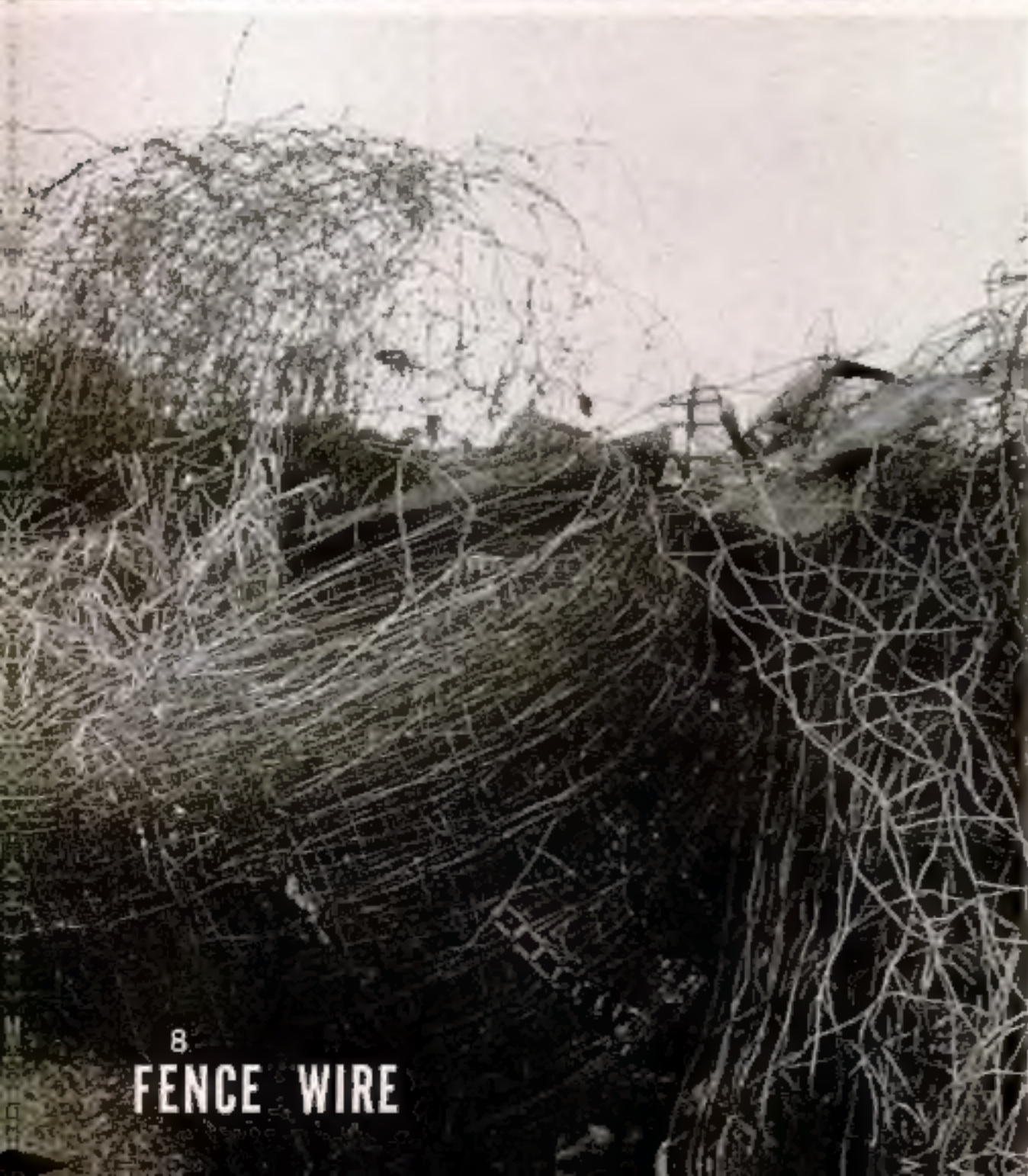
AUTO AXLE & WHEELS



DRAG-PLOV WHEELS



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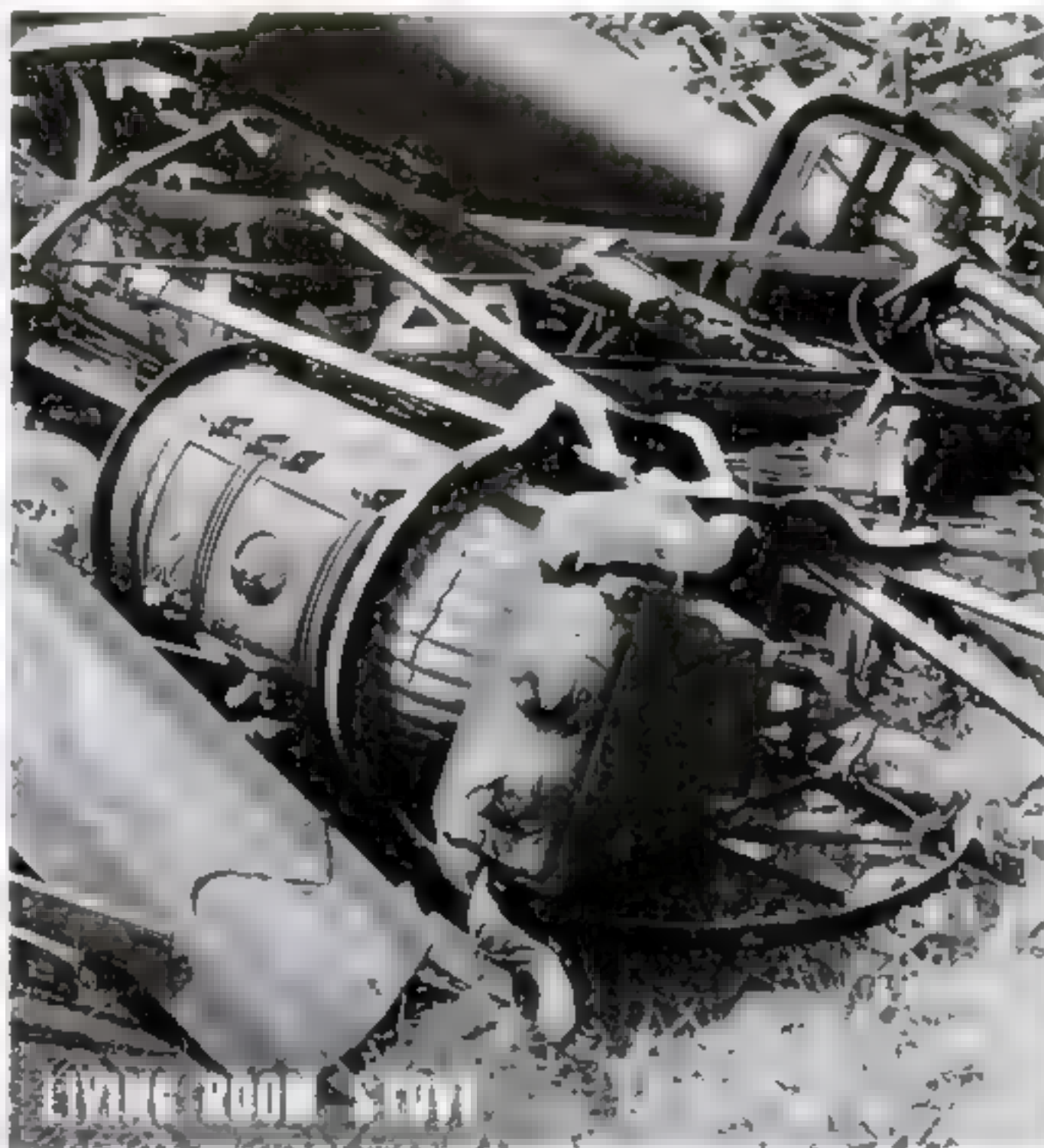
KITCHEN STOVE

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... THIS IS SCRAP

The weird assortment of scrap shown on these pages was photographed just where it was found on the farms of Delavan, Ill. It was collected during a great scrap drive instituted last month by the WPB. In the 740 square miles around Delavan, farmers brought in 508 tons of vital metal. Besides the bizarre items pictured here, the junk piles received a 1925 Jewett, an antique Edison phonograph, an old bridge, part of a tin roof and a corroded pump.

Since Pearl Harbor, over 13,000,000 tons of scrap have been turned in. Before the end of 1942 another 17,000,000 tons must be collected. To achieve this quota, other U. S. communities must equal and surpass Delavan's scrap total.



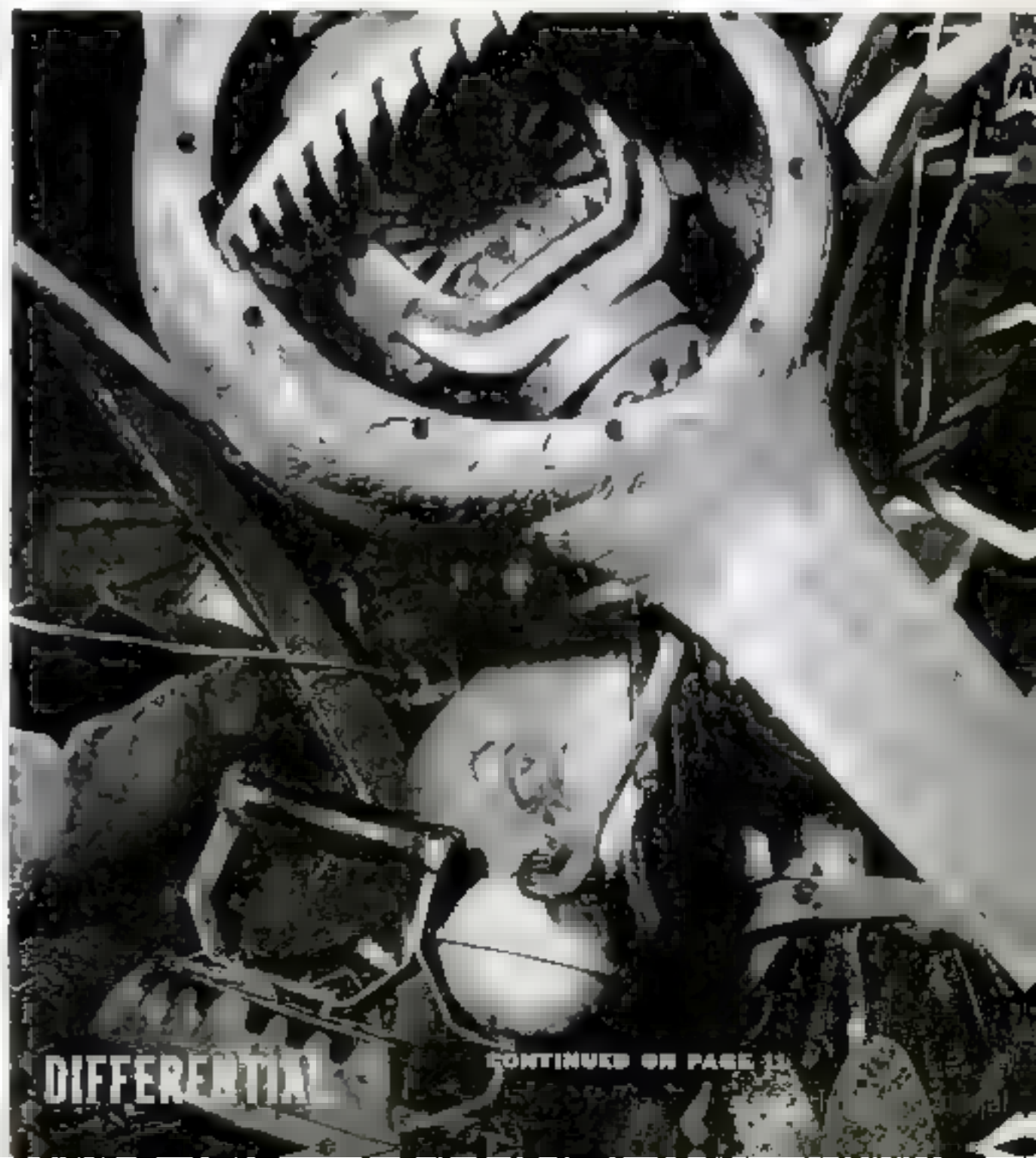
LIVING ROOM SEAT



SHOVEL



TRUCK CAB & BEDSPRINGS



DIFFERENTIAL

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

AGAIN, AMERICA'S WOMEN ARE PROUDLY SAYING:

"I MADE IT MYSELF"

It is actually wonderful that you can
 make a dress that is just what you
 want it to be in the fall.

For you can make a dress in
 KOHAMA or FEATHER FLANNEL or
 KOHAMA HAWAIIAN.

They are the new dress
 for the fall and winter.

There is something
 about a dress that is just what you
 want it to be in the fall.

They are the new dress
 for the fall and winter.

They are the new dress
 for the fall and winter.

They are the new dress
 for the fall and winter.

RAYON HAWAIIAN and HAWAIIAN
 in new colors and patterns
 in new colors and patterns.

RAYON Super
 FEATHER
 FLANNEL
 in new mixed or solid colors

RAYON
 Flannel
 in new plaids, checks, stripes



KOHAMA
 fabrics

Look for the name on the end of the
 bolt in your favorite fabric department

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Trophies won by the Calavo (alligator pear) Growers' Association of California are exhibited by pretty Helvi Roos before being turned in to the Los Angeles scrap drive.



Walt Disney breaks up his famous cast-iron deer. Other items collected in the drive are old tanks, cannon, jugs, chains, ships, bridges, spears, bottle tops and tin cans.

AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY
ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE



As conservation fast becomes America's greatest need, Florsheim quality takes on more importance than ever before . . . because the best way to make shoes last longer is to buy better shoes.

Most Styles
\$10.50 and \$11

The Florsheim Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • Manufacturers • CHICAGO
Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

"KEEP IT CLEAN, GIRLS!"

BENAY VENUTA—singing star of "By Jupiter," introduces her co-star in removing cosmetics.



"Nothing bores me like people who ask if my skin doesn't suffer from all this stage make-up. The whole answer to using cosmetics—on stage or off—is *keep your skin clean, girls*. And cleansing is an act in which I like to co-star with Albolene Cleansing Cream."



"There's something pretty special about Albolene cleansing. Partly it's the really super-duper cleansing . . . and partly, I think, the lovely, soft, fresh feeling your skin has after using Albolene."



And what a "mountain" of cleansing cream for \$1! This pound tin was first put up for professional use. Now you may buy it too, at your druggist's. Brings cost down to 6½ cents an ounce! Sold also in jars at 80c, 25c, 10c.

Cut Cleansing Cream Costs 50%!

Try this different cream—pure, unscented, soothing

LOOK AT THE LABEL of your present cleansing cream. See what is the quantity. Figure the ounce price. Compare with Albolene! The three largest-selling cleansing creams average *twice* as high in price as Albolene—using the largest and most economical sizes for fair comparison!

CAN YOU BE AS REALISTIC as an actress about your beauty? Invest your money in exquisite purity, in fine, delicate ingredients. That's what your money buys

when you get Albolene Cleansing Cream.

IT HAS TO BE PURE! So bland, so gentle is Albolene that it is widely used for skins too sensitive for ordinary cleansing methods. Many hospitals are important users of Albolene. So you know the *quality* has to be superb. You know Albolene has to be *efficient*—to rate so high with actresses. You ought to try it—today! Made in the laboratories of McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

ALBOLENE

A "PROFESSIONAL" CLEANSING CREAM



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

DETROIT DYNAMITE

Sirs:

For God's sake, please tell us about it. What is this rumor we hear, about that Detroit story (LIFE Aug. 17) being cut out of 100,000 copies of LIFE by the Canadian censorship at Windsor, Ontario? I consider LIFE to be making a more powerful and worthy contribution to our war effort than any other magazine, through just such incisive reporting as that Detroit story. You must not cringe to betray the ostrich attitude of which that act of censorship is such an infuriating illustration.

NELSON N. FOOTE

Washington, D. C.

● In 42,000 copies of LIFE for Aug. 17 which were exported to Great Britain, South America and certain countries, the article "Detroit is Dynamite" was deleted in part to conform with U. S. peripheral censorship regulations. The action of some U. S. customs officials in seizing and mutilating copies of LIFE was later repudiated by their superiors in Washington.—ED

Sirs:

When I bought a copy of LIFE across the river in the U. S., your excellent article on Detroit was deleted by the American customs officials. This is a perfect example of cutting off one's nose to spite the face, as LIFE is on sale here in Canada with the article completely intact.

JOHN B. TEETER

Port Frances, Canada

Sirs:

Oodles of congratulations on "Detroit is Dynamite" in spite of the conservative handling you gave it.

I have just finished a survey of Detroit for my company to determine what they are thinking. For six days I spent four hours a day talking to executives, and another four to workmen. You have not overstated the case.

Your great story was no news to two policemen on Woodward Avenue, one of whom remarked: "There isn't a police officer in Detroit who doesn't know he is sitting on a keg of dynamite."

BYRON BACON BLACK

Des Plaines, Ill.

Sirs:

Born in Detroit and having lived here all of my life, it hurts to see the home town unfairly and unnecessarily raked over the coals. Your article reeks with half-truths and inferences.

Some of your statements are undoubtedly correct but your reporter could devote many pages to the fine constructive accomplishments sponsored in and by Detroit. Why feature only the black side of happenings that are bound to occur in a constantly growing community?

ARTHUR C. FIELD

Detroit, Mich.

● Said the Detroit News of LIFE's article: "It is a harsh indictment. To much of it Detroit must plead guilty, for the events mentioned are matters of record"—ED

Sirs:

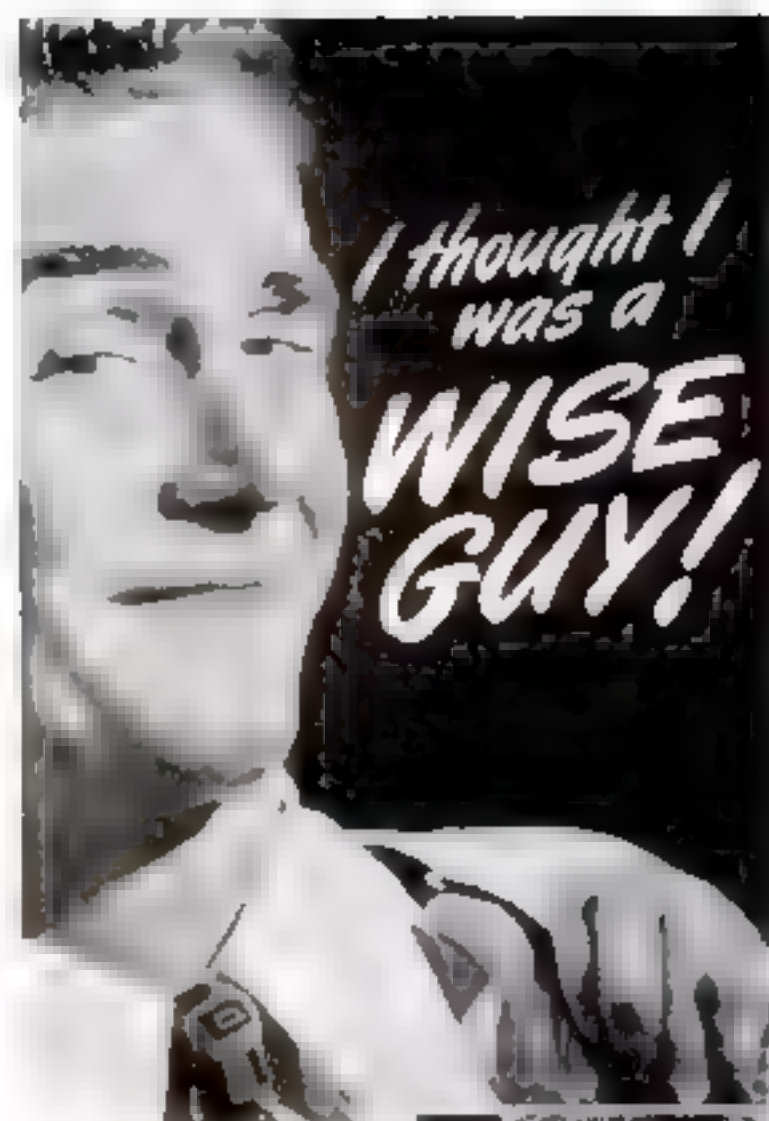
Come out to the city of Hamtramck, Mich. See if it is that bitter factional city which you have described in your LIFE magazine.

We Americans of Polish descent are proud of our loyalty to our country. Walk down one of the residential streets of our city and count the number of service flags and Minute Men stickers in the windows of the residents.

You'll see situated near the City Hall a large sign on which are listed all of the city's men who stepped into military service. Those lads of Polish descent are serving our country in every far corner of the world.

STANLEY J. PAWLAK

Hamtramck, Mich.



Like a lot of other fellows, I used to take what I thought was a "he-man's" laxative. And, boy, what awful punishment I'd take with it! The stuff tasted terrible—and worse. It was just too strong!



Then I switched to another brand. It tasted pretty bad, too. But I wouldn't have minded that so much, if it had done me any good. The trouble was I didn't get the proper relief. It was just too mild!



Finally, a friend suggested Ex-Lax!... "It's so easy to take," he said, "Ex-Lax tastes like chocolate and it works like a charm!"... Well, I tried it and I knew right away that I'd found MY laxative. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's just right!

Try the
"HAPPY MEDIUM"
Laxative!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a gentle way. It won't weaken or upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards.

—It's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be taken with complete confidence. Although it looks and tastes just like chocolate, its action is thorough and dependable.

—It's not too mild!


Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It strikes a Happy Medium. In other words:

—It's just right!

Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only as directed on the label.

10c & 25c
at all drug stores

(continued on p. 14)



**"Rely on
Reliance"**

A Free America Means Happy Homes!

Here's matchless styling—to "keep 'em smiling"! Flattering, personality-building magic, by your own trim Happy Home frocks. New freshness, new attractiveness that make you well worth fighting for! Styled and cut by famous Reliance dress designers, with lines that always please! Completely practical for every informal minute of your busy day—for shopping, playing, or working about the house. Fabrics galore, in a rainbow of timely colors and patterns. Sold by Wash Dress Departments in better stores everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

New York Offices: 200 Fifth Ave.—1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Kay Whitney Frocks • Ensenada and Miss Yank Slacks • Big Yank Shirts and Trousers
Universal Pajamas • Aywon Shirts • No-Tare Shorts • Big Yank Jackets • Yankshire Coats

Reliance
**HAPPY
HOME**



A NAME FAMOUS FOR FINE
QUALITY SINCE 1898...

Roberts, Johnson & Rand SHOES

NEW FALL TONES
INSPIRED BY

Nature



MOST STYLES
\$4.50 TO \$8.85
A FEW STYLES HIGHER

Roberts, Johnson
& Rand
UPTOWN QUALITY
Look for the
Uptown grade
mark in Roberts,
Johnson & Rand
shoes. Test them for
Superior Quality.

When everything you buy *must*
give maximum service. You'll
really appreciate the *extra* quality
built into Roberts, Johnson & Rand
shoes. They're made *right!*

For 44 years, long wearing, shape-
retaining quality has made Roberts, Johnson & Rand
shoes rank high among the nation's very finest. Whatever
your preference... Blacks, or the new Fall-toned
Browns... name *your* style... *your* color... *your* price.
You'll find exactly what you want at leading stores
anywhere... moderately priced, too!

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND • Since 1898 • Div. of International Shoe Co. • St. Louis, Mo.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

Sirs:

You have stated that in our Church anti-Negro handbills were distributed last winter during the Sojourner Truth controversy. This information—you were careful to add—came from the pen of an editor of a local Polish newspaper.

We emphatically deny the charge. We do not and will not use our Church to propagate purely secular or political matters. We regard the Church as the house of God—a sacred place to be referred to with proper reverence. The members of our parish will testify to the fact that anti-Negro handbills were never distributed at any time.

(REV.) PETER P. WALKOWIAK
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Who wrote the caption under the picture of the Catholic church on page 19? Its ambiguity makes it as neat a bit of anti-Catholic propaganda as Goebbels himself ever cooked up. Do you really want us to believe that "anti-Negro handbills were distributed" in "St. Florian's Church in Hamtramck?"

JOHN R. O'NEILL
San Francisco, Calif.

● LIFE's caption should have read "Catholic Church is a potent influence which is sometimes misused by Detroit demagogues." A typographical error made it read "mixed."—ED

Sirs:

I am not only bewildered, but I am befuddled. The stark picture which you painted regarding Detroit was certainly disheartening, especially when you inform us that Willow Run has yet to turn out a plane.

I read in the New York Times, Aug. 14, that Sir Norman Birkett "saw endless miles of machinery turning out a Laborator every hour" at Willow Run. Is this a fragment of his imagination? It is contradictory statements such as these which have made us a mass of bewildered citizens.

M. P. ALOGNA
Wethersfield, Conn.

● LIFE's statement was correct. Sir Norman was seeing things that weren't there.—ED

Sirs:

So it's "bad news from Detroit!" Well, it'll be worse by 'n'by—for Hitler and Hirohito. We don't claim to be miracle men, nor simply rest on the laurels of a job half done. Rather, we are girding for trials to come. But get this straight: Detroit is delivering as fast as the tools of production can be engineered and made. Only it takes time to think these things out, more of time and more of thought than it takes to write a derogatory article.

ANDREW E. RYLANDER
Technical Editor, The Tool Engineer
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

You will no doubt receive many indignant letters of protest concerning your article on Detroit. Its principal fallacy is one of emphasis. True, there have been some difficulties of the kind mentioned, but they have been sporadic and perhaps inseparable from the drastic change-over from a peacetime economy to full production for war.

What has been accomplished here by the joint efforts of labor and management in the eight months since Pearl Harbor is an industrial miracle. Don't worry about Detroit. She will deliver the goods, ahead of schedule.

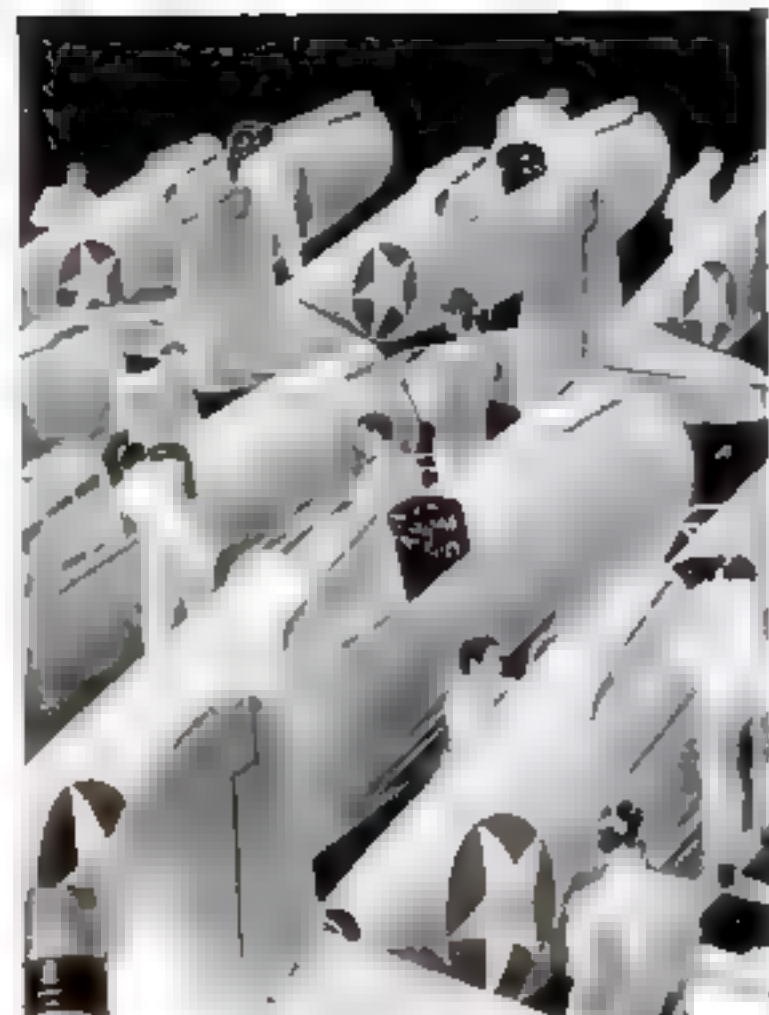
E. A. MACDONALD
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

A flight of Stukas should bomb hell out of Detroit some night.

The subsequent lift in morale and

(continued on p. 16)



All Based on
PAPER WORK



Plans, drawings, supply lists, paper work, from shop memos to plane ferry orders and munitions shipping lists. Office work on a split-second efficiency basis.

No excuse now for wasteful trips to the sharpener when **MONGOL** Pencils can write a saving of precious time and money. Long-wearing Com-plastic leads, Woodclimbed and warranted not to break in normal usage. Points 8 times as strong as the average writing pressure. Choice of 5 degrees... "Say **MONGOL** to your Stationer."

**EBERHARD
FABER**

Leadership

IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

IF YOU WANT

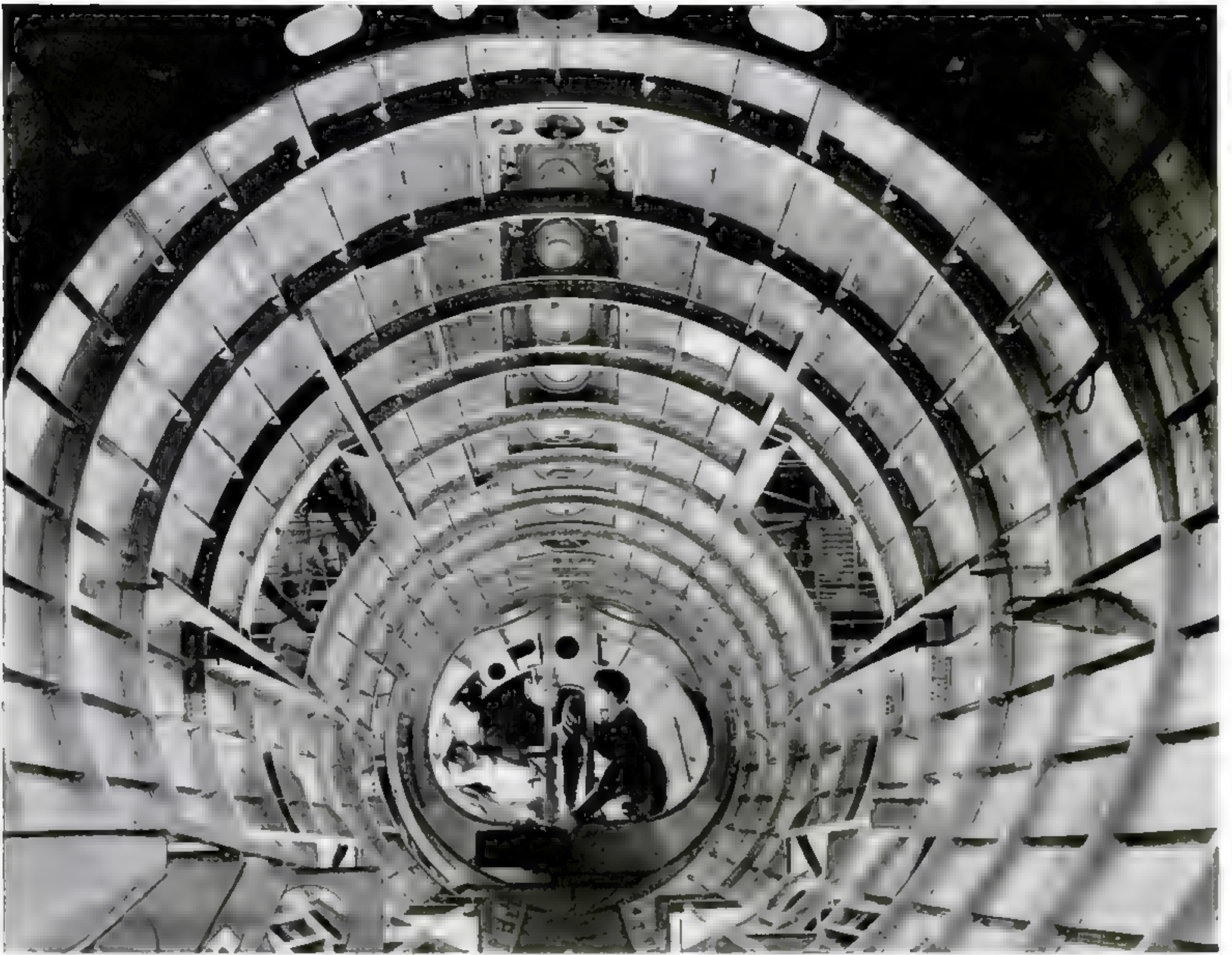
to subscribe to LIFE, write to
F. D. PRATT, Circulation Manager
LIFE, 330 East 22nd Street
Chicago, Illinois
AND ENCLOSE \$4.50

IRON GLUE

MENDS 'MOST ANYTHING

Needs no mixing. Mends wood, glass, china, toys, etc. Ask for Iron Glue—largest selling 10¢ glue. Sold 'most everywhere. McCormick Sales Co., 408 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH



Inside Story

You are looking down the barrel of a highly potent weapon—a Boeing Flying Fortress,* being built.

Here you see the way the ribs and the stiffeners, the bulkheads and the bright aluminum skin are riveted into one compact structure.

Into a Flying Fortress go more than 30,000 different parts (counting duplicates, there are several hundred thousand separate pieces of metal). Into the design, creation and swift production of these giants of the air are riveted also many kinds of engineering.

For example: Boeing *mechanical engineers* design the jigs—intricate, hair-true forms in which Fortress parts are assembled. . . . Boeing *tool engineers* design and adapt tools and machines to the special job of making

parts in quantity production. . . . *Production engineers* find new ways to turn out better Fortresses, faster. . . . *Structural engineers* study problems of reducing weight and increasing the strength in airplane members. . . . *Aerodynamic engineers* study problems of wing, tail, propeller and over-all airplane design. . . . *Power-plant engineers* work to increase the power, speed, efficiency and altitude range of the airplane.

These and still other kinds of engineering skill go into the building of a basic Boeing airplane structure. But in order to make the Fortress a swift, efficient flying work-room for nine men on a mission, other kinds of engineering are essential: radio, chemical, hydraulic, acoustical, vibration, heating, ventilating and electrical.

In the Boeing engineering department today, more than 2000 men are constantly at work on engineering projects. Their job is to design and help to build light metal structures of all kinds—from an airplane wing to a booster system for hydraulic brakes. And today, too, Boeing field engineers are in service wherever their Fortresses fly—in Asia, Africa, England, Australia. Their job is to help keep the big Boeings flying—high, fast, and often.

Variety in engineering skills . . . integrity in engineering design . . . economy in production . . . long experience in research . . . these are the qualities which Boeing is building into bombers, trainers and flying boats for the air forces of the Allies.

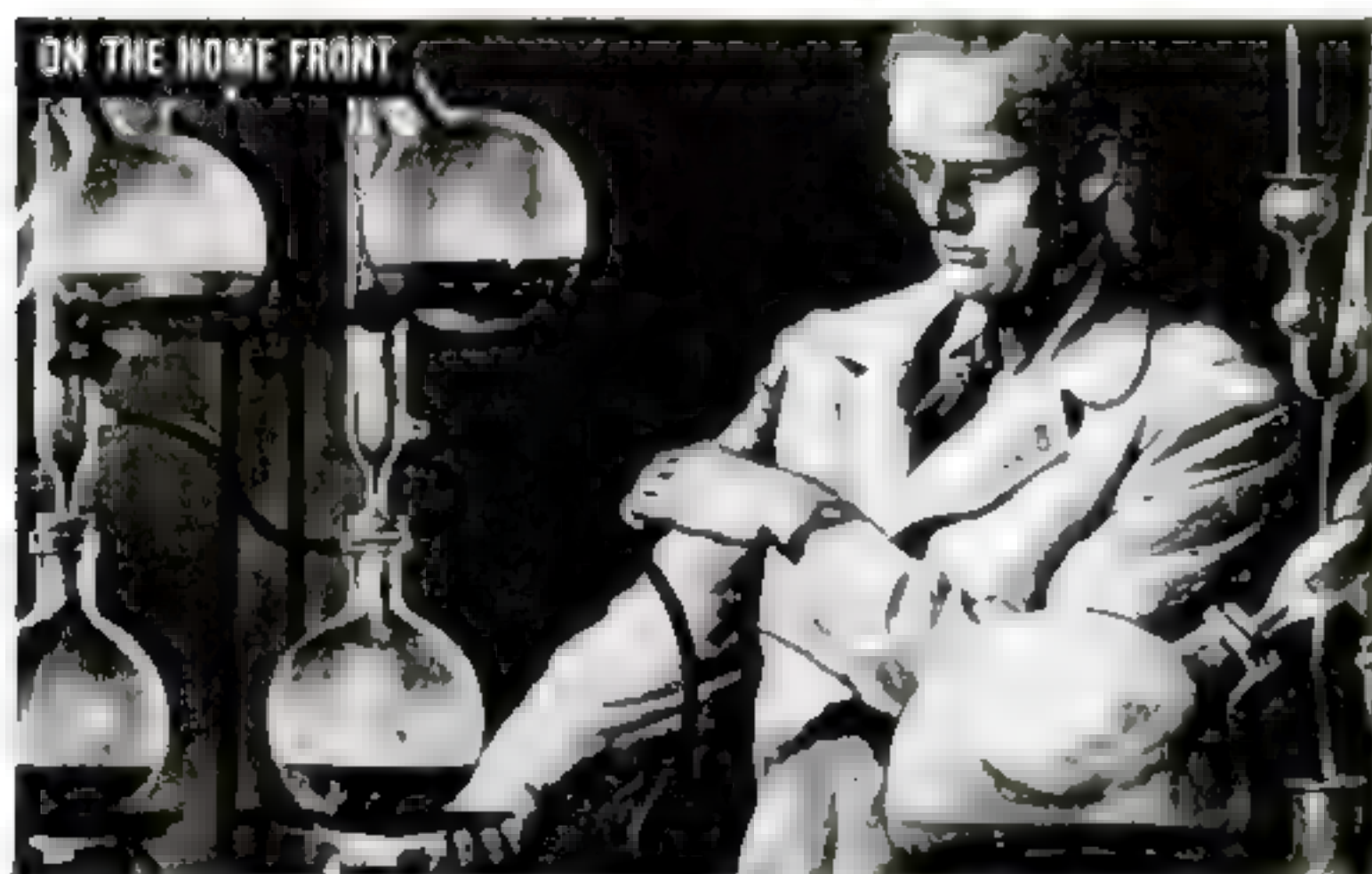
DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

BOEING



They're off—soaring from the decks of an aircraft carrier, to rain destruction on a secret objective. How will they find their target? How will they find their way back to their tiny floating landing field? They figure their position by time—time taken from accurate navigational master watches. Because of Hamilton's years of experience in making railroad-accurate watches, the government has turned to Hamilton for these complicated and essential timepieces.



How would you measure how much gas you're adding to a compound—when you can't see it? The chemist measures it by TIME. A valve in the tank releases the gas at a definite rate per minute—and the chemist times it by his Hamilton. Time, for the chemist, is a tool in the defense of America. And railroad men, engineers, doctors, and other technicians have come to have professional respect for the accuracy and precision of Hamilton Watches.



Hamilton's major effort now is going into the war program. But there are Hamiltons still available. And Hamilton's long experience in building watches for railroad men and precision instruments for the government insures the greatest possible accuracy in every Hamilton Watch. Precious metal cases (except military watches), 17 jewels or more. Styles for men and women. Hamilton Watch Company, 292 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Penna.

©OPR, 1942. BY HAMILTON WATCH CO.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

unity would more than offset any material damage

HAROLD SCARLETT
Ft. Worth, Texas

YANK LEVY

Sirs

Maybe your idea in printing a picture of Yank Levy on the cover (LIFE Aug. 17) is that if war is hell we should enlist the devil on our side

FRANCES G. RICHARD
Erie, Pa.

Sirs

The first thing that came to my mind when I saw your cover picture of Yank Levy, ace guerrilla, was his striking re-



GUERRILLA BATEESE

semblance to Ham Fisher's ace guerrilla, Bateese (Joe Palooka)

The realization that such a character is not merely a fictitious creation from a comic strip but actually exists is very reassuring

More power to all the Yank Levys and Bateeses throughout the world who are doing a job to help erase the Axis

JOHN NETZKY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs

This Yank Levy is sure a tough-looking monkey. He looks mean enough to stick pins in a sick baby—sure glad he is on our side

HENRY B. JOHN
Los Angeles, Calif.

KING GEORGE

Sirs

I enjoyed your picture of King George inspecting the royal piggery (LIFE, Aug. 17) but after clothes rationing in England there is one thing I would like to know: How did he get those cuffs?

ROBERT CZERWINSKI
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs

If the King of England is so interested in his contribution to war economy, what is he still doing with cast-iron gates on his pigpens?

FRANK NORRIS
New York, N.Y.

MILK TRAIN

Sirs

The article on "A Milk Train in Vermont" (LIFE, Aug. 17) gave me a bad case of nostalgia. You only casually mentioned what was to me the outstanding feature of the railroad: the lengths to which it went to avoid a cut or fill. Unless it has been changed, which I doubt, there is one place near Greensboro where, in order to keep from digging through the side of a gravel hill, the track so nearly encircles a barn that you see the same side as you approach it and again as you look back after passing it.

GRACE W. HOMER
Willimantic, Conn.

Sirs

What memories old 74 has for me! It is the train I rode from Burlington to Rutland when I came down from Montreal last March to enlist in the Army. My last

BIG NEWS

This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH

STILL Only 23¢

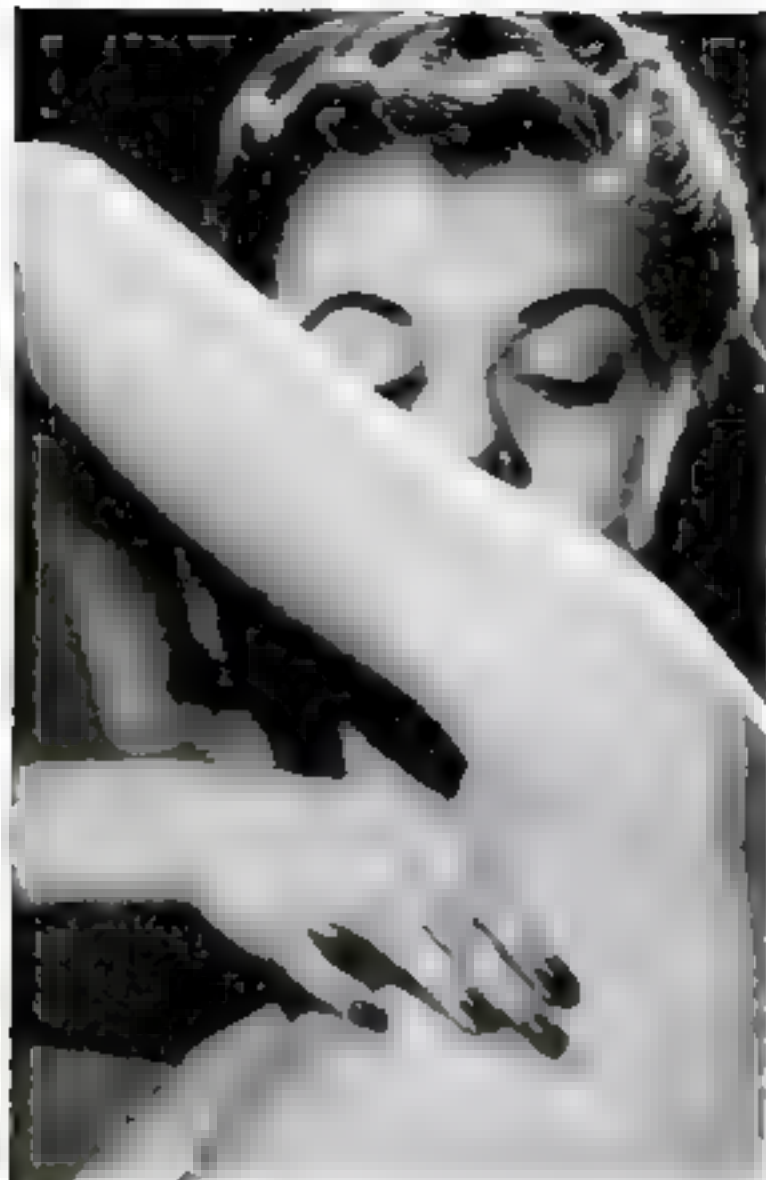
It tastes better with

DIXIE BELLE

The
Great
American
Gin



90 Proof
Distilled from 100%
Grain Neutral Spirits



A DAB A DAY

KEEPS P.O. AWAY

New cream positively stops
*underarm Perspiration Odor
as proved in amazing

HOT CLIMATE TEST

1. Not stiff, not messy—Yodora spreads just like vanishing cream! Dab it on—odor gone!
2. Actually soothing—Yodora can be used right after shaving.
3. Won't rot delicate fabrics.
4. Keeps soft! Yodora does not dry in jar. No waste; goes far.

Yet hot climate tests—made by nurses—prove this *daintier* deodorant keeps underarms immaculately sweet—under the most severe conditions. Try Yodora! In tubes or jars—10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

YODORA

DEODORANT
CREAM



Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

few hours in civilian life were spent riding the milk train. It took her two hours to complete the run from Burlington to Rutland and she didn't miss one station on the way. What memories!

PRIVATE CLAUDE J. DESAUTELS
Fort Belvoir, Va.

CONGRESS

Sirs:

You have done a great service to this nation by printing the article on Congress by Roger Butterfield (LIFE, Aug. 17). It is one of the most important articles I have ever read because it gives our people something to do for the war. It helps them to understand and sympathize where understanding and sympathy are due. It also helps our people to know where to indict where indictment is due. I hope every voting citizen reads the article, for they must act upon its advice.

EDWARD T. BROADHURST JR.
Gambler, Ohio

Sirs:

Congratulations to LIFE and to Roger Butterfield for the eminently sane article on Congress. I regretted, however, to see him include Congressman John Vorys and Karl Mundt among the twelve exploiters of political isolationism.

Standing as I do for a Union of the democracies, I have had occasion to learn firsthand how richly some of the men on that list deserve his condemnation. Such Congressmen as Clare Hoffman and Stephen Day for example have outrageously abused the privileges of the floor and the mailing frank to spread fabrications about our proposal and us. But instead of lumping Congressmen Vorys and Mundt with such men, I would put them at the opposite end of the "isolationist" camp.

I met them in public discussion more than a year ago. I have found no one in the "isolationist" camp with as sympathetic, intelligent and constructive an attitude toward the problem of world organization in general and the Federal Union solution in particular as Messrs. Vorys and Mundt.

CLARENCE K. STREIT
President, Federal Union, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Is It True What They Say About Congress? Isn't true on page 79, where it says Rep. Wadsworth of New York is the only ex-Senator in the House.

Rep. John M. Robison, from the 9th Congressional District of Kentucky served in the Senate, having been appointed thereto on Jan. 9, 1930 to fill a vacancy.

L. C. TURNER
Frankfort, Ky.

Sirs:

In Roger Butterfield's article you have a picture of Congressman Knutson, taken in the House Republican cloak room, and beneath have Congressman Woodruff's name. This was of special notice to me as I was serving as Page Boy in the House at the time the picture was taken and ran the errand to Mr. Knutson's office for the paper he holds in the picture, after he refused to permit LIFE's photographers to use any paper other than his home town's.

Again, on page 80 you will find a picture of Congressman Patton treating a constituent to a shave in the House barbershop, but beneath you have the name of another Texan, Wright Patman.

Mr. Butterfield brought up the fact that people are inclined to judge a body by its worst members—how true. Readers can take my word for it that we still have enough good democrats with the backbone it takes to carry out the will of the people in this grand old country of ours.

JOE BARTLETT
Clarksburg, W. Va.

• LIFE's apologies to Representatives Knutson, Woodruff, Patton, Patman.
—ED.

You may worry about your girl friend



but here's one worry you can avoid

Girls and cars are different! When your car quits you, you can't get a new one!

So take extra good care of the car you've got! Spare it excessive wear with stem-to-stern Marfak chassis lubrication.

Marfak helps add miles to your car's life because it's super-tough. Applied by *chart*, not by chance, it resists wear-out, wash-out and squeeze-out.

For your peace of mind, never say "grease job." Always insist on genuine Marfak 40-point Lubrication Service. At Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.

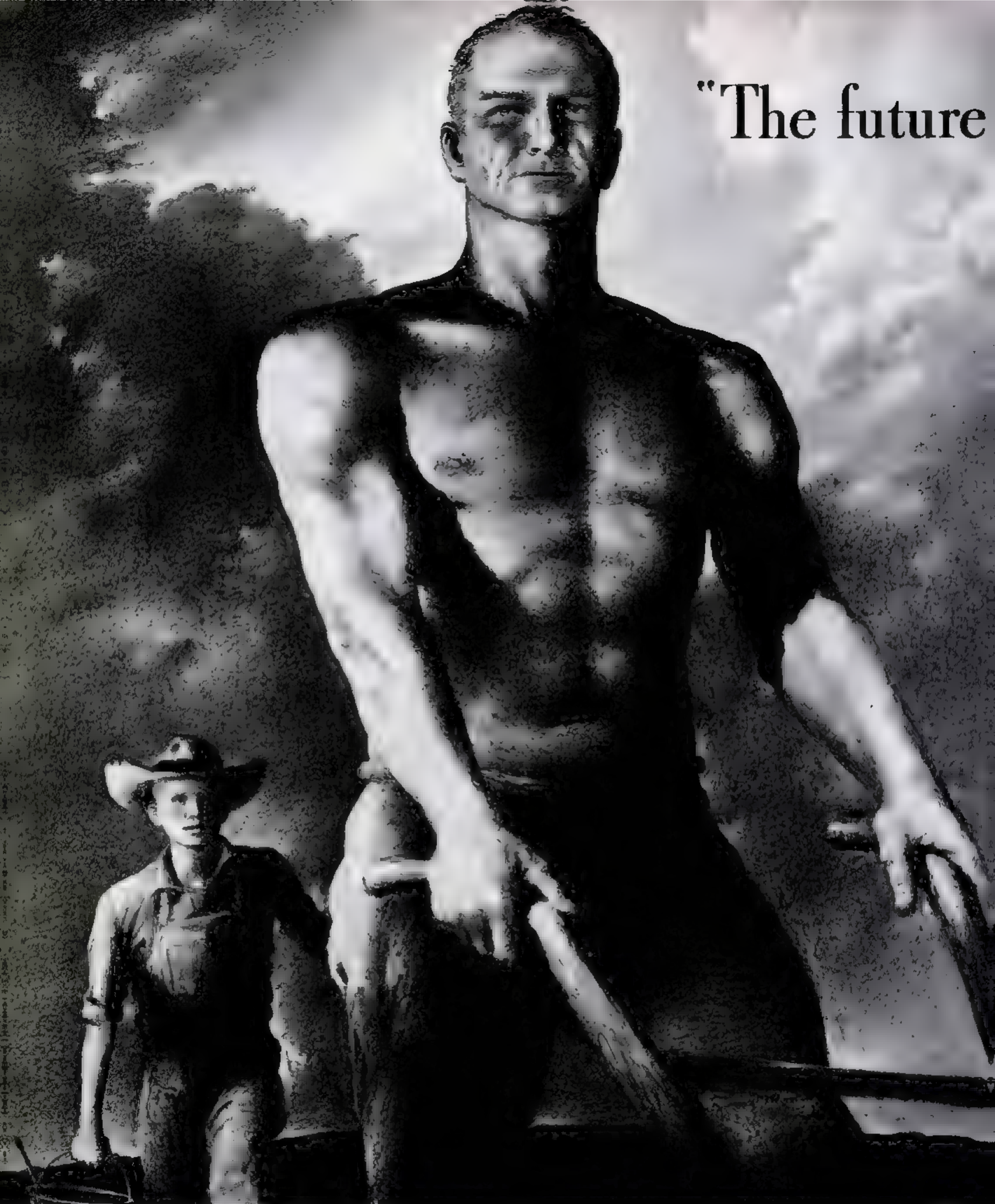


Tune in the TEXACO STAR THEATRE
every Sunday night—CBS



You're Welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

"The future



PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

of the people will be *up to the people*"

What kind of a world are we fighting to create?

Because this question is one of the vital questions of our time, Pan American has asked

John Dewey, America's most eminent philosopher—and other leaders of thought—to tell you what he sees coming in the post-war world. *Here is Mr. Dewey's statement:*

"THERE IS NOTHING PERMANENT EXCEPT CHANGE," wrote that great Greek philosopher, Heraclitus, over two thousand years ago.

Today it seems to me, looking back over my four-score years of work and study, that too many men have recently paid too little attention to this great truth.

Every day I hear people talking about the future in terms of "after the last war." But this is *another* war. What comes after this war will not be what came after the last one. Men have changed, living conditions have changed, ideas have changed.

Just as this is a new-style war, so the peace will be—must be—new-style, also. Military triumph, followed by truce, is not enough. Peace alone will not settle things permanently. Peace offers only an *opportunity* for building a better world.

x x

WE HAVE BEEN PROMISED a *people's* world of security and opportunity after the war. But unless the peace is a *people's* peace, the promises may fail.

More than at any previous time in the world's history, *the future is up to the people*. They must see that

the victory is a *true* victory for the democratic nations.

Of course, there will be no short cuts to our goal. The growing bounty, the widespread plenty, the higher standards of life for all—these will come slowly and painfully, as they always have. But they will come surely, inevitably, if we keep our vision clear, and direct our energies into productive channels.

x x

THE OPPORTUNITIES FOR US, the people of the United States, will be tremendous. A means for widely distributing the world's goods among the nations of the earth must be provided . . . A way of carrying health and education and a higher standard of life to the utmost corners of the earth must be assured.

The mechanical means have already been produced by science and invention. *Physically*, the world is now one and interdependent. Only human beings—interested that men everywhere have a society of peace, of security, of opportunity, of growth in co-operation—can assure its being made *morally* one.

A genuine democratic victory will be achieved only when it is made *by* democratic governments *for* the well-being of the common people of the earth.

John Dewey

THE PART WHICH AIR TRANSPORT WILL PLAY in the vast post-war adjustments and developments is, of course, obvious to everyone.

Inexpensive, fast passenger and freight carrying—with air travel on a global scale available to all—will be one of the most important single factors of the future.

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IN CLEAR OR DARK BOTTLES

LIFE'S COVER



The troop-crammed greenhouse on LIFE's cover this week is the front end of the Army Air Forces' new CG-3, cargo glider number three, a nine-place motorless transport designed to fly air infantry to combat. To see how U. S. troop-carrying gliders will be used, turn to page 52.

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GENERAL MANAGER:

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ADV'G DIRECTOR:

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*With the armed forces

†Prisoner of war

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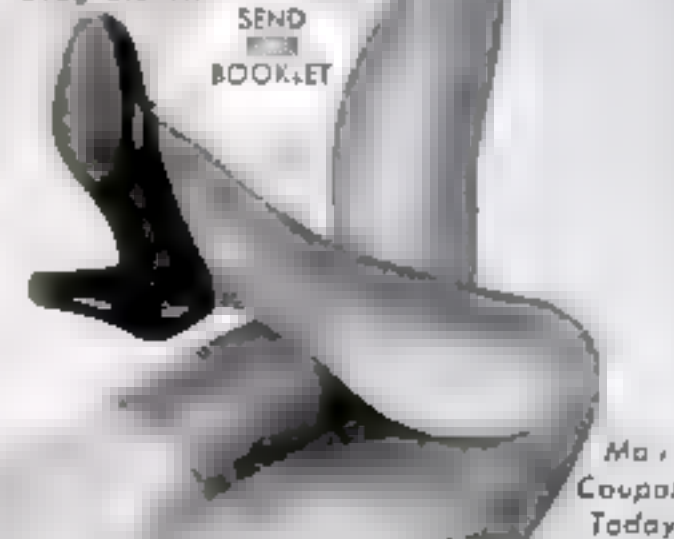
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LIFE'S PICTURES

Pretty, 24-year-old Marie Hansen, one of the newest members of LIFE's photographic staff, makes her first big splurge this week with the essay on the WAACs (pp. 74-81) and the full-page picture of Frances Long (p. 83). After graduating from the University of Missouri, she went to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, where she helped get out the photo section. From there she came to LIFE, where she worked first as researcher, now as photographer.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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HOME FROM A JAP CONCENTRATION CAMP, AMERICAN NEWSPAPERMAN J. B. POWELL OF SHANGHAI SHOWS WHAT JAP JAILERS' MISTREATMENT AND NEGLECT LEFT OF HIS FEET

AMERICANS RETURN FROM JAP PRISON CAMPS

For eleven years the Japs had hated John Benjamin Powell, American editor-publisher of the *China Weekly Review* in Shanghai. In 1931 they put him high up on their secret police list of dangerous newspapermen. Jap detectives began following him around the Shanghai International Settlement. He was forbidden to enter Japan or Manchukuo for writing "anti-Japanese propaganda." The puppet government of China ordered him arrested and deported from China in 1940, but Powell did not budge. Threats poured in over the telephone and in anonymous letters. The Japs tried to bribe him. Finally, a hand grenade bounced off his shoulder but failed to explode. The Japs expressed "regret." And all this was because Powell's periodical steadily attacked the Japs as brutal aggressors against China. And Powell himself declined even to talk to Japs in Shanghai.

Like five other doughty American publishers and editors in Shanghai, Powell had his unofficial war on Japan taken out of his hands on Dec. 7. The Japs promptly arrested him and charged him with espionage. He was put in a filthy concentration camp in the Japs' Shanghai gendarmerie headquarters. His shoes

were taken away. In the unheated cell his feet froze. Gangrene set in. The Jap doctor looked at his feet and laughed. A Jap nurse offered him aspirin and mercurochrome. Finally his ten toes were amputated. In what condition Powell's feet arrived in New York Aug. 25 on the diplomatic exchange ship, S.S. *Gripsholm*, is shown above. Powell, who had weighed



JOHN POWELL IN GOOD HEALTH (RIGHT) BEFORE DEC. 7

160 lbs. in the picture below, had dropped to 75 lbs., then gained back 25 lbs. on the voyage home.

"Well," said Editor Powell, "I wouldn't say it was terrible. We got off with our lives. The Japs didn't do this to me deliberately, you know. It was just their sheer, utter stupidity. There are 1,500 American prisoners of war in Shanghai. They're waiting for us to set them free. So now the thing to do is to win the war."

The North and South Americans who arrived on the *Gripsholm* brought the first complete picture of how American civilians in the Far East were treated by the Japs. Since the U. S. holds far more Japs than the Japs hold Americans, cases of Jap brutality seemed remarkably ill-advised. Worst stories came from Malaya and Hong Kong where whites were massacred. Best Jap internment camp seemed to be in Manila. (See page 82 for an article on the Santo Tomas camp there, by one of the two persons so far released.)

Even more serious under international law was Japan's failure to give the U. S. diplomatic staff in Tokyo full hospitality. On following pages are pictures of the strange life lived for six months in the U. S. Embassy compound by Ambassador Grew and staff.



Daily poker game in afternoon run 200 days. Ambassador Crew, smoking pipe, held the highest hand, a royal straight flush in clubs. This is embassy dining room, the only room that could be kept heated in midwinter because Japs do not supply enough fuel. Fireplace burned food cartons, old paper, furniture.



Tiny 18-hole golf course (above) was last summer's heated swimming pool. At right, Ambassador Crew pulls Rex and are Second Secretary Turner and Captain 'Pop' Gentry. Below, in a March snowfall, is the embassy's only child, Cynthia, 8, daughter of Lieutenant Commander Henri Harold Smith-Hutton.



EMBASSY STAFF SING HYMNS ON SUNDAY, GROUPED AROUND AMBASSADOR AND

AMERICAN DIPLOMATS HELD IN TOKYO

The American Embassy in Tokyo, where staff arrived back in the U. S. on the *Corps de la* last week, was for 190 days a besieged American island in the heart of Japan. Police prowled through the premises, peering in the windows. No food and inadequate heating fuel were supplied by the Jap Government. Nobody was allowed to live outside, though the Embassy was not meant to house 65 people. Garbage was not taken away. Medicines were hard to get. All Embassy radios were seized on Dec. 8. The Japanese Foreign Office admitted that all this was "incorrect," but grinned at the admission that it could do nothing about it.

The same treatment was given South American diplomats and con-



EMBASSY COUNSELOR EUGENE BOOMAN PRACTICES HYMNS WITH ONE FINGER



CONFINEMENT FORCED THE STAFF TO CALL IN HAIRDRESSERS AND BARBERS



MRS. GREW (CHECKERED COAT). THE FINAL SONG WAS ALWAYS "AMERICAN"

LIVED IN A VIRTUAL STATE OF SIEGE

was. When the Brazilians handed the same thing back to the Japs interned in Brazil, the Brazilians in Japan were moved to a seaside resort. The 65 Americans divided into nine messes, spread among the Embassy buildings. They had plenty of books, played Bach and Chopin on the phonograph, sang Christmas carols and hymns. Occasionally they were allowed to visit a Jap doctor or dentist. Their contact with the world was through the Swiss minister, who was not allowed to visit them until Dec. 14. It was a big day when he first arrived. The unusual pictures on these pages of the American diplomats' 190 days were taken by Mrs. Smith-Hutton, wife of the U. S. naval attache.



EMBASSY ATTACHES SLEPT IN THEIR OFFICES, DID THEIR OWN LAUNDRY (REAR)



JAP COOKS CROWD TO GET DAILY FOOD RATIONS AT CHANCELLERY ICEBOXES



A lucky shipment of 1,000 cases of food in late November from America saved the Embassy, inasmuch as Japanese Government supplied no food, made it difficult to buy supplies outside. Here some of the supply, piled before a map of Japan, is admired by Commissary Chief Helen Skoulard and Mrs. Smith-Hutton.



Ambassador Grew's private office, lined with portraits of American statesmen, becomes bedroom shortly after Dec. 7. The Embassy radio operator makes bed. Below, Christmas wreath is put up in library, called the "Lido," by Embassy Clerk Ruth Kelly for Christmas Eve party. The party was none too gay.



LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

The Soft People Want Good News

The Strong People Want Truth

Three weeks ago LIFE published an article entitled "Detroit Is Dynamite," depicting some of the major flaws in the Detroit war effort. Chiefly those flaws had to do with delays, factionalism, lack of unity. The article caused a storm throughout the country, with the cyclone center in Detroit. Letters poured into LIFE's editorial offices expressing all shades of opinion (*see p. 12*): that the article was inaccurate, that it was true but exaggerated, that it was a perfect mirror of contemporary Detroit. Some—the largest group—praised LIFE for performing a service. Others said that, even if true, the article should not have been published. The presentation of such facts, these people said, was bad for American morale. For instance:

What Awful Material Is This?

"You should know," wrote a successful businessman, "what actually happened among a very important group of young Americans as a result of that article. This group are students at Princeton University and one of them is my son. . . . The effect of the article upon these boys was, 'What's the use?' They reasoned that if the Detroit situation as reported was accurate . . . then why go out to fight? . . . What awful material this is to feed these young men who must fight this war!"

"In this death struggle in which we are engaged we have all agreed to fight the aggressor nations with the same weapons and the same skills they employ. And certainly one of their greatest strengths . . . is the way they play up good news and suppress bad news, and thereby sustain the enthusiasm, hopes and devotion of their populace. . . . We should take a leaf from their book—for up to now theirs is the winning book."

You're No Spy, Lady

The argument that "Detroit Is Dynamite" was inaccurate is off the beam. Every picture chosen represented a known fact about Detroit's war effort. Also off the beam is the complaint that "Detroit Is Dynamite" didn't tell the whole story of Detroit. The Penobscot Building, Belle Isle Park, Hudson's great department store and a lot of other good (and bad) things about Detroit weren't mentioned because the city, as such, was not the theme. "Detroit Is Dynamite" was a deliberate attempt to depict some of the dangerous flaws in the war effort, using Detroit as an example—an end product of the confusions and uncertainties of Washington.

Indeed, the equivalent of the Detroit facts can be found in almost any city in the land.

New Orleans, for example, is falling just as short of all-out war as Detroit, though in a different way. The major role of New Orleans in the war is that of shipping precious cargoes indispensable to victory. And yet New Orleans docks are not adequately protected from spies and saboteurs. A LIFE representative recently found easy ways of by-passing the sentries to examine the loading operations. Once, standing near a dock worker, she asked, "How do you know I'm not a spy?" "Well," he said, "you don't look like a spy, lady." But any spy or fifth columnist could have learned the destination of that ship, as our representative did, from the big, black markings on the crates.

For these slipshod methods New Orleansians are entitled to blame the Navy, but the fact is that they are too listless about the war to raise hell with anybody. Their concern with ships is limited chiefly to gossip about ship movements which civilians should help to keep secret. They joy-ride freely in their automobiles and they frequent the night clubs in such droves that the city amusement tax was 40% higher this June than in June 1941.

The Strong People

The question raised by "Detroit Is Dynamite" is not a question of accuracy, specific or general. It is the question put forward by the Princeton father whose son was so discouraged by LIFE's candor—namely, to print or not to print the truth. This question will always be answered in two different ways, depending on which kind of people you ask it of—the soft people or the strong.

The soft people want to hide things. They want to make the war look as easy as possible. They fear the dangerous truth. Up to now Donald Nelson has been among the soft people. So was Secretary of Agriculture Wickard, afraid to crack down on the farmers. The War Labor Board still belongs to the soft people—it is scared that labor won't accept the necessary war sacrifices. Dozens of Congressmen are softies; they don't dare draft boys of 18-19 until "after elections."

The fundamental characteristic of the soft people is that they do not have faith in other people. They do not really have confidence in the ability of democracy to take the truth on the chin, or to face the terrible tasks and sacrifices of war. They therefore take refuge in the argument that we must meet Hitler with his own "weapons and skills"—that is, among other things, play up the good news and hide the bad. We must keep the people ignorant.

But on the other side there are the strong people, and the strong people think that such notions are the bunk. The strong people say that democracy started as an experiment, that it still is an experiment, and that so far as they are concerned they are willing to risk it. The strong people remember a gaunt man addressing a great crowd in the November sunlight on a battlefield in Pennsylvania.

"Our fathers brought forth on this continent," said the gaunt man, "a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great . . . war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. . . ."

The Civil War was a test of freedom, and we passed it. But the war against the armed slavery of Germany is an even bigger test, and we haven't passed this one yet. And the strong people insist that to win this war we must again pass the test. To win, we must prove, as Lincoln did, that freedom is stronger than slavery. We can adopt as many of Hitler's *methods* as we like, but we cannot adopt his *principles*.

A Nation So Conceived

We must win with *our* principles, and to do this we must realize that freedom is not just a word, to be won with a little oratory. Freedom is a fact—that is, people, 130,000,000 of them. Each of these 130,000,000 people—these facts of freedom—must pass Lincoln's test, individually and on his own. Each one must voluntarily take upon himself or herself the sacrifices, whether in blood or in comfort, that the struggle requires. Each must mobilize his factory, his union, his city, his farm, his home, his personal life—for war. And to this end, each must be *informed*.

And this test applies to you, Donald Nelson, the big man with a bigger job. Here's a motto for you: "Get sore and stay sore."

It applies to you, Phil Murray of the CIO, and you, Messrs. Thomas and Reuther of the Automobile Workers. Tell your men what is at stake, that they must meet Lincoln's test.

It applies to you, Ed O'Neal of the Farm Bureau, and you, Senator Russell of the farm bloc. Have more faith in your people.

It applies to you, Franklin Roosevelt, man of many burdens. Be honest with us. Dump our share of this war on our shoulders.

It applies to you, students of Princeton. What right have you to falter now? You haven't even begun to pass the test.

It applies to you, the Polish worker, and you, the Negro worker, and you, Farmer Jones, and you, the obscure writer of this page. You are only halfway mobilized for war. Nothing any of you can do will ever be enough.

It applies to all of us, Americans: all who have ever stood upon a porch to watch the long wind stroking the borderless American plains, or seen a white road winding among dusty American apple trees and oaks, or heard the deep surf beating on an American shore; all who have learned freedom in the scuffle of the people's schools, or heard it spoken at the crossroads on lazy afternoons, or felt its electric power in the voting booth. It is we—each of us—who must prove whether a nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Last week Donald Nelson returned from vacation to find official Washington alarmed over WPB inefficiencies, gossiping about a possible shake-up,

wondering what the production boss would do about it. Pounding his fist, mild-mannered Nelson bellowed, "I am going to get tough. From now on

anybody who crosses my path is going to have his head taken off." Newsmen who crowded into his press conference hoped he meant it (*see opposite*).

First day vacation Donald Nelson holds an overflow press conference after warning that he is set to "get tough"





A Jap Zero lies on its back in the Aleutian muskeg, shot down after the attack on Dutch Harbor. The newest and best of the Jap fighters, the Mitsubishi

S-00, as it is officially known, can scrap at 25,000 ft. and above, climbs exceptionally well, carries two 20-mm. cannon, two .30-cal. machine guns.

AMERICAN FIGHTERS

U. S. fighting planes today are under fire, not alone from enemy air forces but from the journalists of the United Nations as well. In the first and more important engagement they are doing fairly well. In the second, they are taking a beating.

To discover just how our fighting planes are doing in combat, the public can read official reports, like the eight months' summary of U. S. air warfare issued by Army Air Forces Commander, Lieutenant General "Hap" Arnold. An example: in engagements with the Japs to date, the Army has destroyed 100 planes and lost only 104. General Chennault's crack A.V.G. record, not included in the above total, is 218 enemy planes destroyed to 84 Flying Tigers lost.

To discover that our fighters are not the world's best, the public can read that U. S. pursuit pilots in England are flying British planes, and praising them more highly than mere politeness requires. Said one anonymous American pilot who had flown a Spitfire on patrol during the Dieppe raid, "I'd hate to have taken an Airacobra out there yesterday." They can also read that British squadrons in the Libyan desert have converted many lend leased P-40's into light bombers, and left the bulk of the high-altitude fighting to English-made planes.

P-38 LIGHTNING



Lockheed's heavy twin-engine interceptor has turbosuperchargers on its 1,175-h. p. Allison engines. This means it fights best up around 30,000 ft. Its first job is to stay up high over its own home ground and knock down raiding enemy bombers. So far, the P-38's have seen little action, except against Jap patrol bombers in the Aleutians.

P-39 AIRACOBRA



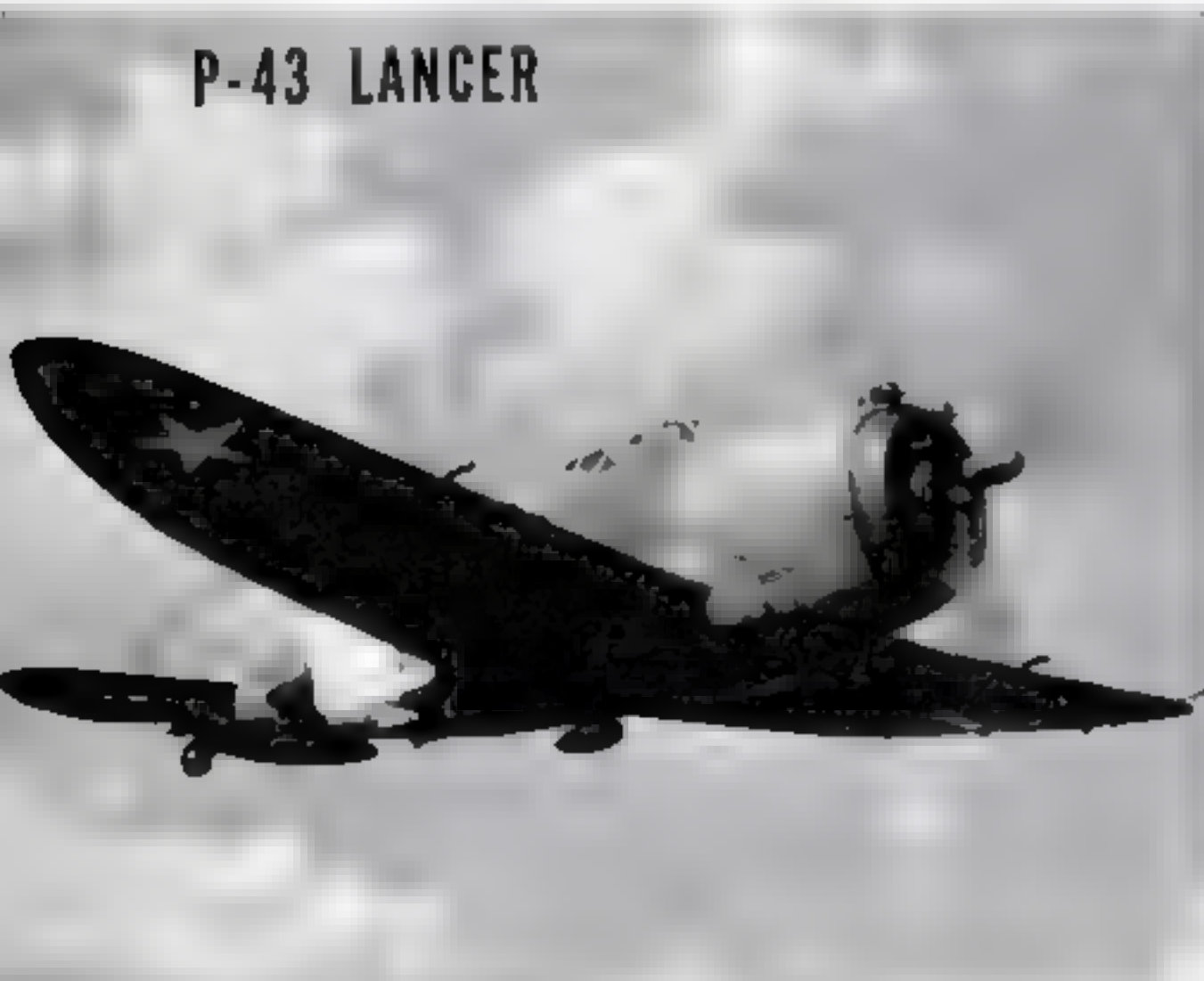
Bell's light Allison-powered fighter has its mechanically supercharged engine behind the pilot. It cannot fight much over 15,000 ft. However, it is not supposed to go high but to stay close to the ground, where its 20-mm. cannon and six machine guns can be brought to bear on enemy troops, supply trucks and trains and even light-armored vehicles. Essentially an attack airplane, it can also carry a bomb.

P-40 TOMAHAWK



First Curtiss Allison-powered job to see combat, the original P-40 was a stopgap but a good one. No longer in production, a few Tomahawks are still fighting.

P-43 LANCER



Republic's light high-altitude fighter is no longer being built, but several hundred of them are still in use. Turbosupercharged, the plane performs well but it is sadly underarmed, having only two .50- and two .30-cal. machine guns. Equipped with oblique aerial cameras, it is being used for speedy armed scouting across the enemy lines.

P-47 THUNDERBOLT



Republic's heavy high-altitude interceptor is the first of the Army's planes to be equipped with a turbosupercharged 2,000-h. p. air-cooled motor. Now in production, it has not yet seen fighting. Much is expected of this airplane, although several problems, such as unimpressive armament and structural difficulties, still have to be ironed out. With the P-38, the P-47 is our bid for control of the 30,000-ft. level.

P-51 MUSTANG



North American's fighter, built for the British, is a dark horse in the present U. S. fighter lineup. Built around the secret NACA high-speed wing, it is still held

UNDER PRESS FIRE

To make sense out of these seeming contradictions is a job that demands careful judgment. The public is given a flurry of names and numbers, dozens of facts and statistics, and left to work out its own answers. The nonexpert has to learn that most airplane speeds are arbitrary figures, and that speed is no more important than other factors, like rate of climb, or critical altitude. He has to learn that range figures must be cut to one-third before they begin to show how far a plane can go to fight. He has to learn that light planes can climb faster than heavy ones, and turbosupercharged ones higher than mechanically supercharged ones. He has to learn that it is possible to cut down on armor and get better performance, to reduce the range and increase the firepower, to balance characteristics back and forth until the resulting plane is ideally suited for a single purpose. Then he comes to the final truth: it is impossible to compare two planes built for different uses.

On these pages LIFE presents, in catalog form, the ten most important U. S. fighters now either in combat or in production. Each one of them has been designed to do a specific job. How good or how bad each one is doing that job, within the limits of military secrecy, is told below.



Mk-V Spitfire, with two cannon jutting from its wings, is one of the latest models of the much admired British interceptor. A high-performance

airplane, the Spitfire is at its best when it fights at high altitudes near to its own fields. U. S. pilots in Great Britain fly Spitfires and like them very much.



P-40E KITTYHAWK

are considered adequate attack planes. Underarmed, with two .50- and four .30-cal. machine guns, they are well armored, are used as low-altitude bombers.

Improved Curtiss fighter, the P-40E followed a gradual series of adjustments of the original P-40. The Kittyhawk's Allison engine has a little more power, and the original armament has been increased to six .50-cal. machine guns, mounted in the wings. Like the Tomahawk, its combat ceiling is still around 15,000 ft. Due to airplane shortages, we are using the Kittyhawk as an all-purpose fighter, which it is not.

P-40F WARHAWK



Latest Curtiss is the Warhawk, a Rolls-Royce powered P-40F. This change in engine and increase in horsepower has finally brought the P-40 series up to a reasonable fighting altitude for general use, approximately 25,000 ft. The armament has not been increased on the P-40F, which may well be the last of the U. S. liquid-cooled engine fighters.



F4F WILDCAT

down to the medium levels by its Allison engine. At that level however, it may be the fastest plane we have. Its original puny armament has been greatly increased.

Grumman's stubby lightweight fighter is the best the U. S. Navy has at the present time. Used on carriers and ashore by both Navy and Marine pilots, it has gone through more than a dozen changes in range and firepower, weight and equipment, each suiting it for some special single purpose. It fights best at about 19,000 ft. and climbs to combat quickly. It is, however, outclimbed by the Jap Zero fighters.

F4U CORSAIR



Vought's new fighter is the first 2,000-h. p. Navy plane. Currently in production, it has not yet been reported in combat. Although the first F4U flew in 1940, the plane has been kept under wraps ever since. Its speed has been estimated at over 400 m. p. h., but range and critical altitude are unknown. Its armament is heavier than the F4F's.



The U. S. flag waves among the Brazilian flags (right and left) in the Rio de Janeiro demonstration before the U. S. Embassy.

bassy. Cheers went up for U. S. Ambassador "Jefferson Caffery, friend of Brazil." Below, the crowd fights for pieces of

a Nazi swastika, beneath the "Order and Progress" slogan of the Brazilian flag. The original idea was to turn the Nazi flag,





No. 1 anti-Nazi, Foreign Minister Oswaldo Aranha, harangues crowd from his Ministry.



President Getulio Vargas of Brazil, still pale from an automobile accident, waves to the crowd. He is flanked by his daughter Alzira, wife Darcy and brother Benjamin (right).



Minister of War General Enrico Dutra speaks from a balcony of the huge Rio War Ministry.

BRAZIL GOES TO WAR

The people demand a declaration against the Axis

The billion people now fighting the Axis were joined by 41,000,000 Brazilians on Aug. 22. The reason was the sinking of five Brazilian coastal vessels by German submarines at a cost of 800 lives, including 189 Brazilian soldiers on an Army transport. At once the streets of Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Porto Alegre cascaded with angry people demanding war. They burned the Nazi flag in the streets and raised aloft the U. S. flag (see opposite page). They cheered at the U. S. and British embassies, wrecked German and Italian stores and clubs. Students swore they would not go back to school until war was declared. All week they paraded and at week's end the Brazilian Cabinet solemnly put Brazil at war with Germany and Italy, but not with Japan. Brazil thus became the first South American nation to join the belligerents of North and Central America. It had broken off relations with Germany, Italy and Japan last January.

Most of the rest of South America backed up Brazil. Argentina, Chile, Peru, Paraguay, Bolivia and Uruguay granted Brazil the rights of a non-belligerent, so that Brazilian warships and planes may still use the ports and airfields of those countries. After the big spree, Brazil calmed down and went soberly to work. It took over Axis banks, the Lufthansa airline, closed down on Axis minorities of 4,000,000 Italians and 500,000 Germans in Brazil.



"We demand war" is the meaning of the slogan in Portuguese carried by youths who have torn down a street sign with the remnants of the word "Italian." Notice face of small manifestant.

SOME OF BRAZIL'S DEAD ON SHIPS SUNK BY GERMAN SUBMARINES. ALL BRAZILIAN FLAGS FLEW AT HALF-MAST FOR THEM





ROBERT THOMAS OF WATERTOWN, ASSISTANT SERGEANT AT ARMS, READS CONVENTION NEWS IN TUB AT ROOSEVELT BATHS



TWO-TIME CANDIDATE TOM DEWEY CHORTLES OVER NOISY

AGAIN DEWEY

In Saratoga Springs historic convention hall once celebrated as a gambling casino, a carfree fun-seeking Republican Convention last week named Tom Dewey its candidate for Governor of New York for the second

time since 1918. His arpeggiated trust to a vicious quarrel staged by the Democrats, who was savagely and fought with the GOP. In 1989, delegates and alternates understood before the convention that New York's

DELEGATE GEORGE P. ZIPF FROM BRONX COUNTY CATCHES FORTY WINKS IN THE LOBBY OF THE GRAND UNION HOTEL



HASH MARKED SAILORETTES FROM ERIE COUNTY SERE-



CHEERING WHICH GREETED HIS NOMINATION AT SARATOGA

ex-District Attorney would again get the nod. Most of them swarmed into the full tumult of Saratoga's swollen summer season with the same playful intent which everybody has in Saratoga in August. They bet on the

MADE WITH PATRIOTIC SONGS AND "MARCH WITH DEWEY"



ROCHESTER'S MAYOR DICKER (LEFT) AND ALTERNATE CONWAY (RIGHT) WATCH A STRIP-TEASER AT PIPING ROCK CLUB

racetrack, gambled and gawked in the illegal nightspots, threw dice in the corridors of the Grand Union Hotel. When they were tired they sat dozing in lobbies or relaxing in the Roosevelt Bar. When a big moment came

they reluctantly convened to see and hear Dewey eulogized in a 15-minute "nominating movie." Unanimously acclaiming Dewey, they left the rest of the ticket to the boys in the back rooms and resumed having fun.

SMUG ISOLATIONIST FISH, HEAD OF PUTNAM DELEGATION, FINDS MANY WILLING EARS DESPITE DEWEY'S REPUDIATION



GERMAN TIDE LAPS AT CAUCASUS WALL

If ever nature erected a Maginot Line, it is the wall of the Caucasus dividing Europe and Asia. It is shown at right in a model built by Designer Norman Bel Geddes, looking southeast to the Caspian as the Nazis look from the southern Russian battlefield. Places are identified and the advanced German positions shown on the duplicate below.

The great stampede of the German Army had last week carried it to the lower slopes in the foreground and up the 18,471 feet of Mount Elborus, the highest mountain in the area. It had overrun the small oil field of Maikop in the foreground and swallowed up more than half the pipeline to the vaster oil fields of Grozny and Baku in the background. When it reaches the shores of the Caspian Sea, across which Russian ships are shown bringing American lease-lend supplies after the long land haul across Persia (Iran), it will have come to the vulnerable, low-lying flank of this Maginot Line. Its air force will be able to bomb and torpedo the freighters and oil tankers sneaking north to Astrakhan. It may then swing around through the mountainous, barren lands beyond, into Iran where last week stood a small British Army, back-stopping the Russians on the road to India.

The outside world knows almost nothing of this area, though it is incredibly beautiful and useful and historic. The Greeks thought that Prometheus had been chained to these giant crags, and they sent Jason to look for the Golden Fleece on the beach at right. The Throne of Solomon stood at center rear in Iran, far from Palestine. The conquering Great Russians found in the valleys of the Caucasus their most unconquerable subjects. In the California-like garden spot at the head of the valley at right, the Circassians fought like fiends and finally fled in rage, leaving behind the peach and cherry orchards, the fields of maize and cotton, the rich, ivied forests of pine and beech and yew.

But nobody ever penetrated the towering ranges above the valleys where, for example, the languages of Archa and Hinahigh are spoken in only one village apiece. There are three good roads through the main ranges of the Caucasus: the Sukhum under Mt. Elborus in foreground, and the Ossetin and Georgian Military roads on both sides of Mount Kazbek in the middle distance. The mountain sides rear 6,000 feet above the roads. Even horses cannot manage the other passes except for a few summer weeks. The snowline is at 10,000 feet and most of the peaks are over that. Actually, the main battle for the Caucasus was being fought last week not on its slopes, but 400 miles north around Stalingrad. For the steps in the battle, turn the page.



Identifications for the big picture at right are given above. The German scaling of Mount Elborus is a fairly meaningless piece of bravado. Main objectives of the German drive are: 1) oil (Maikop, Grozny, Baku); 2) cutting the Allied supply line to Russia from the south (background); 3) setting up a German supply line across the Black Sea from the Danube; and 4) threatening the road to India. The farther shore of the Caspian is an impressive desert.





STEP-BY-STEP MAPS OF NAZI ARMY ADVANCE

In nine weeks the German Army under Field Marshal von Bock ground its way from Kharkov to the slopes of the Caucasus, from the heart of the Ukraine to the doorsill of Asia. The nine stages of this rolling advance are diagrammed below.

The reasons why the Germans chose the southern front for their main 1942 battle are obvious and none too brilliant. Here at last they are driving the Russians not back into the cold and endless wastes, but up against seas and mountains, as they drove the Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians and French. In doing so, they can be sure of their right flank, if not their left and rear. And they will be comfortable over the winter in temperate South Russia garrisons. The great virtue of the German campaign of 1942 is that it is doing one thing at a time. It is not trying to roll back the whole Russian front simultaneously.

The disadvantage of this for the Germans is that the Russians have man-

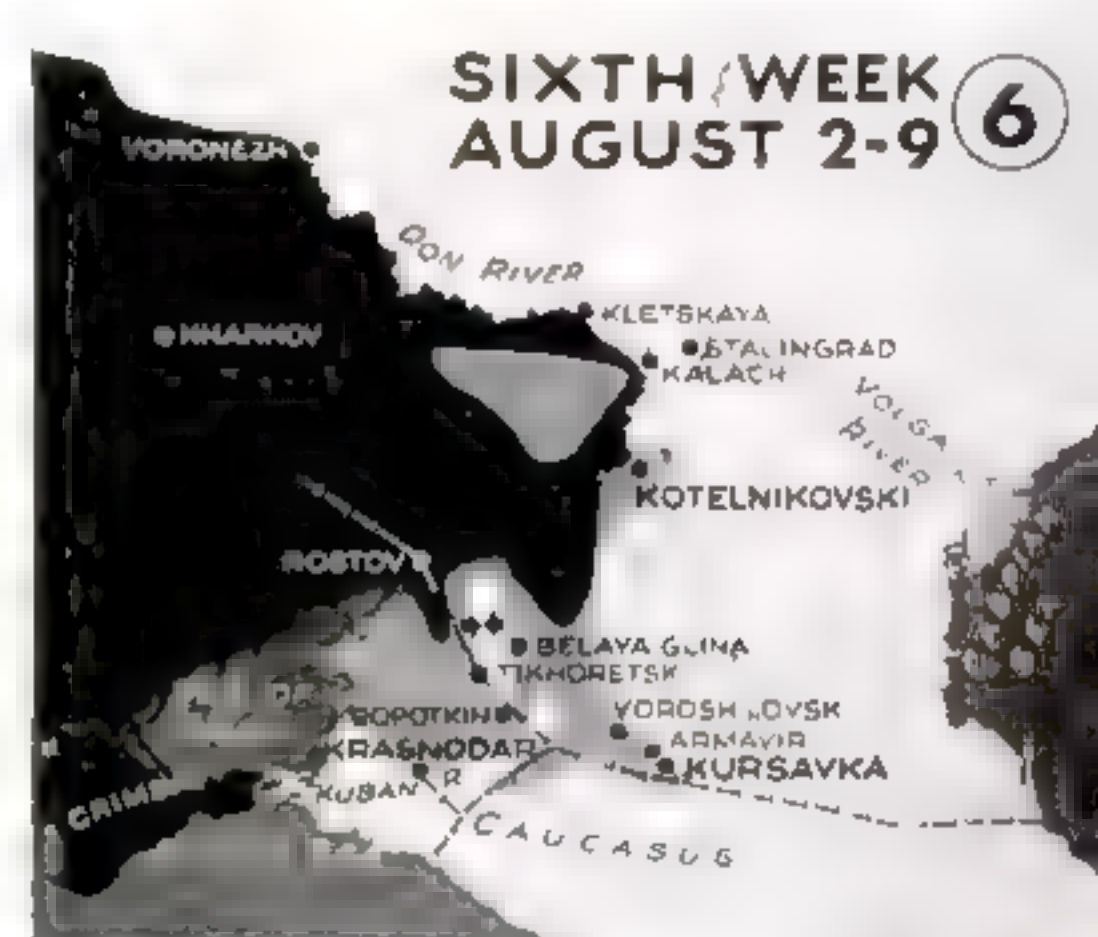
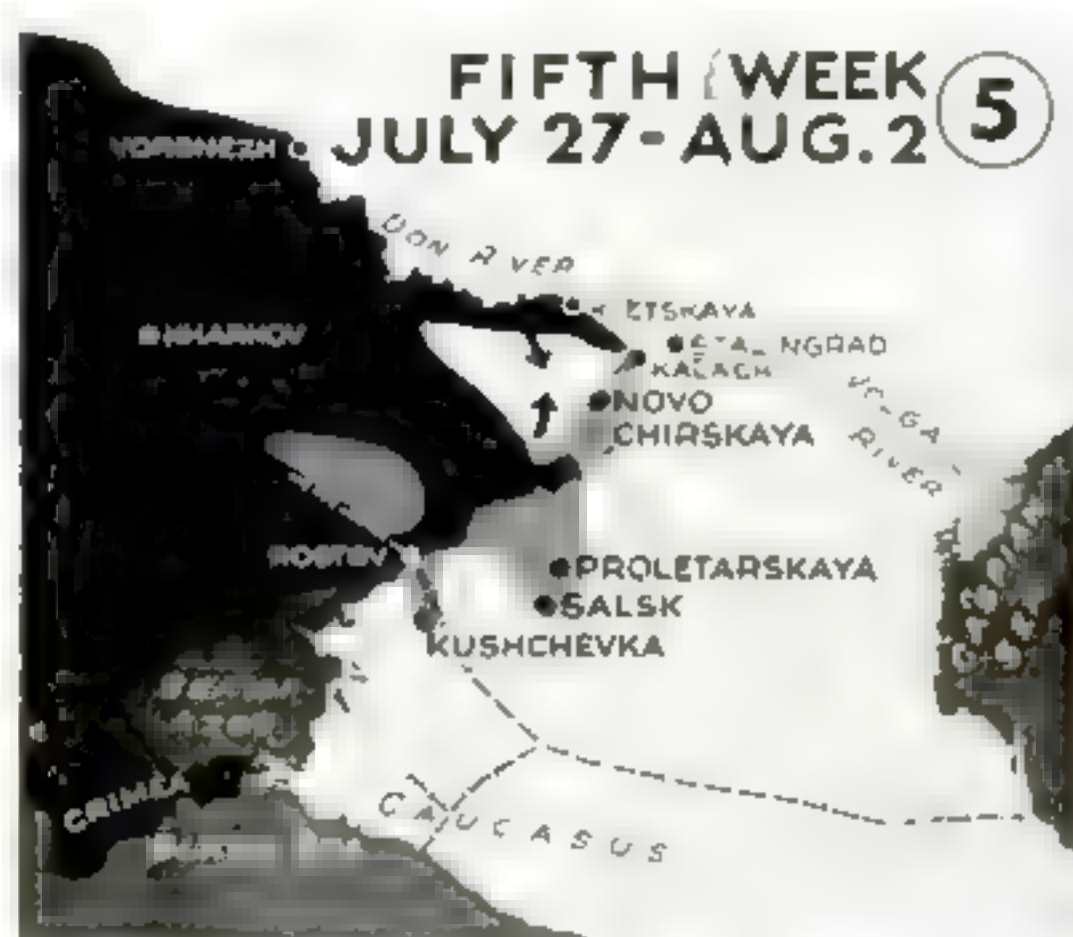
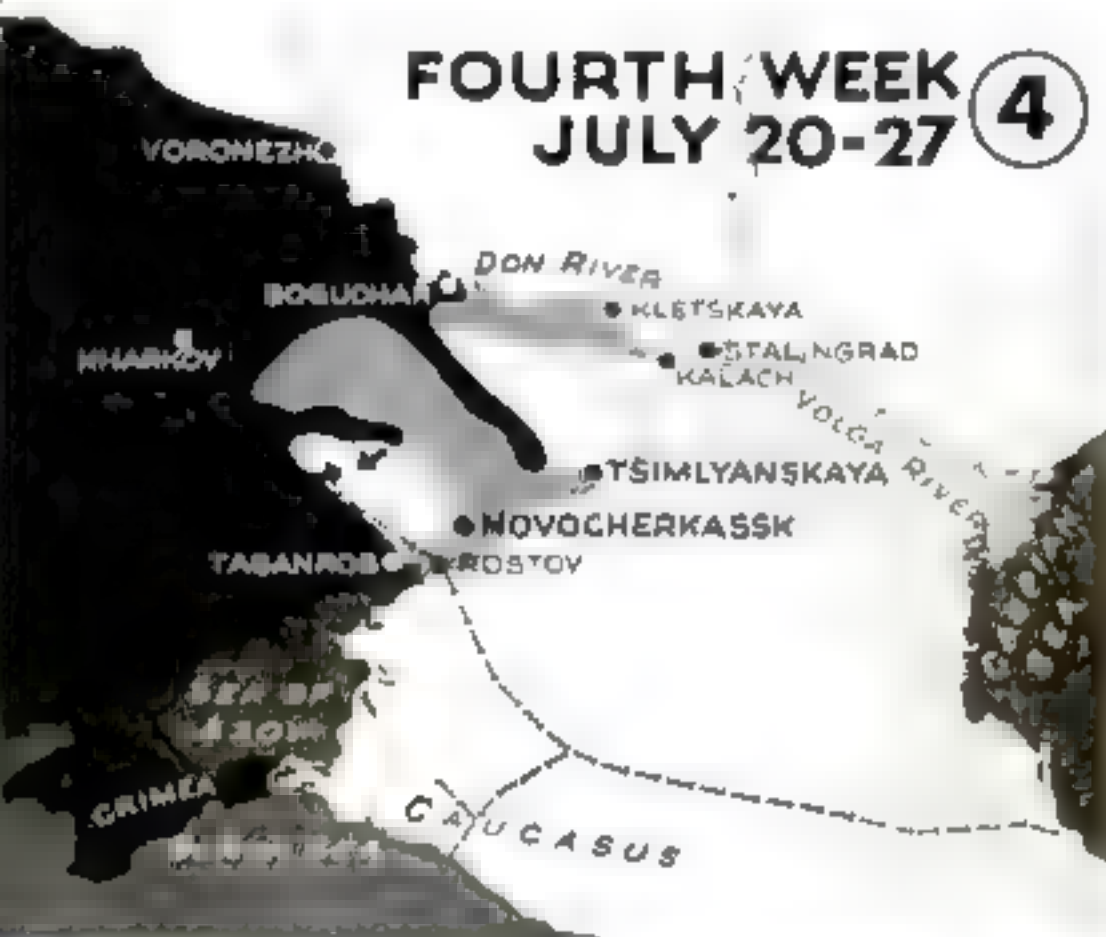
aged to hold the whole northern bank of the River Don and the hinge area of Voronezh. Thus, except for the possible loss of the Army of the Caucasus, they will still have one main unbroken front as they fight back northward toward the Ural Mountains.

Russian production of everything took another huge slash in the lost areas. If the whole of the Caucasus and South Russia goes, Russia will probably be down to less than 50% of its coal, oil, electric power, steel, iron ore, manganese

But last week the Russians were attacking mightily at scattered points on the long left flank and rear of the German line, from Rzhev to Stalingrad. They were fighting stubbornly around Stalingrad, the great tank city on its plateau on the west bank of the Volga. Here were the chief shock forces of both armies. The Russians were trying to push the German drive southward, away from Central Russia.



FIRST GERMAN FINGERS (LIGHT GRAY) GROPE OUT TOWARD VORONEZH LINE SPREADING GERM CULTURES, CONSOLIDATE (SHOWN IN BLACK), WERE HELD AT THE RIVER DON



AGAIN THE GERMAN THRUSTS CUTUP THE GREAT CIRCLE OF THE DON AND SIMULTANEOUSLY ROLL SOUTHWARD FROM ROSTOV ACROSS PLAIN OF THE NORTHERN CAUCASIAN AREA



THE CLIMAX BATTLE FOR STALINGRAD SHOWS VERY LITTLE PROGRESS, WHILE GERMANS RAMP WITHOUT MUCH HINDRANCE TOWARD THE APPROACHES TO CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS

BLACK SUEDES

in the Soft Manner *in* *Naturalizer* SHOES



There's afternoon importance in these Naturalizers in soft, rich suede with their softness emphasized by the dressmaker detail of braid or faille. The deep, true, unaccented black makes your foot look smaller, and even the rolled off-the-foot bows have a "littling" effect. V-throats are for easy wearing, and Naturalizer's beautiful fit ("no slip—no gap—no pinch") gives a lovely clinging line. See them soon at your Naturalizer store, or write for name of near-by Naturalizer dealer. BLUE RIBBON SHOEMAKERS. DIVISION of Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

\$6.95
SLIGHTLY HIGHER
BETTER FIT

The shoe with the beautiful fit

It can take it!



Here is positive evidence of the Allison engine's ability to survive an Axis dogfight — to take a hail of lead and keep flying. Punctured in seventeen places, this engine carried its plane and pilot back to safety at an R. A. F. air base in Libya. This engine, later returned to this country and now in the "Arms For Victory" Exhibit of General Motors in Detroit, gives dramatic proof that when the Nazis shoot up an Allison they can't count on shooting it down.

It can dish it out!



THIS IS THE NOSE OF A PLANE
★
WITH AN ALLISON ENGINE

Curtiss P-40 (U. S.) The British call it the Tomahawk or the Kitthawk

Qualitative superiority counts! From Africa, the Middle East, the South Pacific, Russia, the communiques report that nothing in the Axis air armada can match the sharp-nosed fleetness of this liquid-cooled engine. It's a matter of record that predates Pearl Harbor, how Allison-powered planes can dish it out.

North American
Mustang
U. S. and British
designation



Boeing
U. S. and British designation



Lockheed P-38
The British call it "The Lightning"



Allison

DIVISION OF





On her desk, Emily Harrison always keeps picture of her husband in his private's uniform at Fort Sheridan. Here she is typing monthly bills and accounts, writing letters to prospective customers.

SOLDIER'S WIFE AT WORK

Peoria girl takes over her husband's business

Emily Harrison of Peoria, Ill. lost no time moping when her husband Arthur, a machinist, was called up by his draft board last spring. She was too busy taking over his job as boss of the small machine shop he had bought and hoped to convert to war production.

Red-headed Mrs. Harrison had been a milliner, designing exclusive hats for the local elite of Peoria. But when her husband went into the Army, she sold her hat business, moved into his shop as president, secretary-treasurer, sales manager and personnel director. To head actual production she hired John Dietrich, a former gunsmith. All they needed was a war contract.

Putting on her smartest hat, Emily Harrison went to the local WPB office, wowed them with her red hair, impressed them even more with her determination and her smart business sense. When they suggested an order for 10,000 terminal tubes for electric cables she submitted samples turned out on homemade attachments rigged up to her machines by Production Man Dietrich. She got the contract.

Then Emily Harrison installed new equipment, upped her payroll from five to 60 men and put her shop on a three-shift, 24-hour-day schedule. By last week she had garnered for her expanding business a \$15,000 prime contract for 146 riveting anvils for the Rock Island Arsenal at Davenport, Iowa. Undaunted by the challenge of a man's world, she has learned to operate a machine lathe herself. Says she: "You've got to know the job the boys in the back room are doing."



She makes her daily round of the shop, checking the speed and quality of each man's production. Today she looks over

the T pipes being made by Fred Schmidt, to be sure they are up to specification. Although she likes pretty clothes and

wears them to her job, she always puts on slacks or work clothes when she tours shop or tries her hand at a machine.



**To keep my family fit
with well-planned meals!**

WHOLE GRAIN FOODS EACH DAY. FOR US THAT'S NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT, A GOOD SOURCE OF NATURAL VITAMIN B₁!



"EAT WHOLE GRAIN FOODS EACH DAY"—that is a part of the recommendations in the U. S. Nutrition Food Rules. Millions of people say that whole grain in its most delicious form is Nabisco Shredded Wheat—100% whole wheat with all of whole wheat's energy—a good source of Vitamin B₁ as Nature provides it.

MOTHER SAID DON'T FORGET THE NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT—IT GIVES ALL OF WHOLE WHEAT'S ENERGY!



YES, A GOOD SOURCE OF THIS IMPORTANT VITAMIN, per ounce as eaten, because Nabisco Shredded Wheat requires no further cooking. The keen, nut-like flavor of these crisp toasted biscuits of slender wheat strands blends delightfully with milk and fruits. Ask for it by the full name, Nabisco Shredded Wheat.



Baked by NABISCO . . . NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

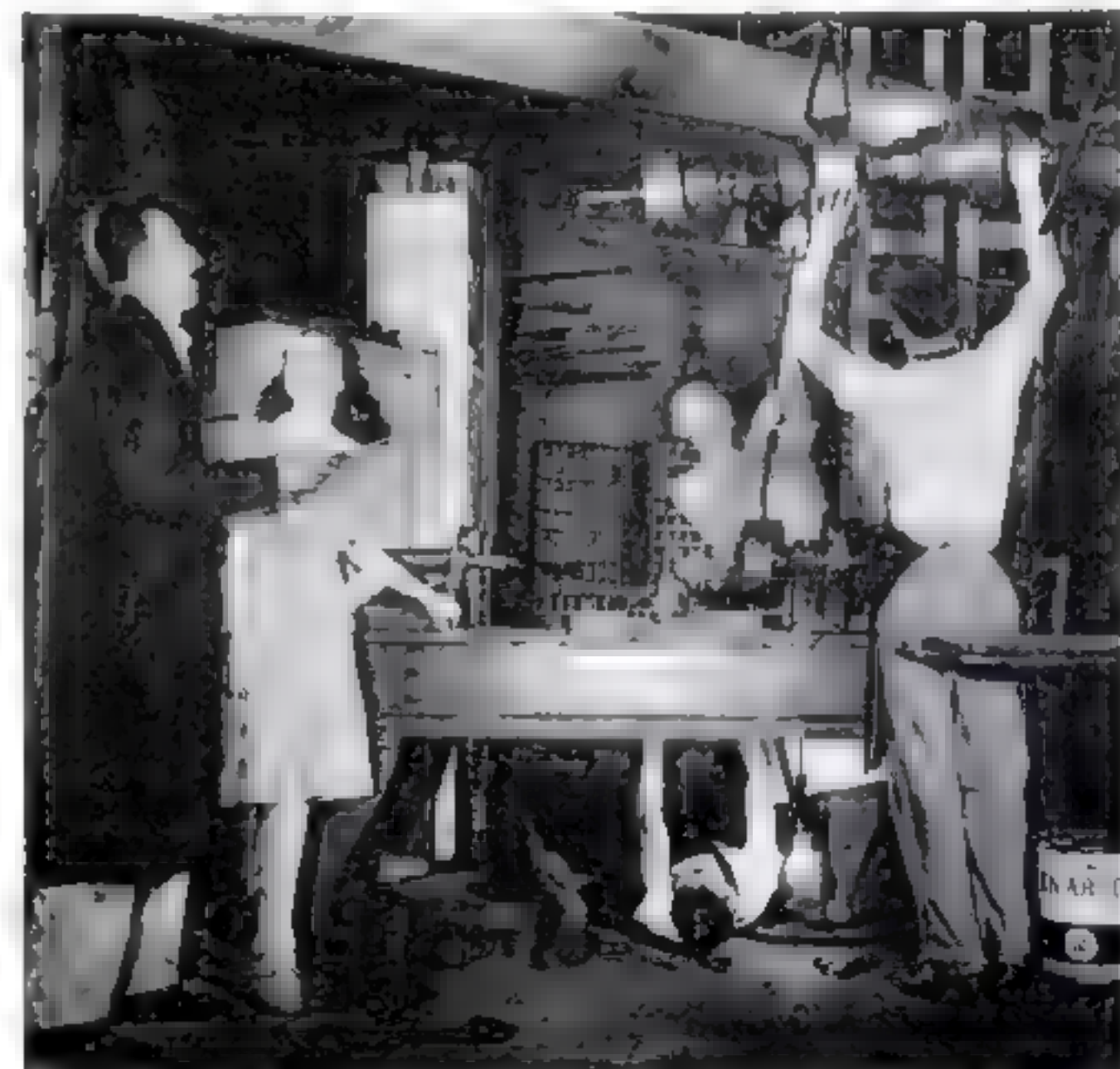
Soldier's Wife (continued)



Emily arrives at work with lunch in a brown paper bag. D. & H. on shop sign stand for Dietrich and Harrison. With the former, she has a sort of verbal partnership.



She interviews job applicants thoroughly. After an unfortunate experience, she is careful not to hire "shop bums" who might drink during working hours, get fresh.



Emily watches carefully while a new piece of machinery is being installed. She has added some \$3,000 of new equipment to the plant, is still looking for more to buy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



Copyright 1943, The Pullman Co.

The man who slept like eighty million dollars

ASK this clear-eyed Pullman passenger how he slept last night and he would probably say, "Like a million dollars!"

As a matter of fact, he *could* say *eighty* million . . . for Pullman has invested eighty million dollars, in recent years, to improve the *comfort* Pullman passengers enjoy.

The larger part of this money was used to add many new lightweight sleeping car trains to the Pullman fleet. A good share was used to install air-conditioning in thousands of Pullman cars already in service. *All* of it was devoted to making rail-Pullman

the most pleasant, restful way of going places fast.

These additions and improvements were undertaken during the depression, because of Pullman's deep faith in the American future.

They are reported to you here because the added equipment now helps Pullman maintain adequate service to civilians while doing its wartime job of moving troops

And the extra comforts and conveniences that make a modern Pullman so relaxing give you who still must travel the *sleep* going that you need to *keep* going as you must



More than half a million soldiers, sailors and marines go Pullman every month. And civilian travel is the heaviest in history. That's why *you* help when you: 1. Make reservations early; 2. Cancel unwanted space promptly; 3. Take only necessary luggage, and; 4. Travel in the middle of the week. Your cooperation will be sincerely appreciated

SLEEP GOING — TO KEEP GOING

GO PULLMAN

KEEP YOUR PLEDGE TO BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS...PULLMAN EMPLOYEES ARE KEEPING THEIRS!



"Why, Birdie! haven't you heard?"

News of quaint goings-on in smart homes—here's a tasty tidbit. Decorous deba and dignified dowagers these days are regaling guests with the news and palate-pleasures of TRISCUIT.

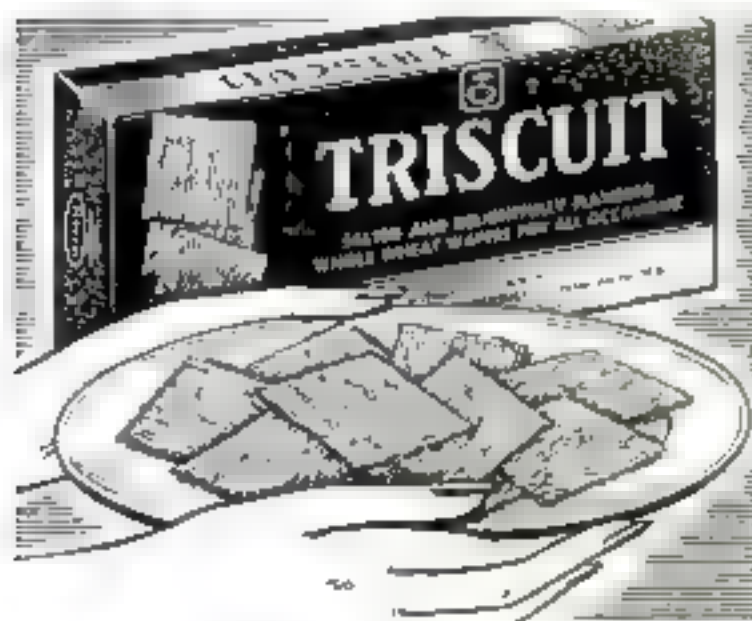
Haven't you heard? Try TRISCUIT, the *u hole wheat* munchable. Then try to stop. From then on you'll decree them with soups, salads and all sorts of drinks.

From then on no canape will click, perhaps, unless nestled on TRISCUIT. And they won't wilt a whit, even under moisty spreads. Ask for TRISCUIT, in single or double packages.

TRISCUIT are made of pure whole wheat, a type of food recommended by the Nutrition Food Rules.



Baked by NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



TRISCUIT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SALTED AND DELIGHTFULLY
FLAVORED WHOLE WHEAT WAFERS



Emily makes one of her frequent visits to manager of Peoria district office of WPB. She has already learned to talk contracts and specifications in professional jargon.



She is doubtful whether the sink drain made by Employee Orville Miller measures up to specifications. She is familiar with this machine, having made several drains herself.



In the evening she sometimes makes herself a splashy hat, but she has decided there is as much thrill in working with steel and grease as there was with felt and ribbon.

COOL
OFF



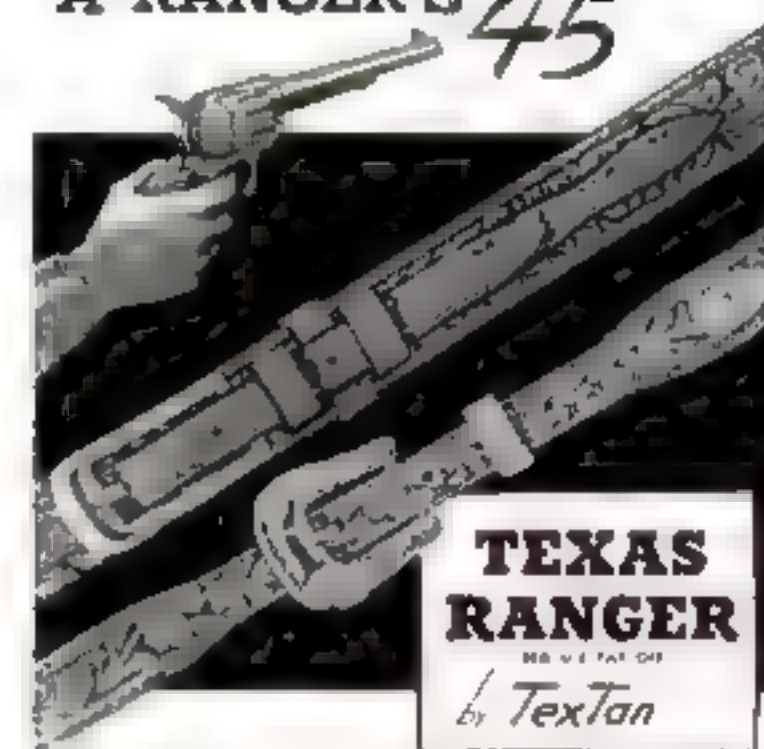
5¢

DRINK

Nesbitt's

FAMOUS FOR FRUIT FLAVOR

Handcrafted BY
TEXANS WHO MAKE
LEATHER TALK LIKE
A RANGER'S "45"



**TEXAS
RANGER**
MADE IN TEXAS
by Texan

Down in Yachum, near the Alamo, famous cradle of Tex independence, wind-tanned saddle maker craftsmen make belts with an authentic western dash and twigger. Belts that symbolize the fighting spirit of the lone Star State.

Major Van Horn—named for commander of "Van Horn's long knives," famous frontier cavalry. Full grain cowhide. Tooled Mexican Rose design. 1 wide. Saddle Tan, Antique or Brown. \$1.00.

The **"Palamino"**—A Saddle Craft belt. Genuine Rueso Calf on full grain cowhide. Tooled Desert Rose design. 1 1/2 wide tapered to 1/2. Saddle Tan or Antique. W. 1 leather covered buckle, \$1.50. With Sterling Silver buckle set \$3.50.

Yachum, Dept. L 442 Yachum Texas
Enclosed find \$ for which please send me belts as checked. If belts are not 100% satisfactory, I reserve right to return them in seven days for full refund.
☐ Major Van Horn
☐ Palamino with leather-covered buckle
☐ Palamino with Sterling Silver buckle set
☐ Free Catalog
☐ Saddle Tan ☐ Antique ☐ Brown
Waist measure inches

My Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
My Favorite Dealer _____

Father and Son doing nicely

*Another Carnation baby's
off to a husky start*

RELAX that hat brim, old man, and buck up! Carnation's waiting to help you.

If the baby's bottle fed, chances are your doctor will say Carnation—because a properly made Carnation formula is one of the most nourishing, digestible foods a baby can have. And so safe.

Nothing's removed from Carnation Milk but part of the natural water. All the important values of pure whole milk are kept. And in addition it's irradiated for "sunshine" vitamin D, to help build strong, straight bones and fine, sound teeth.

Carnation's soft curd is *super*-digestible. You're willing to do a *little* floor walking—but it's nice to avoid it.

Yes—he's awful little and awful red. But so were the millions of other babies Carnation's done a job on. Lots of them have kept right on drinking and eating Carnation ever since.

Ask the doctor for the correct formula made with Carnation Milk. Surprisingly soon, Baby will be ready for simple little dishes—made with Carnation. Like the one given here. Send for free copy of "Your Contented Baby"—and keep a step ahead of him!



BABY'S CEREAL COOKED IN MILK

Bring $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Carnation Milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water to a boil. Add 1 tbsp. granular cereal (farina, barley, rice, cornmeal) or 2 tbsps. flaked cereal (like oatmeal) and boil briskly 5 min. Then set pan over boiling water and continue cooking 30 to 60 min. depending upon the cereal.

FREE! And crammed full of helpful, sensible talk about the baby. Canning pictures. Healthful recipes using milk in ways the whole family will take to. Ask for "Your Contented Baby." Address Carnation Company, Dept. L-12, Milwaukee, Wis., or Toronto, Ont.

TUNE IN THE CARNATION "CONTENTED HOUR," MONDAY EVENINGS, NBC NETWORK

IRRADIATED
Carnation Milk
"FROM CONTENTED COWS"





Fresh in !



New Crop of Green Giant
Brand Peas

Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Co., headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota, and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario, Canada

*GREEN GIANT® BRAND REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



The ancient town of Londonderry, in Ulster, gives its name to the American naval base nearby. Today, barrage balloons

(left) float over the River Foyle, on whose banks the base's docks are built toward the open sea. Londonderry, which is

now crowded with U. S. sailors and marines, was once a walled Protestant fortress, is noted for its beautiful linen

LONDONDERRY BASE

American ships are serviced on the banks of the lovely River Foyle

A floating ship's self-sufficiency is dependent upon her nearness to an operating base into which she can ship for fuel, ammunition and repairs. Today, high on the northern tip of Ireland, a new American naval base is serving the escort ships guarding our supply lines to England and Iceland. Commissioned on Feb. 5, Londonderry base has already saved thousands of tons of fuel and speeded up convoys carrying American troops and supplies to Britain.

The base, which took six months to build, is complete to the last detail. Its giant lathes, presses and power plant were all made in this country and put into place by American workmen. Its long rows of arched Quonset huts, barbershop, laundry, library and sick bay are also American made and equipped.

American meat and canned goods are stored in the big warehouses. Even the docks in the shallow Foyle, at which ships are berthed for repair, are formed of tough Oregon-pine pilings.

Besides its practical duties, Londonderry base is a source of joy and wonder to natives of the surrounding historic Irish countryside. American sailors and marines have found that candy bars (called "chicken bait") serve as a formal introduction to girls or as a medium of exchange when British currency gets too puzzling. Native workmen, who gaped at the speed with which the base was built, now openly marvel at the remarkably short time in which damaged British and American escort ships are repaired, refueled and sent back to fight in the Battle of the Atlantic.

British and American ships are both repaired at Londonderry base. Here a British (left) and an American destroyer

float side by side at the docks. Notice the well-filled depth-charge racks which carry principal weapon against

submarines on the northern supply lines. Sailors of the two countries seem to get along well together in Londonderry.



Commandant of Londonderry base is Captain William J. Larson, who has important job of repairing ships at top speed.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

U.S. and material

SMOKING MEANS INHALING... INHALING MEANS YOU NEED

what PHILIP MORRIS alone provides!

All smokers sometimes inhale. But—
your throat needn't know it.

Here's a vital difference you may not
know exists. Eminent doctors com-
pared the leading favorite cigarettes
... *found and reported* that:

**SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING
POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN
THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR
IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE
TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY
CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!**

That's *proved* protection—*ex-*
clusive with PHILIP MORRIS—
added to your enjoyment of
the finer-quality PHILIP
MORRIS tobaccos. No
worry about throat irri-
tation... even when you
do inhale!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Londonderry Naval Base (continued)



American sailors drill in the evening at their camp in Springtown, a short distance from operating base. Some of the semi-cylindrical steel Quonset huts are barracks.



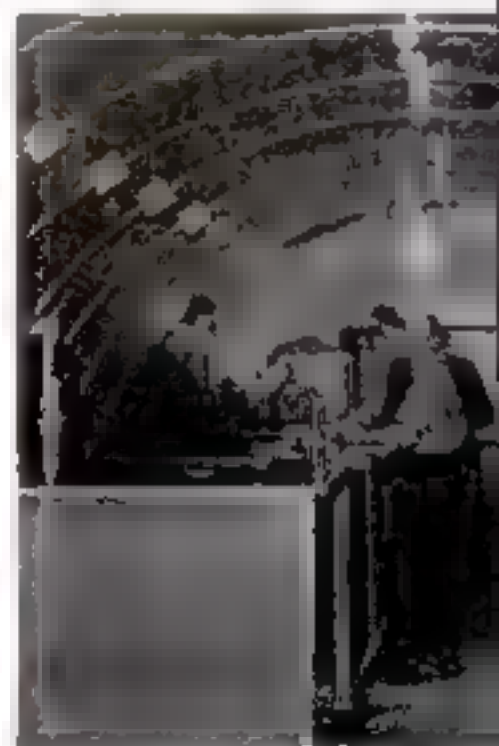
One of the generators is tended by a sailor. These Diesel generators can furnish power for a city of 8,000 people.



The dry-cleaning plant was made in America.



The camp library is well-stocked with westerns, other fiction and technical books. The camp's mail is censored here.



The soda fountain sells Cokes, milkshakes,



while others house the camp activities (see below). These sailors are mostly skilled technicians who work at the base. They like everything in Ireland but the weather.



It keeps the men's Navy blues well-pressed.



Springtown Camp's laundry hut has huge rotary machines which wash the sailors' uniforms and naval officers' shirts.



sundaes and beer to the sailors at Springtown.



Hospitals are also housed in the curving Quonset huts. This is but one ward of many in the large, complete sick bay.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The Americas Agree on BACARDI!

GUATEMALA. No. 5 of a series of...

SEE SENOR!

THE LABEL SAYS BACARDI

The name Bacardi must be on the label. And Bacardi Cocktails must be made with Bacardi. (Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936)

Si, Si, Señor! The incomparable Bacardi Cocktail must be made in a certain way . . . the way that is always refreshing, always correct and always welcome.



This is the way—the famous Recipe in Rhyme:

A LITTLE SOUR (Juice of half a lime)
A LITTLE SWEET (Half-teaspoonful of sugar)
THE TROPIC SUN (A jigger of BACARDI...White or Silver)
WITHOUT THE HEAT (Ice and shake thoroughly)

IT'S FULL 89 PROOF FOR FULL FLAVOR!

BACARDI

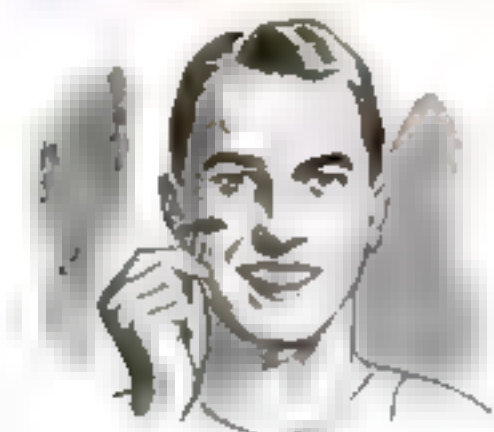
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1942

6NX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

★ Star's
6NX process
double edge
blades have
new importance
for every man!



★ AVOID DISCOMFORT!

The 6NX process is our secret formula applied to the new Star Double Edge Blade. It produces long-lasting, super-comfortable blades that make your double edge razor perform miracles!

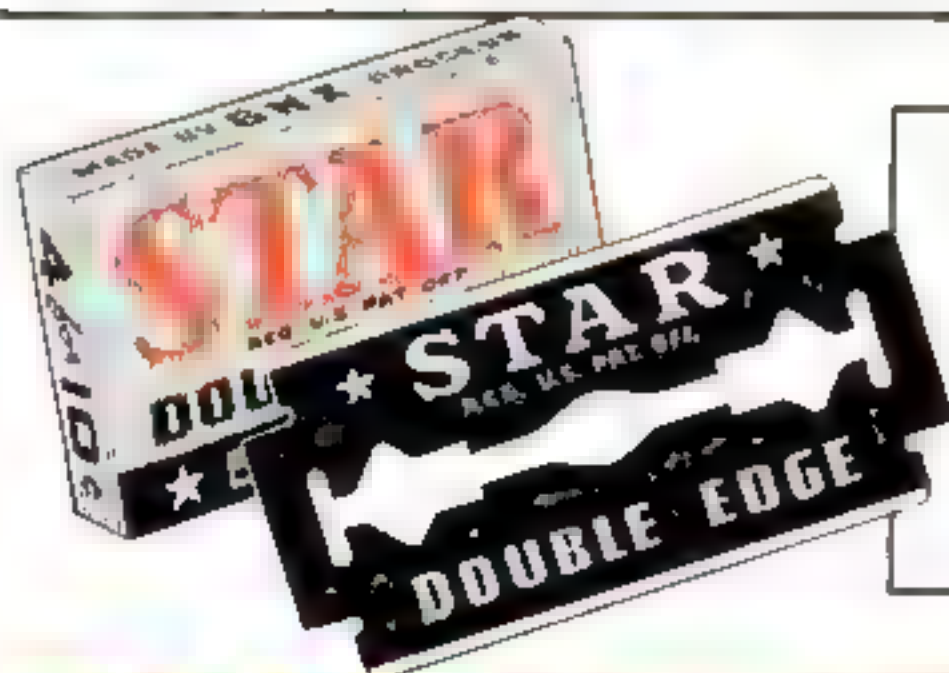
★ AVOID WASTAGE!

Today—more than ever—it is important that you buy razor blades which will give you more and better shaves per blade. That means *uniformly* keen blades. Try Star—no duds in a package—no waste!



★ AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

We warn you that *only* Star Double Edge Blades for double edge razors are made by the 6NX process. Insist on Star! Now on sale at all dealers. Get a pack today! — Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.



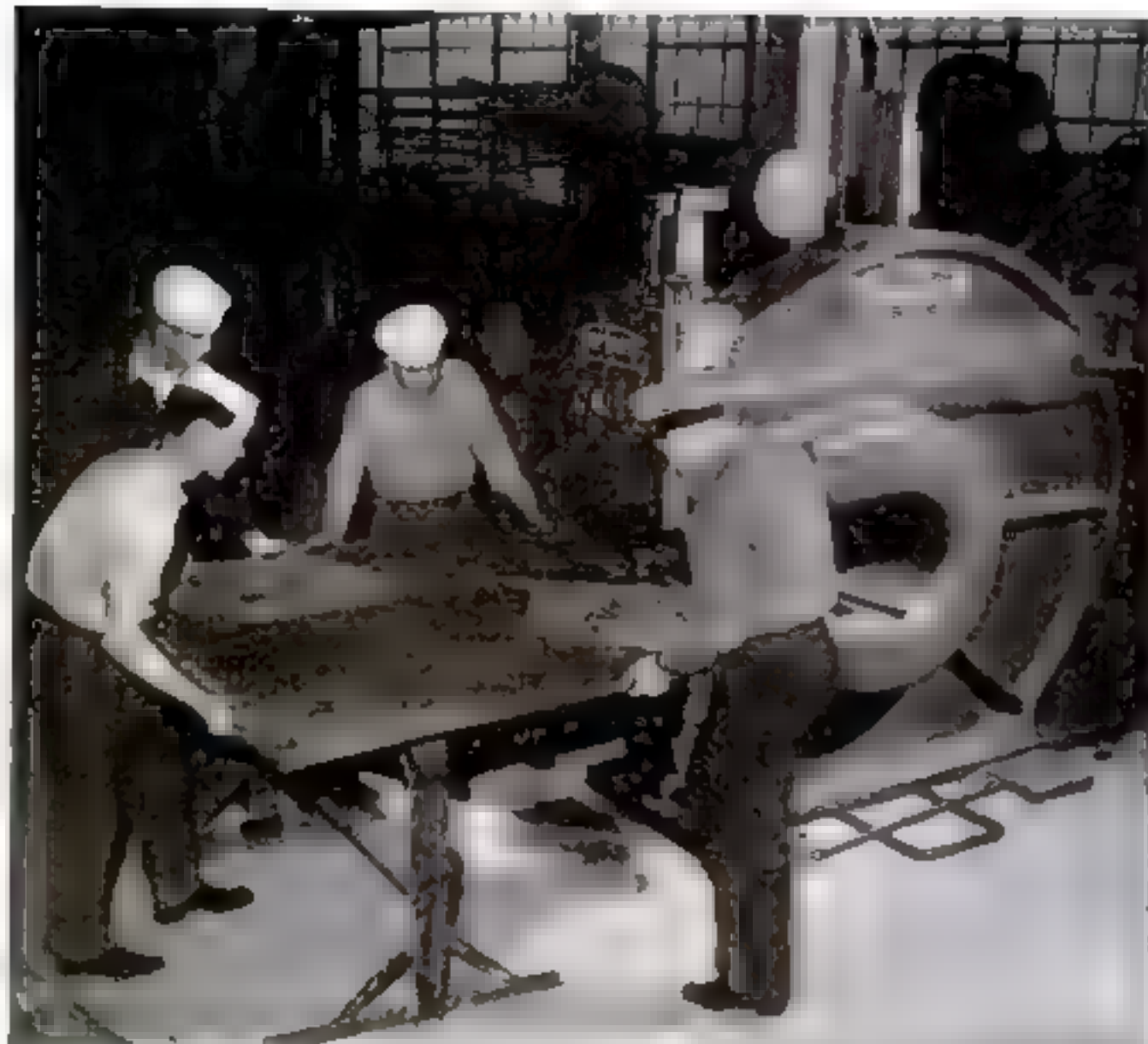
ECONOMY
PACK

25c

ALSO 10c PACK

STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
FOR DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS

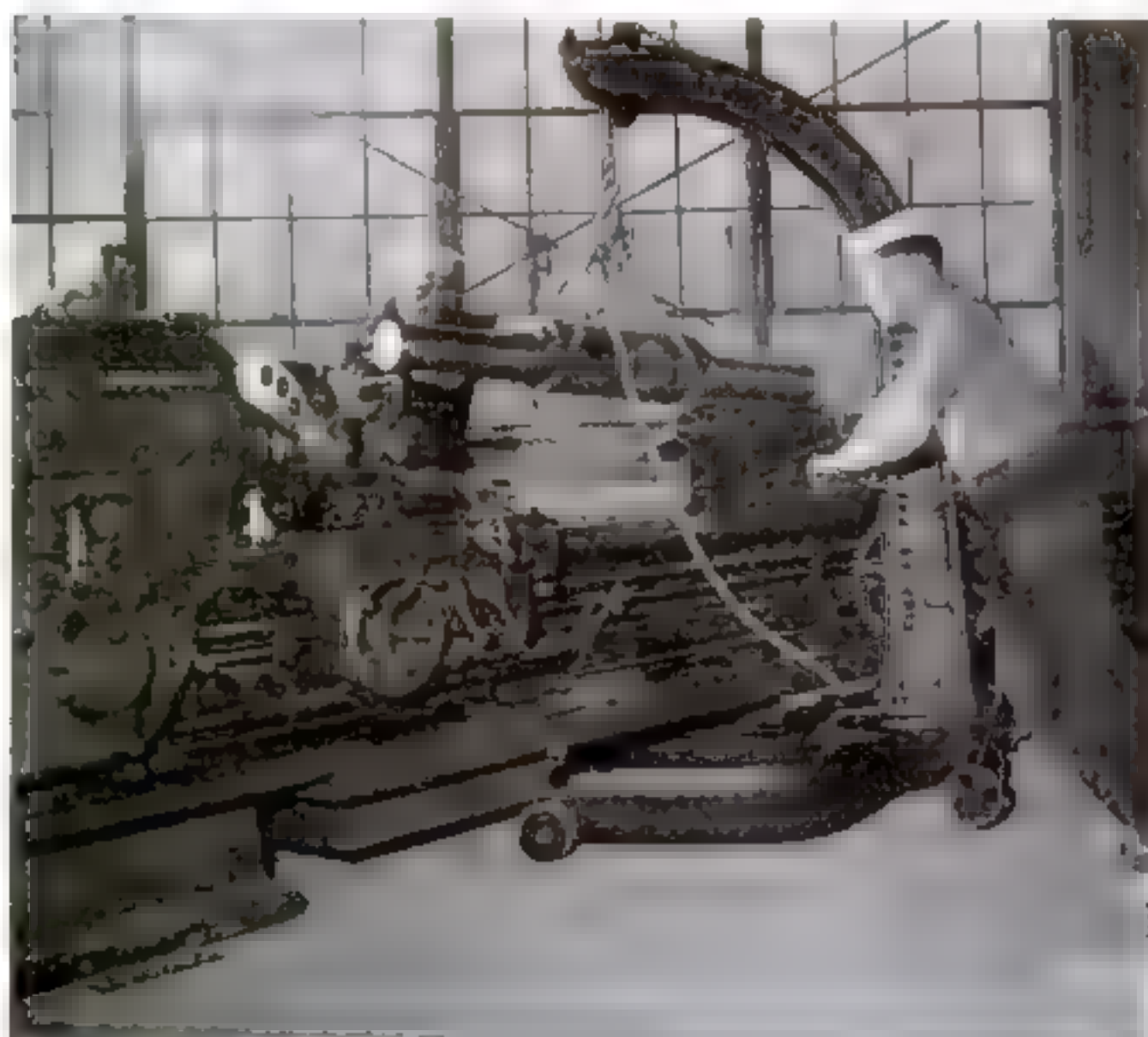
Londonderry Naval Base (continued)



The repair section is equipped to handle almost any job. This huge punch, like all the other repair machinery, was built in America, then shipped to Ireland and set up.



The large hardware storeroom of Londonderry base's repair section keeps thousands of small items in stock. Here a small boat propeller is issued to a sailor on a repair job.



Huge horizontal lathe is another piece of equipment in the repair section. The section makes new plates for damaged ships, rebuilds machinery and fixes ships' guns.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

"Load 'em full!" That's the battle cry in the coal fields. Bigger loads save cars for additional war work.



*** ANOTHER "FIGHTING FORCE" TO KEEP ROLLING! *

Coal is one of America's most powerful weapons—the Nation's greatest single source of energy.

It turns the wheels of war's industries.

It is power and heat and light.

Coal makes steam. It runs trains to haul more coal. Coal is transportation. Coal provides warmth for our home comfort, heats our buildings and factories.

It is among the most abundant of the Nation's

natural resources and in the earth of this country is enough to last 3,000 years.

More than a hundred thousand Pennsylvania Railroad freight cars have no other duty in this war than to haul this fighting power—coal and its by-product, coke—to the industrial fronts, day and night.

In never-ending streams, The Pennsylvania delivers it to the power plants, moves mountains of it to feed the coke ovens and, in turn, the blast furnaces.

Coal becomes gas for the open hearth, power for the rolling mill. Without it there would be no steel.

Coal's by-products become explosives, industrial chemicals, medicines and fertilizer that produces agricultural abundance.

Coal saw us through the last war—and coal will see us through this one.

To help move coal to the industrial front is one of Pennsylvania Railroad's most important jobs in war and peace.



Buy your coal now. Help clear the tracks for movement of war materials this fall and winter. ★ Invest in U. S. War Savings Bonds & Stamps.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

Now the Caissons do go **ROLLING ALONG** *— on "bulletproof" tires*

Picture a column of troop carriers, combat cars and field pieces like this, 40 miles long, and you have just one mechanized division of our new army on the march. There'll be thousands of vehicles in line, each using four to ten tires — with a full set of spares in reserve back at the base.

And these are no ordinary tires, mind you. For military equipment Goodyear is building a new-type combat tire that a 37mm. anti-tank gun can't knock out of action. Even when riddled by machine gun fire, they keep right on rolling along—don't require changing

We can't tell you how it's done. But we can tell you that each one of these Goodyear combat tires requires far more rubber than an ordinary passenger car tire. So when you stop to consider how many of these tires are needed to move an army of millions, it is easy to see why civilian tire sales

must be rationed for the duration.

But there's another angle, too. In the development of these special army tires, and other military equipment such as bullet-puncture-sealing gasoline tanks built with Chemigum (Goodyear's synthetic rubber), we are learning new skills and techniques that will make Goodyear products better than ever before in the peace to come. Thus while building for victory, Goodyear is also building for tomorrow.

Even the guns are now mounted on Goodyear combat tires — to keep 'em rolling.

GOOD YEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Londonderry Naval Base (continued)



An American yeoman and a Wren make friends in Ireland in a jeep belonging to the American base. Royal Navy license is carried by all vehicles because of insurance.



The mysteries of tea are explored by the yeoman, with the Wren as his guide. Most American sailors prefer the stronger brew of Guinness, for which Ireland is famous.

"MOUNTAIN' IN FAVOR BECAUSE
OF ITS MOUNTAIN FLAVOR!"

Ron MERITO



In Ron Merito you enjoy a new peak in rum goodness—a rare smoothness, delicate fragrance and delicious flavor never before achieved. Of course, it's no secret that Puerto Rican mountain distilling — from mountain-grown sugar cane and crystal-clear mountain water — accounts for Ron Merito's superiority! . . . Have your next rum drink made with mountain-distilled Ron Merito! Available in Gold Label and White Label

THEY'RE MORE DELICIOUS WHEN
"MADE WITH MERITO!"



MOUNTAIN COOLER
Juice of 1/2 lemon, 1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label). Serve in highball glass with ice and fill with club soda. Stir.



DAIQUIRI
Juice of 1/2 green lime, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, 1 jigger RON MERITO (White Label). Shake well in cracked ice.



RUM HIGHBALL
1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label). Serve in highball glass with ice. Fill with sparkling water or ginger ale.



CUBA LIBRE
1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label or White Label). Serve in highball glass with ice, and fill with cola drink.



NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., N. Y. • 36 PROOF



THIS BIG TROOP-CARRYING GLIDER HOLDS 15 MEN. DESIGNED BY WACO, IT WEIGHS A TON AND A HALF, AND HAS A WINGSPREAD NEARLY 20 FEET LONGER THAN U. S. MEDIUM BOMBER

WAR GLIDERS

AIR ARMIES GET NEWEST CARRIER

One new tactic to come out of World War II is "vertical envelopment," which means an aerial jump that lands a force behind the enemy's lines. The winged army that undertakes a vertical envelopment is made up of three special groups—paratroops for the spearhead, transport planes for supply, and big troop-carrying gliders to fly the bulk of manpower into action.

Today, the U. S. is hard at work on gliders. At Air Forces schools all over the country, hundreds of private fliers are learning the specialized job of glider pilot. So many are wanted that men as old as 33 are being accepted for training. At Wright Field, laboratory of the Air Forces, big transport gliders are under test. At Wichita, Kan. three airplane companies, Boeing, Beech and Cessna, have pooled sections of their training-plane plants to build 15-place gliders. In North Carolina regi-

ments of air infantry are being groomed for combat, while in Indiana flying officers of the new Troop Carrier Command are perfecting tow techniques.

Soon, the Army will be ready to try its hand at vertical envelopment. The paratroops will come first, dropping on surprised defenders. Shock troops of the attack, they will block roads, cut communications, and seize airport "bridgeheads." Then the gliders will come by the hundreds into every empty field, spilling out infantry squad by squad, until regiments and even divisions are landed and in action. Transport planes will fly in food and ammunition, even artillery and tanks, while fighter patrols protect the whole movement from above. To see one way that gliders will be used, turn the next page to color drawings by Lieut. John T. McCoy, Jr., U. S. Army Air Forces, of a theoretical glider troop action.



GLIDER PICKUP SYSTEM, a Du Pont invention, allows a grounded glider to hitch a ride from planes that never have to land. A special elastic glider towline is strung across two poles. Tow

plane flies in with pickup hook swung down from belly, catches towline. Trick reel in tow plane lets out slack, then tightens up as glider starts rolling, finally locks after glider takes to the air



CUT LOOSE from its tow plane, a big glider turns and dives for the ground. Quick-est possible landing keeps unarmed glider from being easy game for enemy fighters.



PICKUP COMPLETED, glider is in the air. In combat, this system would allow the same gliders to be used over and over again, evacuating wounded on trips back to base.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Stop, Shirley, you're robbing the till!"



SHIRLEY: G'wan, I'm just throwing away some carbon paper. I've already used each piece about 20 times. Isn't that enough?

MARY: Of course not. Don't you remember? Last week the office switched to Royal Park

Avenue Carbon Paper!

SHIRLEY: I know they did. So what?

MARY: Well, one sheet of Park Avenue can be used up to 60 times, clearly and cleanly. Here, I'll show you a test copy that proves it:

This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The first copy was made on the first sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The second copy was made on the second sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The third copy was made on the third sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The fourth copy was made on the fourth sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The fifth copy was made on the fifth sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The sixth copy was made on the sixth sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The seventh copy was made on the seventh sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The eighth copy was made on the eighth sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The ninth copy was made on the ninth sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The tenth copy was made on the tenth sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The eleventh copy was made on the eleventh sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The twelfth copy was made on the twelfth sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. 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The fifty-eighth copy was made on the fifty-eighth sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The fifty-ninth copy was made on the fifty-ninth sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper. The sixtieth copy was made on the sixtieth sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper.

SHIRLEY: Well, I'll be jiggered! It looks like a first copy. What makes it possible?

MARY: The Royal man told me it's because Park Avenue is deep-inked. Seems they use a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. Then, too, Park Avenue's extension edge lets you reverse each sheet, top to bottom, so that all areas of the paper can be used.

SHIRLEY: Sounds sensible, all right. From now on, I'm making every sheet of carbon paper work overtime—just as long as it's Royal Park Avenue!

Park Avenue is only one of the outstanding carbon papers in the Royal line. Why not get your purchasing agent to call in the local Royal representative today? He can quickly show you which weight and

Laboratory test No. 20960-NV issued July 30, 1942
finish of Royal Carbon Paper exactly fits your every typing need.

Royal Carbon Papers and Ribbons are made by the Roytype® Division of the Royal Typewriter Company.

The armed forces need typewriters! See how many of your standard machines (made since Jan. 1, 1935) you can spare. Call your nearest Royal Branch—we will buy them, affix the Government seal and pay you the Government fixed price.

ROYAL
Park Avenue
CARBON PAPER

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Copyright 1942, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.







JOHN T. MCCOY JR.
1ST LT. USAF

GLIDERS DELIVER TROOPS TO BATTLE

Here is the battle. Our troops are invading a narrow coastal plain. Since strong beach-head defenses of the whole coast are impossible, the enemy has kept its mobile forces inland, behind the mountains, ready to strike at any point where invasion comes.

Last night, as our fleet steamed its last lap coastward under the cover of darkness, parachutists were dropped near the vital mountain pass where the main road and railway line branch off (center) to a lonely coast town. There they cut telephone wires and blew



up the most important railway bridge (*lower right*). At dawn, our dive bombers and low-altitude fighters came over in waves, blasting the thin beach defenses. Now, at 8 a. m., our main invasion force is landing on the beaches, the town (*background*) is in flames, and the

last gliders are cutting loose to play their special part in the pattern of attack.

Banking sharply away, they dive for the ground, where other gliders are already setting up points of resistance. Along the undestroyed stretch of rail (*left*), the high-

way underpass (*right*), and in the middle of the pass itself, they land and spill out their troops. When enemy forces arrive to meet the water-borne attack, the glider infantry will block them off from the coastal plain until our main body of invaders has secured its position.

THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE

A national secret code, it is perfect for hiding facts or saying what you don't mean

by FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

One of the most troublesome war shortages faced by the U. S. since Pearl Harbor has been the acute lack of non-Japanese American citizens who understand the Japanese language. Various Government agencies have been combing the country for months, trying to find men and women qualified to serve as interpreters, code-room assistants and censors. The results of this hunt have been depressing. Archibald MacLeish of the Office of War Information recently stated that there are only three Americans with full command of the language, and the most optimistic estimates from Washington put the number at less than 100 persons.

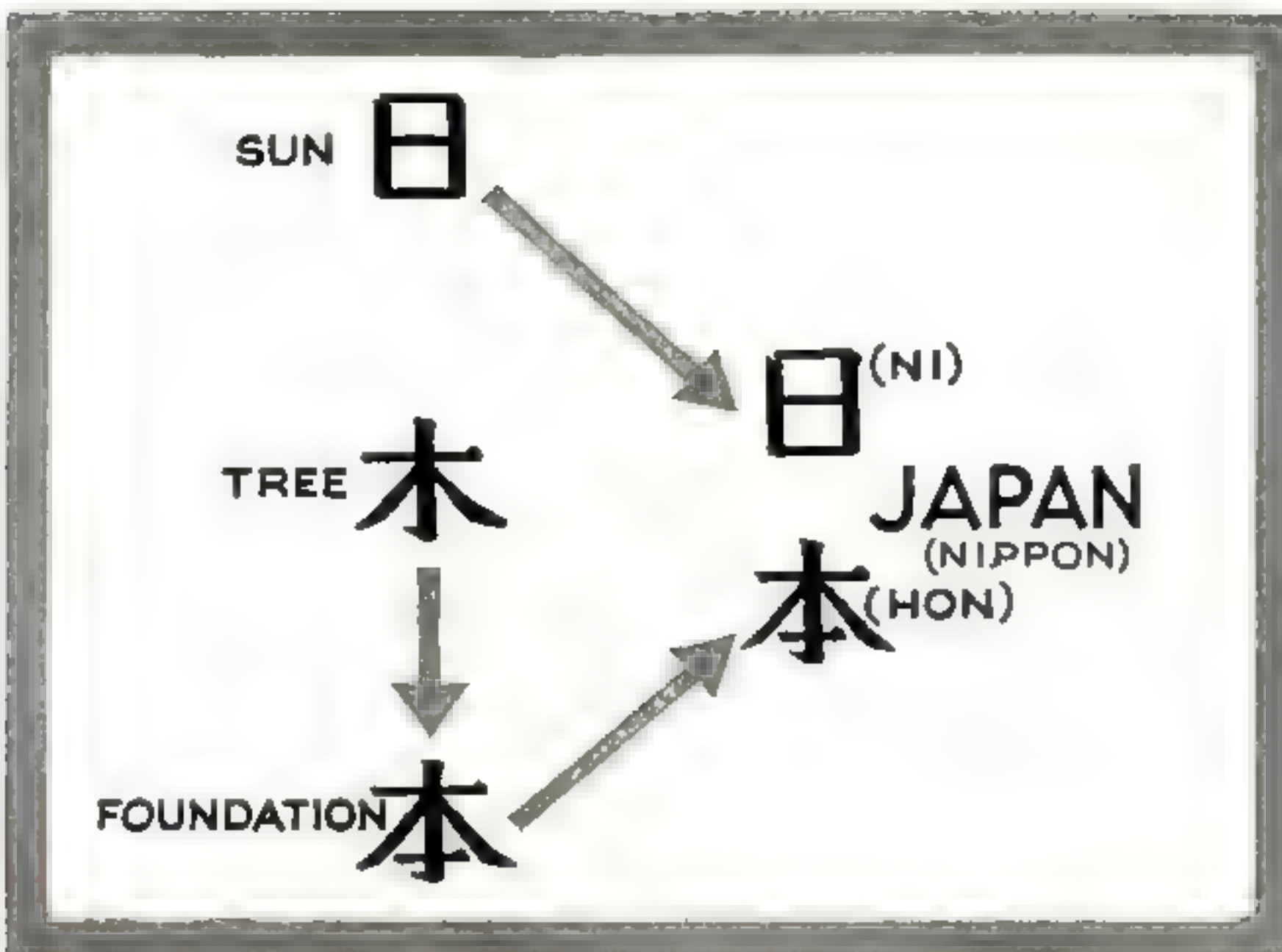
For many years bodies like the American Council of Learned Societies and the Institute of Pacific Relations have been agitating for a Government-sponsored program to create a reservoir of Japanese linguists, and they regard it as deplorable—and unnecessary—that only 1/13,000 of 1% of the population has any grasp of the language of a nation with which war seemed inevitable for so long. Until recently, only a handful of colleges—notably Harvard, Columbia, the University of Michigan and the University of California—had any courses in Japanese and these were attended by tiny classes. Eleven or twelve students usually made up the enrollment at Columbia, with perhaps the best Oriental Language Department in the country.

Today most of the larger colleges have organized or are trying to organize Japanese courses, and at least 300 ambitious students are wandering dazedly through the introduction to the complications of the most confusing language in the world. The hopes and the chances are that the war will be over long before these students learn to read or speak Japanese, for they will be taking lessons for years. A hard-working student who studies and recites four or five hours a day for 12 to 15 weeks generally can compose simple sentences like "The man is a big man" without the aid of a dictionary. In a year's time he should be able to read the simpler passages in Japanese newspapers and after several years' practice he may become fairly fluent. In ten years he ought to know as much about the language as the average Jap. That isn't saying much, because even native Japs have a hard time understanding each other. The literacy rate is high in Japan but public letter writers do a big business and even highly educated persons hire amanuenses for their correspondence instead of coping with it themselves.

Instead of trying to simplify their language, the Japs actually are proud of its complications. They regard it as a sort of national secret code and are always surprised when a foreigner makes an accurate translation. Jap officials—especially diplomats—insist that it is impossible to make correct translations of many documents and statements. This is a handy bit of propaganda, because they can argue that when they meant to say "black" in Japanese the translation made it appear that they were saying "white" or vice versa or something in between. However, not even a Jap could believe that translation difficulties alone accounted for the discrepancy between peace overtures in Washington and war at Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7.

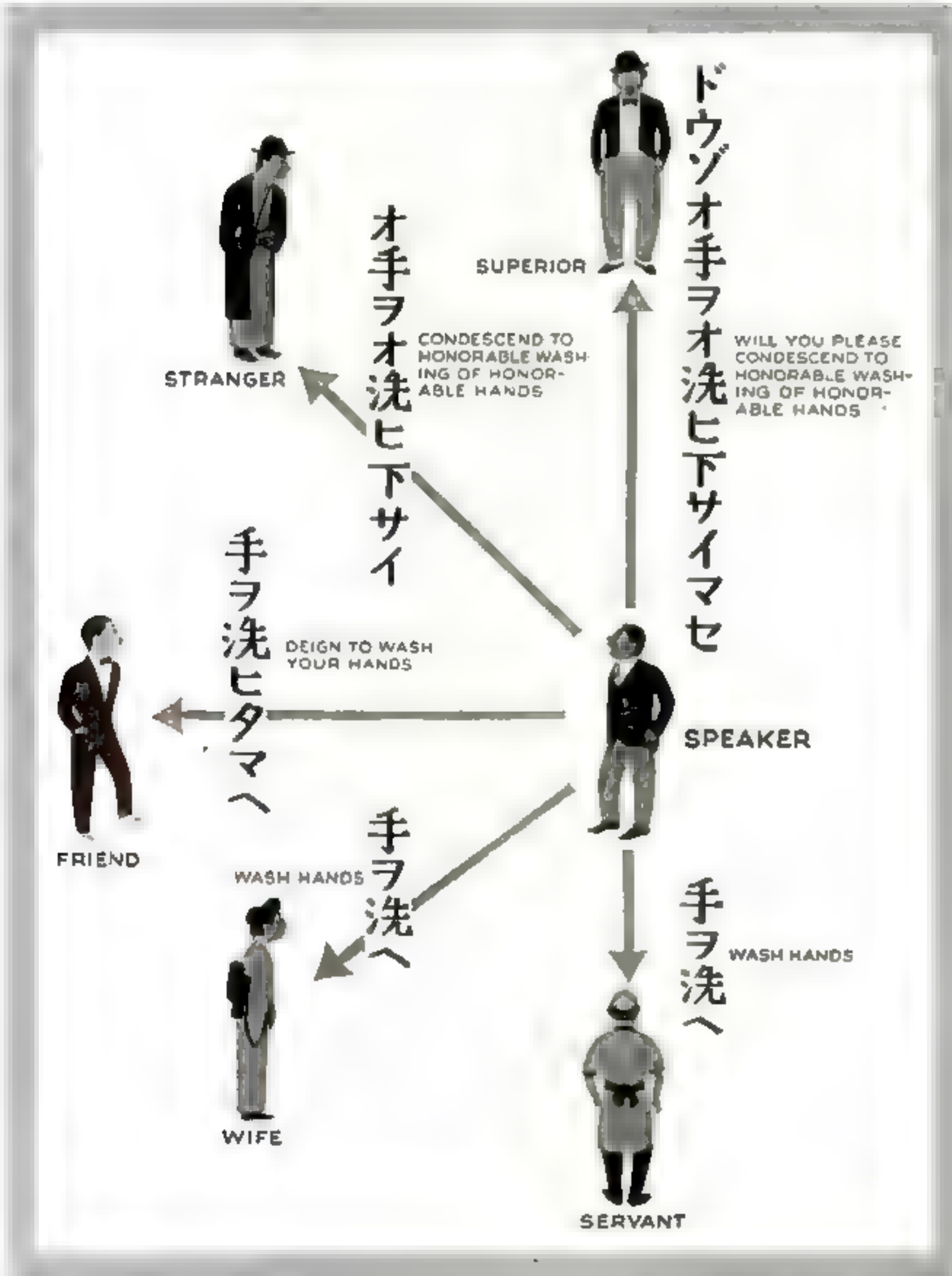
One trouble with the Japanese language is its terrific bulk. In English, a 26-letter alphabet is sufficient to express any thought or shade of meaning and, though no one realizes it, this is a great luxury. Japanese consists of more than 25,000 separate characters or ideographs borrowed from the Chinese. Each character represents an object or an idea. Probably no one in Japan has memorized all the characters but the leading scholars have a vocabulary of perhaps 6,000. The Japanese newspapers carry

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51



Word for Japan is combination of two ideographs, *ni* (sun) and *hon* or *pon* (foundation, source). Ideograph for source is made by drawing stylized tree and then

adding a second horizontal line at the base to indicate root, source. With a sun, it becomes "sun source," or land where sun rises, finally "Land of the Rising Sun."



Etiquette of address complicates the Jap language. Verb endings, vocabulary and sentence structure vary according to who is talking and how polite he wants

to be. In this diagram, one Jap tells another to wash his hands in anywhere from ten words to two, depending on social standing of the person he is addressing

Lily Pons

brilliant coloratura of opera and concert stage. Hear her Masterworks triumphs: the new Mozart *arias*, with orchestra conducted by the great Bruno Walter (Set M-MM-518, \$2.89); Donizetti's *Daughter of the Regiment* (Set X-206, \$2.63); and *Three Operatic Arias* (Set M-MM-503, \$2.89).



The World's Great Music...so real...so true on the "Sensitone-Surface" of Columbia Records

Columbia brings you the magic beauty of great music—faithfully recorded! Hear the many famous opera stars... instrumentalists... symphony orchestras... now recording exclusively on Columbia Masterworks Records.

• Columbia Masterworks Records bring you great music, with the breath of life in every note! The exclusive "Sensitone-Surface" reproduces with equal truth the silvery flight of Lily Pons' voice—the tonal richness of symphonic performances under the skilled baton of Sir Thomas Beecham or Artur Rodzinski. Even delicate instrumental effects are true to life—the vibrant overtones of Nathan Milstein's violin, the brilliance of Oscar Levant's piano!

To bring you, undiminished, the full greatness of the many famous artists who are now recording exclusively for Columbia, all Masterworks Records are made with a superior surface of fine, highly sensitized materials. This "Sensitone-Surface" makes possible richer tone *and* longer record life. Because of it, the world of great music is faithfully yours—on Columbia Masterworks!



Oscar Levant (Piano); Andre Kostelanetz and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orch. of N. Y.: Gershwin's *Concerto in F*. Set M-MM-512, \$4.73



Hear Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orch. in their recording of Mozart's *Symphony No. 38 in D Major*. Set M-MM-509 . . . \$3.68



Nathan Milstein's great performance of Tchaikovsky's *Violin Concerto in D Major* is a Masterworks triumph! Set M-MM-413 . . . \$4.73



Artur Rodzinski and The Cleveland Orchestra record Mendelssohn's *Incidental Music to a Midsummer Night's Dream*. Set M-MM-504 . . . \$3.73

Columbia **MASTERWORKS** *Records*

Trade Mark "Columbia," "Masterworks" and Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COLUMBIA RECORDING CORPORATION • A SUBSIDIARY OF COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.



Did I ever say I'd marry you, darling?

DID I SAY *anything* the night you asked me to marry you? All I can remember is swallowing hard and stuttering a little—and reaching for your hand.

It isn't as if I didn't talk easily most times. I can chatter gaily enough at parties. I can talk about books with your father. And politics with your boss. And you and I—well, there isn't much in the world we haven't talked about in the five years we've been married!

But watching a sunset, listening to music—we don't talk at times like those. My hand is in yours...and somehow we understand each other better than we'd ever do with words.

That's the way it was last week, darling, when I opened your anniversary present. If it had been anything else, I could have found the words to thank you. But *sterling*, darling!

All my life, I guess, I've dreamed about owning fine sterling. My sterling baby spoon—you know how I've treasured that! And all along I've looked forward to the day when I'd have really fine sterling in my own home. *Really fine sterling!* Even the words sound solid and permanent, somehow. Sterling has seemed a kind of symbol, almost, of the life we share together—our home—our friends.

So when I opened the box, darling, and saw the International Sterling—I just couldn't say anything! It meant too much! I couldn't find the words to tell you how I felt. All I could do was reach for your hand and hold it tight! And—well, I thank you understood.

Probably no solid silver can give you deeper

satisfaction than International Sterling. For with International you will always know...

—that your sterling was made by the world's foremost silver house...

—that your pattern was designed by craftsmen whose predecessors were creating spoons of coin silver 100 years ago...

—that pieces created by International's *present* craftsmen have often been exhibited in leading art museums.

Yet International Sterling is moderately priced. A starting service for four in the handsome *Spring Glory* pattern, for example, costs only \$74. Gifts of spoons or forks in sets of four are about \$15. Be sure to see *Spring Glory*—and other beautiful International Sterling patterns—at your silverware dealer's.

Copyright 1948, International Silver Company



*International
Sterling*

THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE (continued)

about 3,000 characters in type and the average Jap-in-the-street must know at least 2,000 characters in order to get along. The reason so many Japs wear spectacles is that they exhaust their eyes trying to learn the characters during childhood.

Until the Chinese characters were introduced by way of Korea around the 5th Century A.D., the Japanese had no written language, and their pronunciation of the spoken language was entirely different from Chinese. For example, the Japanese spoken word for "man" is *hito*, whereas the Chinese character of "man" is pronounced *jen*. The Japanese had to choose between taking the character for "man" and pronouncing it *hito*, thus ignoring the original Chinese pronunciation altogether, or combining the two Chinese characters pronounced *hi* and *to* and arbitrarily making a new word out of them. Actually, the Japs did both. They used the original Chinese characters and pronunciation, and in addition created a basic phonetic alphabet or syllabary of their own called *kana*. Words are formed by compounding ideographs and *kana*. Thus, the Japanese take the Chinese character *hi* meaning "fire," and *ko*, meaning "child," insert the *kana* possessive *no* between them and get *hinoko*, literally "fire's child," their rather charming expression for spark.

Japanese therefore has two languages, one used to explain the other. There may be as many as 14 equally correct pronunciations of every ideograph, and anywhere from two to ten ways of writing a given phrase or sentence. Theoretically it is possible to get along with *kana* exclusively, but for practical purposes ideographs must be used because the language is full of homonyms with identical pronunciations but many different meanings. Thus, if you write the word *legen* in *kana* only, there is no way of telling (except by context) whether you mean "era," "epoch," "origin," "beginning," "term," "period," "paradox," "a play on words," "plain speaking," "outspoken advice," or "state of health." The various Chinese ideographs with these meanings are all pronounced *legen*.

On the other hand, the *kana* frequently must be written alongside the ideographs to indicate pronunciation. For example, the Chinese character *go* may, in Japanese, be pronounced *ka*, *moto*, *shimo*, *kudaru*, *o*, *ero*, and about a dozen other ways. All these express the idea of "down," "lower," or "under," but—depending on the pronunciation—*go* is used as noun, adjective, adverb or verb, and the *kana* must accompany the character to explain the intended usage.

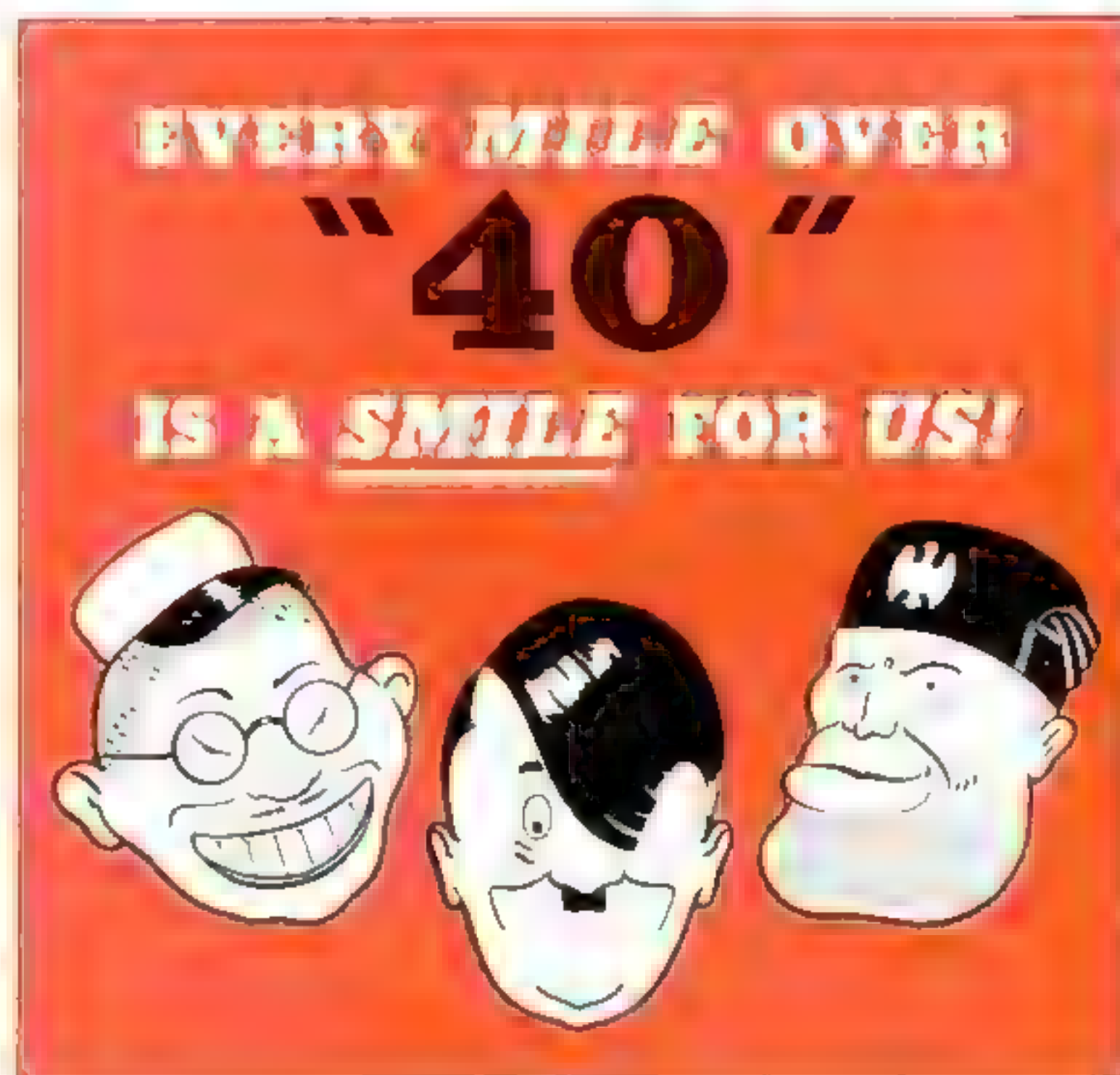
Rank and etiquette change words

The ideographs and *kana* are difficult enough, but more difficult is the philosophy of the Japanese language, which is not only a means of communication but part of an elaborate ritual which governs the daily life of the Japs. For many centuries Japan has had a feudal society not unlike that which prevailed in 13th Century Europe. At the top were the samurai, the warriors, and from them the entire population descended in rank and standing down to shopkeepers, artisans, beggars. The class lines were—and are—rigidly drawn, and an enormous amount of kowtowing goes on. This is especially noticeable in the language, which has one set of forms for talking to superiors, another set for addressing inferiors, and a third for chatting with equals. Most of this is sheer hypocrisy, but it has a powerful tradition. In earlier times a samurai was entitled to behead an inferior who failed to use the proper terms of flattery in his speech.

The Japanese language is strongly influenced by the Japs' strange notions of etiquette. It is considered polite always to deprecate yourself and praise the other fellow, no matter how insincere this may be. Consequently, the language is full of special noun and verb forms which sharply distinguish between what *I* do and what *you* do. For example, a verb for "I saw" is *mimashita*, meaning just that, whereas "you saw" is *goran nasaimashita*, literally "you made an honorable glance." One verb for "I give" is *ageru*, meaning "to up" (freely, "I offer up"), while "you give" is *kudasaru*, "to down" (or "You condescend to hand down"). The polite response when someone offers you something—food, for instance—is *Itadakimasu*, which implies "Thanks very much" but actually means "holding it to my forehead," a holdover from the old Japanese custom of bowing low and raising a gift to the forehead to express appreciation.

Tenses are ambiguous, and verb forms are tremendously complicated. Suppose you are at a party and want to say, "We ought to leave now." The nearest Japanese equivalent is *Yuku hoga ii*, which means "Go-side is good." In polite conversation it is bad form to be too blunt about the future. "I'm going to the baseball game tomorrow" thus might become something like "Possibly I am at the baseball game when the players assemble again if they are intending to do so."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



YES, IT'S TOUGH TO CUT DOWN TO "40" BUT... IT'S TOUGHER TO WALK!

★ Don't let anybody "kid" you about the rubber shortage. It's acute . . . bad . . . and your Uncle Sam is going to see to it that our armed forces get all the rubber they need . . . all of which means that it's going to be a long, long time before *you* can have new tires.

So . . . help yourself . . . help your country by conserving rubber. You know what to do . . . reduce your speed, eliminate all but essential driving, keep your tires properly inflated . . . and most important . . . have your tires checked frequently for cuts, bruises, breaks, etc.

FREQUENT INSPECTION . . . AND PROPER REPAIRS WILL ADD 25% TO 50% TO YOUR TIRE MILEAGE

SAYS Bob Bowes

★ Even the smallest cut, bruise or break is a danger signal. Those little cuts get big, quick . . . then, first thing you know, the tire is beyond repair.

But . . . if the small cut or bruise is properly repaired immediately you'll get 25% to 50% more mileage.



PRESIDENT & FOUNDER
BOWES "SEAL FAST"
CORP., PIONEER IN
SAFE TIRE REPAIRS

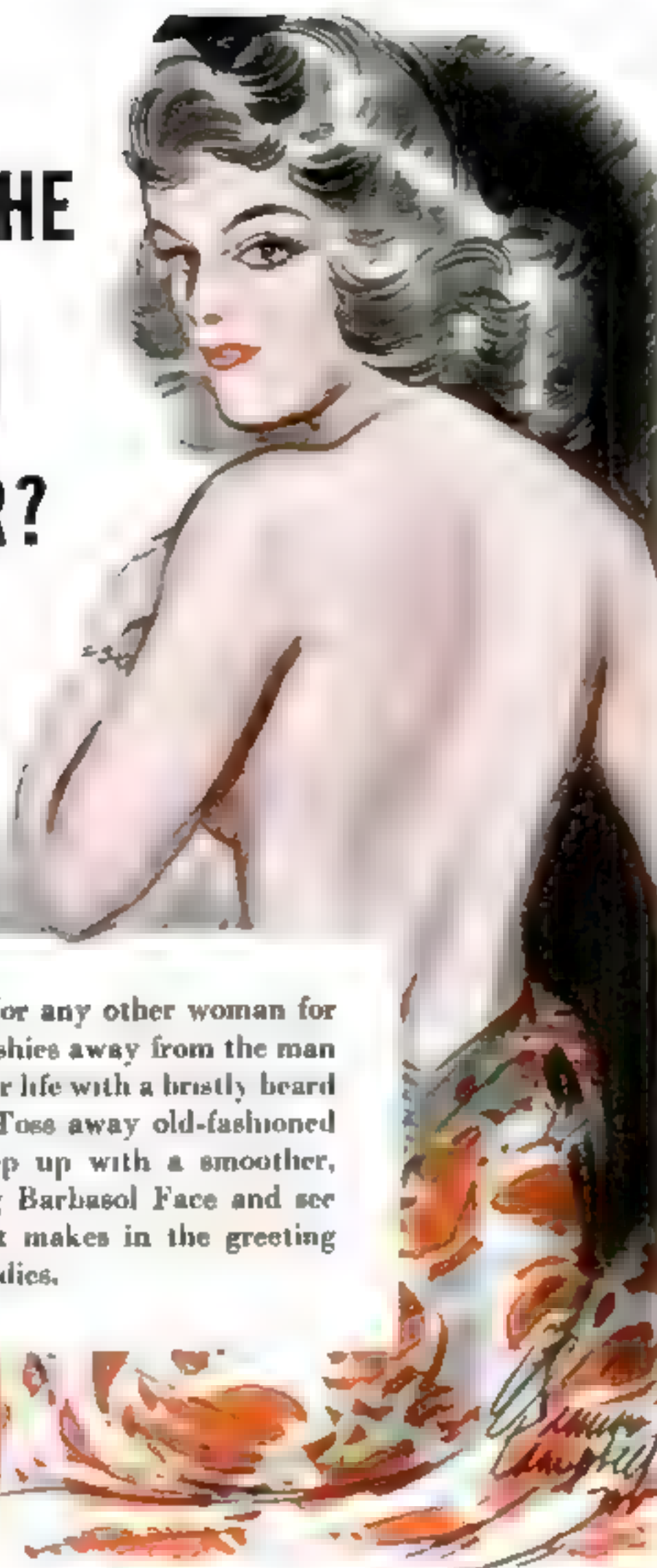


★ LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

The service stations that display this sign are tire repair experts . . . factory trained in the famous Bowes "Seal Fast" tire repair method. Don't take chances . . . make sure your tires are repaired by experts.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U.S.A.

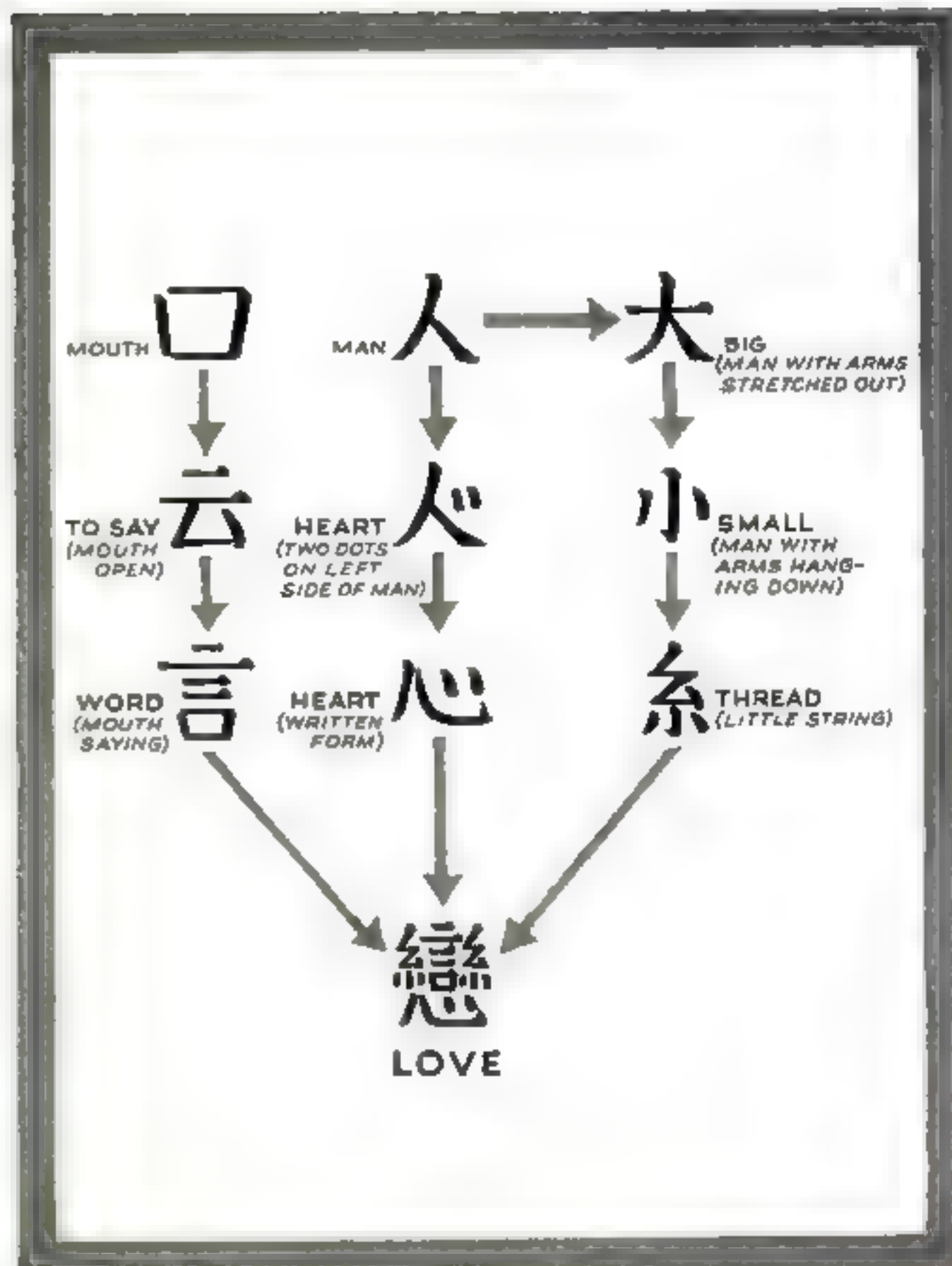
EVER GET THE COLD SHOULDER?



DON'T BLAME Nellie (or any other woman for that matter), if she shies away from the man who tries to enter her life with a bristly beard and leathery skin. Toss away old-fashioned shaving habits. Step up with a smoother, finer, fresher-feeling Barbasol Face and see what a difference it makes in the greeting you get from the ladies.

SMOOTH SAILING through your beard with Barbasol! Until you try this marvelous modern method, you've missed the boat on better shaves—a wonderful whisker-taming cream that soothes and helps protect the skin from sun and weather, after you've shaved.

OH, HO for the life of a sailor who shaves with Barbasol! With cold water, hard water, salt water—with no water at all—Barbasol leaps the hurdles and still turns out that famous "no brush, no lather, no rub-in" modern shave. Large tube 25c, giant tube 50c, family jar 75c.



"Love" is complicated pictograph of elements involved—literally, "word," "heart" and "thread," or words and heart tied together. Both "thread" and "heart" stem from man.

THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE (continued)

The word *San* ("Honored one") is always attached to the names of other persons but never is used with one's own name. Even more polite is *Sama*, from which *San* was derived. The affix *o* ("honorable") is joined with a large number of common nouns—*o yu*, "honorable hot water," *o cha*, "honorable tea," *onaka*, "honorable inside" (stomach), etc. It is significant that Japanese women use the "honorable" and the verb forms for self-abasement far more commonly than men. This is because the women are taught to regard themselves as inferior to practically everything and scarcely fit to live in the same world with men. A Japanese man referring to a friend's wife uses the noun *okusan*, "honorable hidden one," but when speaking of his own wife the word is *kanai*, "person within the house." When a man speaks to his wife he uses the same language as in addressing a servant, and when a woman speaks to her husband her language is that of a servant addressing her master. The Nazi campaign to debase German women evidently has borrowed heavily from the Japanese but Hitler still has a long way to go.

Along with the ritual of *o* and *San* and the various complementary word forms, the Japanese go in for a great deal of hissing, especially when talking to superiors. "Honorable boss-San (*hiss!*) honor humble and insignificant me by drinking honorable tea (*hiss!*) with me and no-good-wife-not-worthy-to-look-up-to-your shoes (*hiss!*) in my falling-down house (*hiss! hiss!*)." This peculiar *hiss!* is considered very elegant. It isn't produced like an ordinary hiss but consists of a sharply indrawn gulp of air. The sound is about the same as that made by a noisy soup eater.

To insult someone, you simply omit the *o* and *San* from the conversation, dropping the polite verb endings, referring to a man's wife as a *kanai* instead of an *okusan*, and otherwise implying that you think you're just as good as he is. Even this is rather crude. Refined Japanese prefer instead to bow and scrape twice as much as usual and step up the flattery to the point where it becomes unmistakably sarcastic. Sir Hubert Wilkins relates that when he was in Tokyo last summer



IN LESSON 2 OF COURSE COLUMBIA STUDENTS LEARN TO DRAW "READING." IT

FIRST KANA	SECOND KANA	FIRST KANA & IDEOGRAPH MIXED	SECOND KANA & IDEOGRAPH MIXED	FIRST KANA & IDEOGRAPH EXPLAINED BY PHONETIC KANA	SECOND KANA & IDEOGRAPH EXPLAINED BY PHONETIC KANA
アノヒトノココロハチヒサイ	あのひとのころはちひさい	アノ人ノ心ハハイ	あの人の心は小さい	アノ人ノ心ハハイ	あの人の心は小さい

THAT MAN IS MEAN
(THAT MAN'S HEART IS SMALL)

Six ways of writing the same sentence. Kana can be used alone in two versions (first is more formal) or mixed with ideographs. The fifth version above is newspaper style.

the Jap Army and Foreign Office men customarily used this technique when talking to the numerous German emissaries in the capital. In private they referred to the Germans as "pigs" but were extravagantly polite to them in public. Their attitude toward the Germans (and all other foreigners) was one of hatred and contempt. "We flatter them excessively," Wilkins was told, "because it is excessively rude."

Among some of the more sophisticated elements there has been a tendency to ignore the polite forms when talking with persons of equal rank. Thus in club locker rooms and other masculine hangouts, officers and members of the nobility sometimes are heard addressing each other in the most vulgar language possible. This actually is a backhanded kind of flattery, implying that all the boys are good scouts and don't need to stand on ceremony. The dividing line between flattery and insult here is pretty thin, and these liberties can be taken only among tried and true friends.

Japanese grammar is something that the reader will do well to avoid at all costs. The language has no articles or prepositions, and personal pronouns are seldom used. The Japs almost never speak of "you," "he," "she," "it," etc. Instead, they use verb endings which indicate—more "politeness" again—the social standing of persons involved in the conversation.

The wrong affix can scramble a sentence

Another complication is that affixes must be used in conjunction with numerals. The Japs have two sets of numbers from one to ten. One of these sets is of Chinese origin, and the Chinese numbers usually require an affix. If you are talking about pencils, sticks, canes, trees or other cylindrical objects, you use the affix *bon* (literally, "tree trunk"). The affix for automobiles, streetcars, carriages and other conveyances is *dai*, literally "platform." Animals take the affix *hi* ("foot"), birds take *wa* ("wing" or "feather") and socks, shoes and stockings have *soku*. A mistake in affixes does weird things to the meaning of a sentence. In his humorous essay, *An Affix For Birds*, St. Clair McKelway describes how he once tried with a dictionary to



CONSISTS OF TWO IDEOGRAPHS, "WORD" AND "SOLD," REQUIRES 22 STROKES

BETSY DOES IT FOR FUN



BUT SH! IT'S GOOD FOR HER!

IT'S LUCKY for kids that so many things that are good for them are such fun. Outdoor games. Ice cream. Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum.

Yes, Fleers Dubble Bubble is more than pure joy for kids. Don't tell Betsy, but her adored Dubble Bubble is a close ally of her toothbrush. Each piece—so big and chewy—is bulky enough to fold over and massage the gums. It helps remove small food particles, that Betsy's sketchy brushing is apt to skip. It stimulates the flow of saliva.

Remember—it's a wise parent who makes a game of what's good for youngsters. Chewing gum is good for them. Many dentists write us that they have recommended Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum specifically. Betsy herself takes to Fleers Dubble Bubble like a seal takes to water. Rejoice that she does—and give her the go-ahead!



"Some Fun!" No other gum made especially for children compares with Fleers Dubble Bubble in popularity.



Note to Dentists: A more complete statement of the dental advantages of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum for both adults and children appears in the September *Journal of the American Dental Association* and *Oral Hygiene*; also October *Dental Survey*.



FLEERS

DUBBLE BUBBLE

CHEWING GUM

A Pledge: Especially desirable features of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum are its bulk and "chewiness." Should wartime restrictions interfere, we pledge to suspend the manufacture of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum rather than offer this product without its characteristic bulk, chewiness and quality. Frank H. Fleer Corp., 1000 Diamond St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"STILL SMOKING
THOSE OLD-FASHIONED
CIGARETTES, D. J.?"

*Go modern—
Smoke
REGENT*



REALLY, D. J., you surprise me. You...a modern man...smoking a "shortie"! Get Regent...it's 20% longer than that dated "shortie" you're smoking...gives you much more cigarette for your money.

Yes—and Regent's modern in other ways, too. It's made in the world's most modern cigarette factory...is the King Size cigarette with the refreshing new taste because it contains Domestic and Turkish tobaccos specially selected for finer flavor...then Multiple-Blended for extra mildness!

And look, D.J....at Regent's streamlined oval shape. Yea—and at Regent's crush-proof box, too. It keeps each cigarette firm and fresh. So throw that crumpley paper pack away, D.J....go modern...get Regent...and you'll get more smoking pleasure!"



COSTS NO MORE
THAN OTHER
LEADING BRANDS

*The only modern cigarette
with ALL the modern features!*

THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE (continued)

make this sentence: "What an ancient temple bell you are ringing there beside the pond!" Due to a slight error in affixes, he actually said: "Dogs, keep barking until we have put our mother under water." Japanese is like that.

To Westerners, the most annoying features of the Japanese language are "inclusive reckoning" and the method of answering questions. "Inclusive reckoning" in Japan means that if a child is born on Dec. 31, 1941 he is considered two years old on Jan. 1, 1942, because he has lived during a part of both years. According to our custom, therefore, every Jap is a year or two younger than he thinks he is. The Japs use the Gregorian calendar to divide the year into months and days, but years are numbered according to the reign of the current Mikado.

Questions and answers in Japanese are reminiscent of the old *Yes, We Have No Bananas* song. The Japs habitually answer "no" when they mean "yes," and vice versa. Suppose you ask a Jap, "Aren't you going to work today?" He will say "no" if he is going and "yes" if he isn't. The logic of this (if it can be called logic) is as follows: if he is going to work and answers "no," he means "The suggestion implied by your negative question is not correct. I am going to work." Or, in the case of a "yes," "You have suggested that I am not going to work today. That is right."

Another source of confusion is the Japanese "psychic answer," which is not so much a reply to a question as an attempt to deal with the thought which prompted the question. For example, if you say, "Doko de katta no desu ka?" (Where did you buy it?), the answer is likely to be "Iie, jibun de koshibaeta no desu" (No, I made it myself). The logic of this is, "Your question tells me that you think I bought it but that is not true. I made it myself." The safest procedure for an amateur at this game is to put all questions in the affirmative. Thus, "You bought it, yes?"

Between the "psychic answer" and the "yes" and "no" shambles and the Japs' natural tendency to avoid direct statements, U. S. immigration men had a fine time trying to interview thousands of alien Japs in the weeks after Pearl Harbor. A good many of the Japs were cross-examined and invariably it was the immigration men—not the Japs—who emerged sweating, shaken and exhausted from these sessions.

The Japs get tangled up in English

However, the Japs have almost as much trouble with English as Americans have with Japanese. They can't get used to prepositions and pronouns, and since there is no "I" in Japanese their pronunciation is mystifying. Their nearest approach to an "I" sound is "r" and both in writing and speaking English they use "r" for "I," with the result that "look" becomes "rook," "long" is "rong" and so on. English language books published in Japan invariably are filled with strange mix-ups of this kind.

The thing that Japs find most difficult about English is the precision and simplicity of the language. Even Japs who have acquired a fair knowledge of English persist in making devious constructions as they would in Japanese. Thus, one Jap grocer in San Francisco conveyed the idea of "eggs" with the sign "Extract of Fowl." A 17-year-old girl in one of the fashionable Japanese schools was asked to describe, in English, an erupting volcano. "Great rocks flew from the under to the upper with smoke on their behinds," she wrote. A popular anthology of English literature used by advanced English students in Japanese schools has perhaps six lines of English text on each page. The rest of the space is taken up with long-winded footnotes in Japanese, explaining the meanings of various words. For example, a simple sentence like "The man stepped down from the curb" would call for a footnote to define "curb." There are few curbs in Japan and no word for curb in Japanese so the definition is in fact a brief essay on highway construction, the utility of sidewalks and gutters, etc.—all intended to give the student an idea of what a curb looks like, what it is used for and why it is necessary and desirable to have a curb in the first place.

According to some authorities, language is one reason for the Japanese hatred of foreigners. The Japs are taught to believe that they are the chosen leaders for all humanity, the master race, and it annoys them when they have to struggle so with "inferior" foreign tongues. They compensate for this annoyance (so the theory goes) by working up a grudge against the foreigners who concocted these impossible languages in the first place. Nevertheless, it is—or was—considered very refined in Japan to sprinkle English expressions or derivations through one's conversation and a good deal of Japanese slang is borrowed from English. The common word for "butter" is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

Slugger

Stamina to fight...to fight harder and longer...slugging out cannon shells, slamming our bullets. Power to fly...to fly higher and faster...screaming down out of the sun, slugging it out up where there's room to fight.

—That's what's in the 'planes America builds. They're sluggers with speed, cannon-carrying, armed to the wing tips.

—That's what it takes to sweep the Axis from the skies: mighty fighter 'planes with a heavyweight's hitting power, the speed and shiftiness of a lightweight champ.

And Lockheed builds such a hard-hitting, cannon-carrying fighter...the P-38 Lightning interceptor pursuit. Planned for defense...to smash attackers...it now serves on the *offense* in the skies of America's fighting fronts. Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California.

for protection today, and
progress tomorrow, look to

Lockheed

FOR LEADERSHIP



Men Who Think of Tomorrow Prefer CANADIAN Whisky at its glorious best!



Men Who Think of Tomorrow

Airplanes landing in the heart of downtown . . . elevated cross streets to speed traffic . . . dream homes to live in . . . and "streamlined" buildings to work in. That's the city of the future—being planned today by Men Who Think of Tomorrow!

SEAGRAM'S foresight makes Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN a smooth and gracious whisky with a delicate, pleasant taste. Carefully blended for finer flavor, the precious whiskies in Seagram's V.O. were laid away when Haile Selassie first made the front page . . . when the Normandie crossed the Atlantic on her maiden voyage . . . when passenger planes began flying from coast to coast overnight. Through the years, these rare whiskies have been mellowing for *Tomorrow*—to make the Seagram's V.O. of today so truly delicious, so gloriously LIGHT!



Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Seven Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE (continued)

bata, "beer" is *biru*, a "modern girl" is *moga*, "modern boy" is *mobo* and "proletariat" is *puro*. Children address their fathers as "Papa-San" and the Japanese are much given to the use of *o hai*, as they pronounce "okay." They use "all right" too, but make it *orai*. Funniest Jap slang words are *steku*, which means "swell, nifty," and *bakara*, for "putting on airs." *Steku* comes from *stekku*, the Jap pronunciation of "stick"—cane or umbrella which is standard equipment for the well-dressed Englishman, and *bakara* is Japanese for "high collar."

Like 13 in the U. S., the numbers four and 49 are avoided by the Japs. Number four is pronounced like the ideograph for "death," and number nine means "suffering." Forty-nine, by some necromancy, becomes "always suffering."

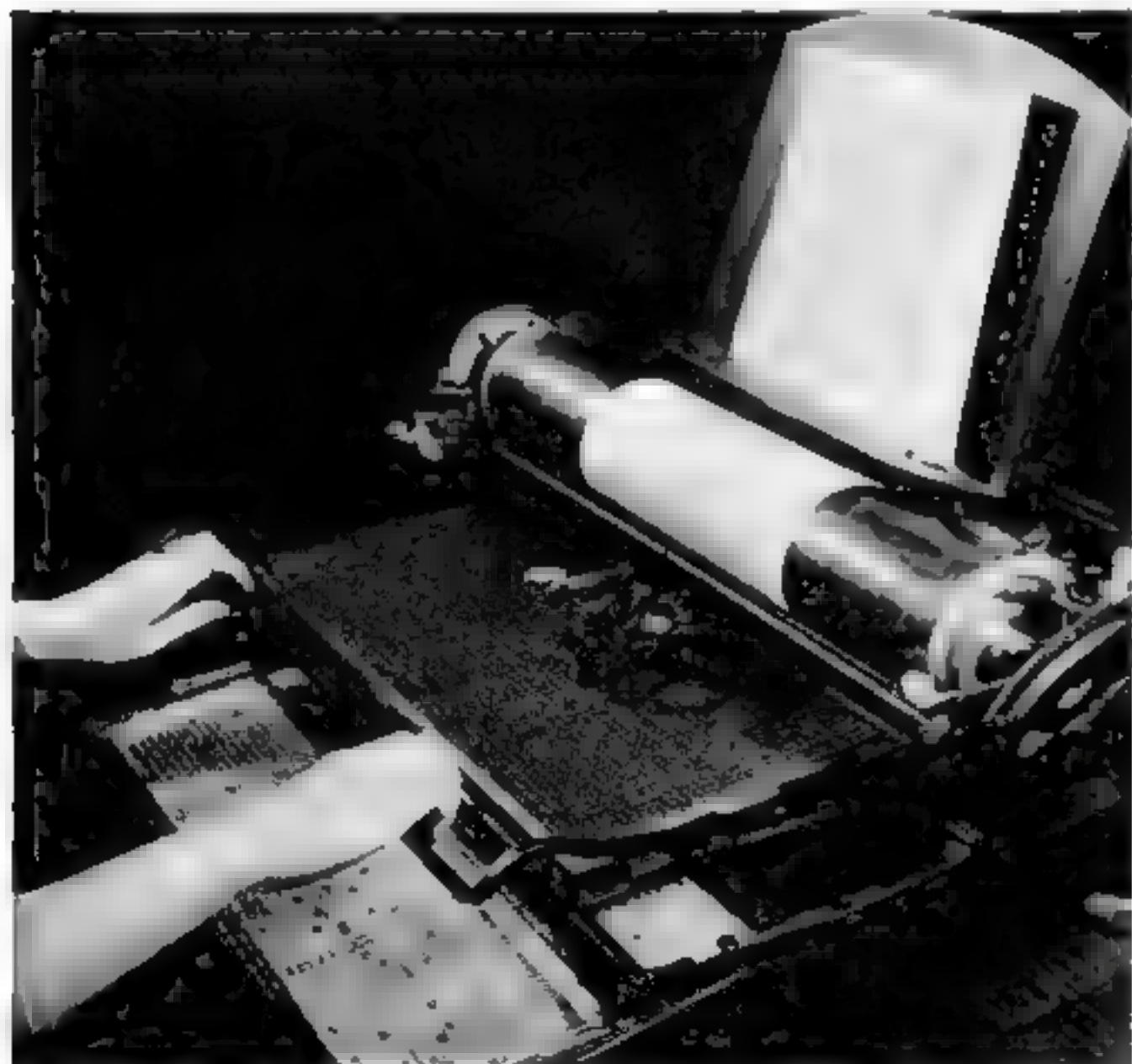
The vagaries of native Japanese make it unsuitable for exact scientific thinking. Hence Jap scientists are forced to work almost exclusively in pure Chinese, avoiding the native elements of their language. On the other hand, Shinto, the national religion, is couched in the ancient spoken tongue of Japan and frowns on the imported Chinese words. Shinto does not interfere with technical scientific work but, being based on mythology, discourages pure research as carried on in this country. Shinto in a word means worship of Japan, of the Mikado and all his ancestors and implies complete belief in the official version of Japan's origins. Anthropologists know that the aboriginal Japs were a peculiar race called the Ainus, possibly of Caucasian origin, who were the hairiest people on earth and are now practically extinct. The islands then were overrun by an unknown people—probably Mongolian, and Malaysians—sometime before 300 A.D. But no scholar in Japan could say this. Japanese children are taught that in 660 B.C. the Sun Goddess sent the Emperor Jimmu to Japan to found "the master race."

The Chinese have a different story: that in 300 B.C. the Emperor Shih Huang Ti sent a shipload of youths and maidens to Japan to find a proverbial fountain of youth. The ship never returned and the youths and maidens intermarried with the monkeys on the island, thus producing the Japanese. Even today the Chinese refer to the Japs as "monkey thieves" or "dwarf thieves," and in *Inside Asia*, John Gunther states that as late as 1900 the Dowager Empress of China always referred to the Japs as "island monkey people" in her official correspondence.

Although the Japs may not be aware of it yet, the language is going to have a few significant additions before the war is over. The Jap cities are notoriously inflammable and Japanese has special terms for different kinds of fires. Thus:

<i>tsuke-bi</i>	an incendiary fire
<i>soso-bi</i>	an accidental fire
<i>jikaba</i>	fire starting from one's own house
<i>moras-bi</i>	fire caught from a house next door
<i>ruisho</i>	a fire which one shares with others
<i>shita-bi</i>	a fire which is burning to an end

It will be interesting to see what phrases the Japs concoct to designate "fire started by Flying Fortress," "fire from medium bomber," "fire from carrier-based fighter plane" and other novel kinds of fire. There is going to be a real need for such terms, and quickly.



Japanese typewriter, really a miniature typesetting machine with 2,450 characters, yet it types only simplified Japanese. This machine at the OWI is one of 30 in the U. S.



"WALK IT...and LIKE IT!"

IN BOSTONIAN NORSEAMS

Get going in shoes that really fit these. Walk it and like it days. In two words, get Walk-Fitted! Treat your feet to Bostonian Norseams and discover what Walk-Fitted comfort means. These soft-toed, moccasin-stitched Bostonians feel like a slipper, fit like a glove and wear like a top-sergeant's boot. All this and style too! Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.



NORSEAMS mean moccasin comfort—creased side. This way you'll see their high side walls, saddle stitching, and burnished leathers everywhere. Above, *Martin*.

\$895 to \$1200

GET MORE MILES per dollar in Norseams. Heavy but flexible soles. Reptile-buttpoint leathers. *Plumage* left, will wear more months than you'd believe possible.

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT - FEEL RIGHT *They're Walk-Fitted*



IN REALISTIC SUPREME COURT SCENE, RONALD COLMAN SITS ON JUDGES' BENCH (RIGHT) WHILE JEAN ARTHUR AND CARY GRANT ADMIRE HIM FROM SECOND AND THIRD ROWS
 HERE IS A STRANGE SETTING FOR AN INTIMATE LOVE SCENE. IN THIS STATELY COURT LOBBY JEAN IS REACHING HER OWN SUPREME COURT DECISION ABOUT MARRYING CARY





Jailbird Cary Grant, accused of setting fire to a factory where one man was burned to death, plans to escape from cell while the whole town talks about lynching him.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Talk of the Town

Grant, Arthur and Colman mix love and law

One of the best-acted comedies to come out of Hollywood, *The Talk of the Town* manages with equal ease to deal with love and law. As the principal object of love, Jean Arthur unexpectedly finds herself hiding an escaped arsonist in her attic. As the principal object of the law, Cary Grant plays the alleged arsonist. On neutral ground, at the start, stands Ronald Colman as a distinguished dean of a law school. But before *The Talk of the Town* is over, the dean loses his detached academic attitude towards both love and law, and even gets involved with a blonde manicurist. Grant meets his comeuppance through his peculiar taste for a Polish soup made with eggs and beets. And Jean Arthur has the unique distinction of playing her final love scenes in the U. S. Supreme Court Building (see opposite page). Bright and literate, Columbia's comedy has its head in the clouds, its feet on the ground.

Such grade-A movies as *The Talk of the Town*, according to a recent *Variety* report, are now beating box-office records for the past 15 years. This is due partly to a natural wartime desire for entertainment, partly to the fact that better movies are being made. Most of Hollywood's extra profits, however, are going up the river in extra war taxes.



Bearded Ronald Colman, spending his first night in a supposedly empty house which he has rented for a quiet summer, wakes up to hear strange snores coming from attic.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Young America's Laskinlamb Climbs into the Cockpit

Sorry, son, your Laskinlamb is now keeping our pilots, bombardiers, gunners and navigators snug and warm as they write history in all the skies of the world. They are the advance guard who are making it possible for boys everywhere to grow into free men. That's a big order, and we are happy to be able to play a part in it. For the duration, then, all Laskinlamb, with its smartness, its stamina and its warmth, goes to equip our airmen better for their meetings with the foe. So, while it's goodbye now, look again for Laskinlamb when the job is finished - We'll be seeing you.

J. LASKIN & SONS CORP., 130 West 30th Street, New York City



A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7
WHO SHAVES DAILY

**It Needs No Brush
Not Greasy or Sticky**

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-17, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

"The Talk of the Town" (continued)



With a sprained ankle, Cary Grant as an alleged arsonist seeks refuge from the police in Jean Arthur's attic. She sternly warns him to clear out by the crack of dawn.



In the dean's pajamas, Jean stays all night in house she has rented to the dean, hoping to keep him unaware of the man in her attic. The dean watches disapprovingly.



"What have we for breakfast?" shouts Grant cheerily from his attic to Jean who must now worry about getting two separate breakfasts for the men under her roof.

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

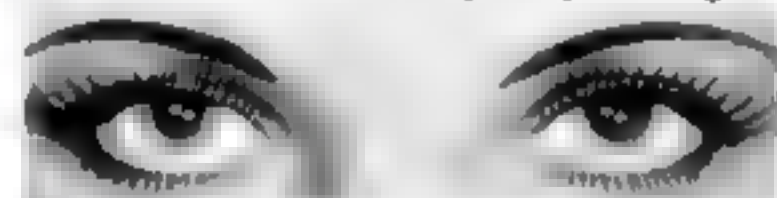
Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to soothe and refresh your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE For EYES

SOOTHES AND REFRESHES

HAY FEVER GIVE YOU CLOTHESPIN NOSE?

Hay fever stop up your head, stuffs your breathing? Let a Luden's help you. As it melts in your mouth comforting menthol vapor rises with each breath to help relieve stuffy nasal passages.



Copyright 1942 Luden's, Inc.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

Now... more than ever be sure that *Beauty will Endure*

Many important additions you'd like for your home just can't be had today. But, here's good news! You can have one of America's most distinctive carpets—Raleigh Lustre-Carved Wilton. Raleigh is visibly different. Your eyes will light when you see Raleigh's lustrous sheen. Raleigh's cameo-carved, deep-cut surface. Of course, the all-wool face Wilton weave

and the Mohawk label mean that Raleigh's beauty will endure. That's more important today than ever before. But Raleigh is only one Mohawk you'll see at your Mohawk dealer's. He'll gladly show you a variety of other Mohawk styles and fabrics — priced for your budget. Mohawk Carpet Mills, Inc., Amsterdam, New York.

Raleigh LUSTRE-CARVED WILTON

MOHAWK

RUGS and CARPETS

in Foundation Colors

GEORGIAN
BLUE

BLONDE
BEIGE

MAJVE

BEACH TAN

GREEN



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Because so many of the facilities for the manufacture of rugs and carpets have been converted to the production of essential war materials, Raleigh and other grades may be had in limited quantities only.

ROBLEE ANSWERS The Call for Fall

Here's the answer to the demands of so many men for shoes with that "he-man" outdoor look—the new Roblees* for fall. We'll put them up against any other men's shoes you'll see this season. New patterns, simplified from former years, but strong on smart, individual styling. Grained leathers shined up like a piece of fine walnut. These Roblees will take smartly dressed men back to school and back to business from one end of the country to the other. Get yourself into a Roblee store. Answer the call for fall with Roblee—United Men's Division, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, St. Louis.



Hand-stamped row-grained casual style double sole. Larkdale last, 1917-18



Send 10c to Advertising Department, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, for a color print of this page and size 18 to 24, suitable for framing and without advertising.

(At left) Artillery brown calf 3-eyelet military blucher double sole. A. 10-11, B. 12-13

(At right) Hand-tanned brown grain leather double sole leather heel. Larkdale last 1917-18



Super quality and he boarded calf double sole. Larkdale last, B119.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Roblee

SHOES FOR MEN

\$6.00 to \$8.00 Some special styles slightly higher

"The Talk of the Town" (continued)



Jean plays secretary to the dean who dictates his new law book to her, while Grant impulsively comes out to eat and argue. Jean passes him off to dean as her gardener.



Jean has her hands full with her dean and her alleged arsonist, both knocked out cold after a fight in her front hall. Police persistently misunderstand her situation.



The dean goes to bat (center) for Grant, who is trying to fight off a mob howling for his blood. Before this movie ends, the dean loses his heart, his dignity and his beard.

CARE PUTS WEAR IN UNDERWEAR

CARE IN BUYING

It's worth your while to find a dealer who can sell you "Jockey." Regardless of changes that the war may bring about, Jockey will always have the patented "Y-front construction, the source of support and comfort.

Jockey



CARE IN FITTING

Because of necessary changes in waist-band construction you should be re-measured with a hip tape. Well fitted underwear is not only the most comfortable, but important these days—it lasts longer.

Jockey



CARE IN WASHING

Jockey Underwear needs just gentle sudsing and thorough rinsing. It dries overnight and needs no ironing. Eliminate acid perspiration which rots fabric, by frequent laundering (preferably nightly). It means much longer wear.

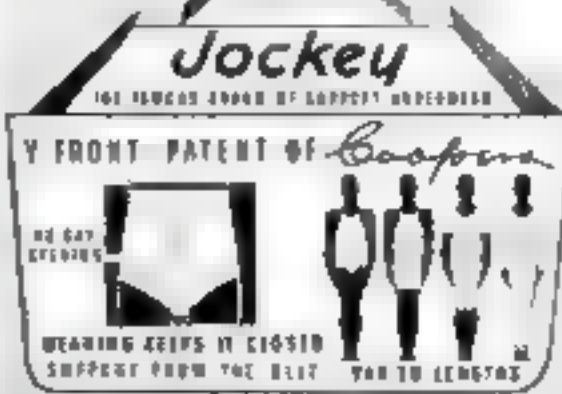
Jockey



NO. 5 IN A SERIES OF
SYMBOLIC STATUETTES



"A—The source
of support.



There is only one brand of underwear that has the patented "Y-front, no-gap opening, that provides mild, masculine support—it's Jockey by Coopers. Men everywhere like Jockey because its sleek fitting, knitted fabric absorbs and evaporates perspiration and lets their skin breathe. In addition it provides freedom from creep, bind or squirm.

Look for the name **Jockey**
on the label

Shop where you see the amusing dog statuettes and be sure that the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" are on the label. In cotton and cotton-and-wool mixtures—varied leg lengths—contoured shirts to match.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Macdonald, Hamilton, Ont., in Australia by Macdonald
Hasting, Melbourne, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Leeds, London
In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Bodkin, Ltd. Christchurch, S. I.

WAACS



WAACS PRACTICE CLOSE-ORDER DRILL ACROSS DEWY PARADE GROUNDS AT FORT DES MOINES

FIRST WOMEN SOLDIERS JOIN ARMY

The idea behind the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps is simply this. Women can do some of the jobs that men are doing in the Army. By taking over these jobs, they can release men for active or combat duty. For instance, if too many service troops are ordered away from a post, the post commander will send in a call for some WAACs. Pretty soon a WAAC contingent—probably a company—will descend on him and then disperse about the camp to do clerical work, mess work, light transportation work, mechanics work or any kind of work which women can do as well as men.

Already 170 Army posts have put in bids for WAACs when they start coming out of their training center at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. There are 1,500 WAACs training at Fort Des Moines now, the first women soldiers ever to join the U. S. Army. Soon the number will jump to 6,000. Last week the first batch of 440

officer candidates were graduated. By next April about 25,000 WAACs will have finished their training courses and will have gone out to serve with the Army. But 25,000 WAACs will not be enough. Even the 150,000 authorized by Congress may not be enough for the enormous Army the U. S. is building.

The WAACs who arrived at Fort Des Moines at the end of July were met by Oveta Culp Hobby, a svelte and definite Texas lady who is Director of all WAACs. Director Hobby said very simply: "You have taken off silk and put on khaki. You have a debt to democracy and a date with destiny. You may be called upon to give your lives."

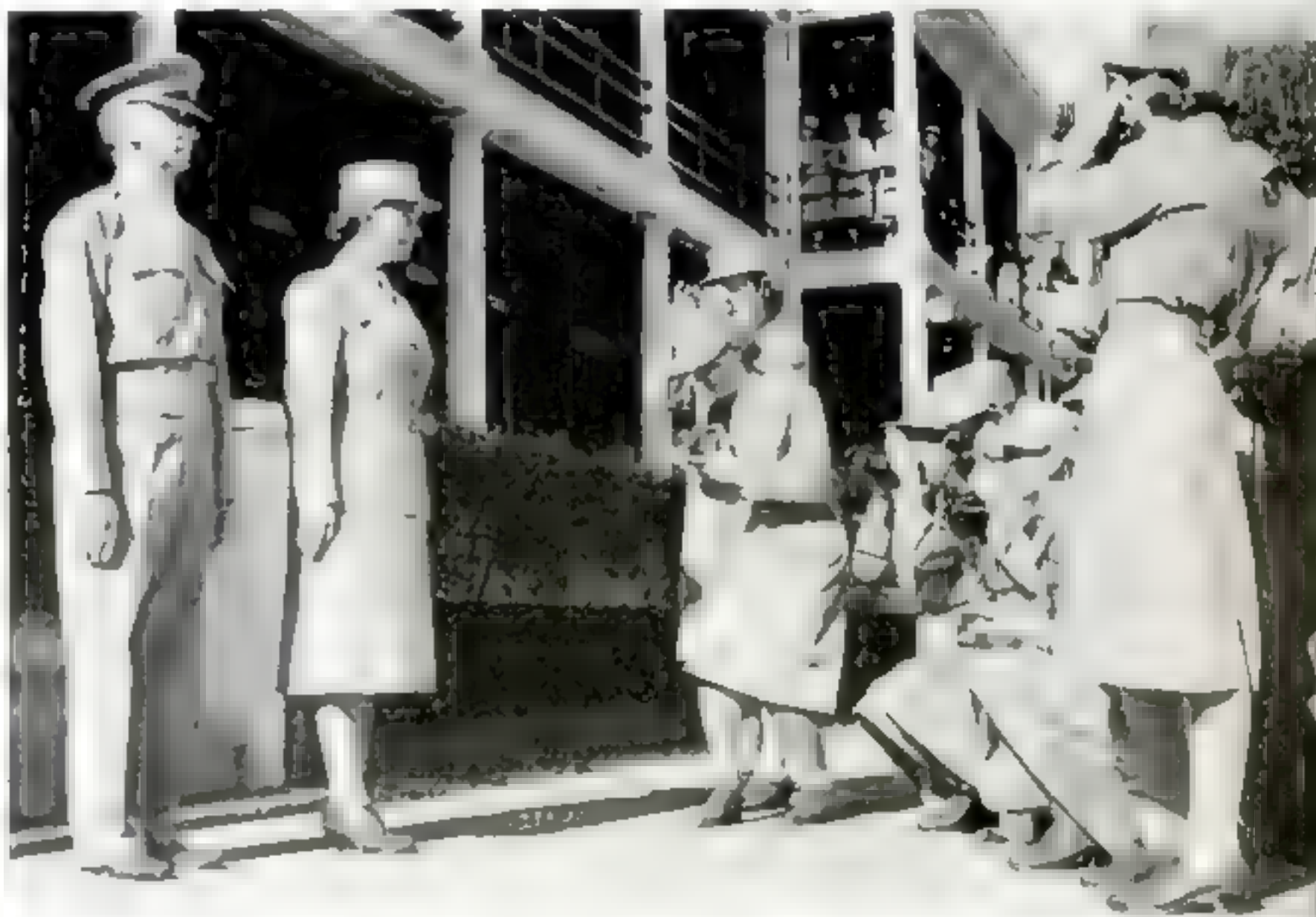
The WAACs started to keep their date by getting out in the morning on the parade grounds to practice close-order drill, their guloshes making straight tracks on the still-wet grass (opposite page). Though old Army

men *harumph* at the sight of girls trying to act like soldiers, all WAACs get a thorough grounding in basic infantry drill. They have to live with the Army and know its ways. They also have to learn how to work in groups, to take and give commands.

Officer candidates are training to become officers. They get courses in leadership, Army organization, training methods. The enrollees are privates and non-coms. They learn special skills. WAACs are organized into platoons, companies, regiments. Officers' ranks are Director (colonel), Assistant Director (major), First Officer (captain), Second Officer (first lieutenant), Third Officer (second lieutenant). Noncoms are First Leader (top sergeant), Leader (sergeant), Junior Leader (corporal). Except for the fact that they get no training in firearms and tactics, WAACs are like any other soldiers. Once they enlist, they are in the Army for the duration.



WITH MILITARY SNAP, WAACs walk through post saluting passing officers. WAACs love to salute. An officer abroad when WAACs are moving has to keep his arm pumping briskly as he goes.



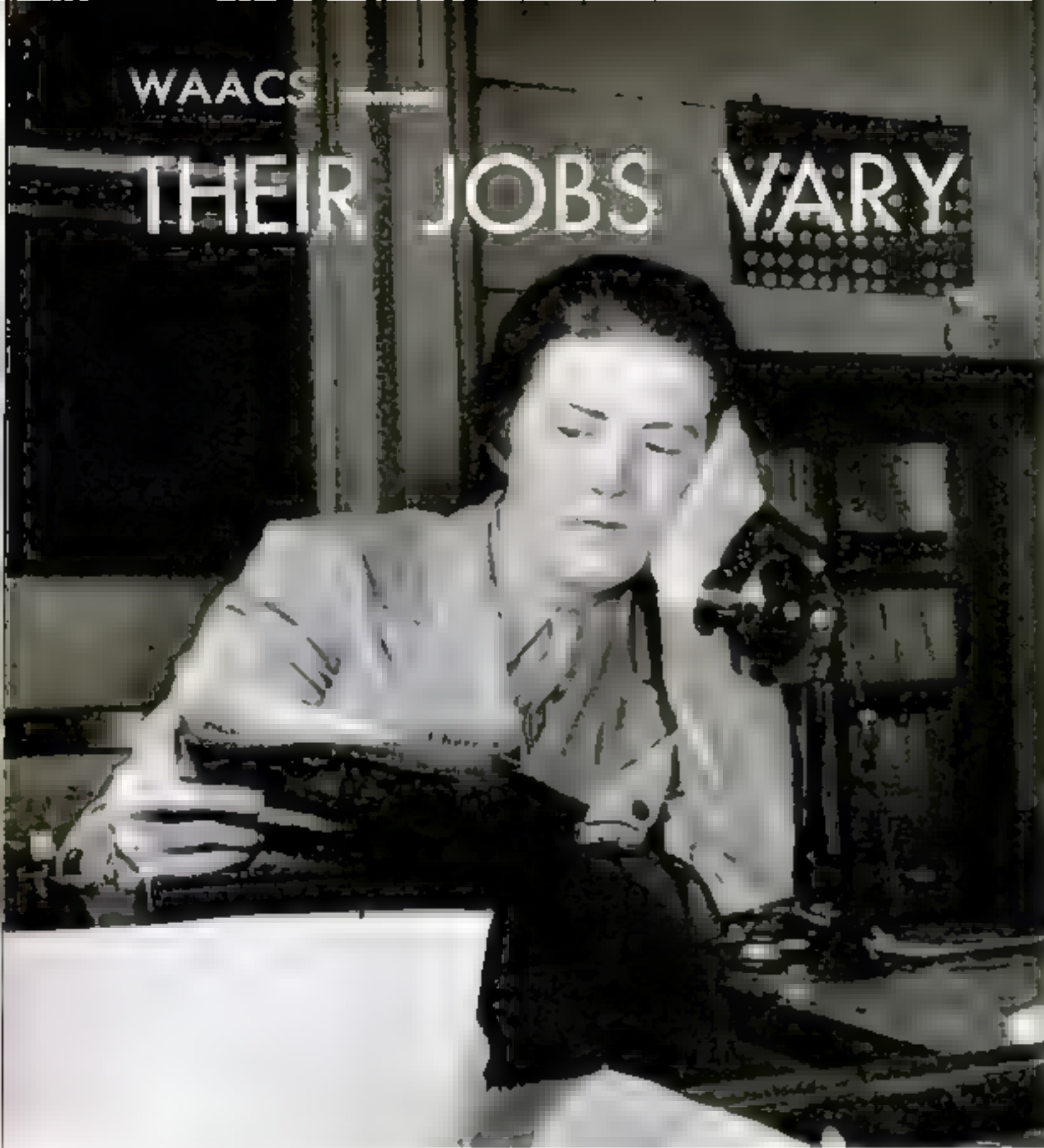
WITH MILITARY BEARING and a benign face, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, Director of WAACs, poses while group of WAACs take snapshots of her and Col. Don C. Faith, commander of the post.

IN THE RECREATION ROOM OF THE THIRD PLATOON, FIRST COMPANY, FIRST TRAINING REGIMENT, NEGRO WAAC OFFICER CANDIDATES RELAX WITH SONG, CARDS, COKE AND CHATTER



WAACS

THEIR JOBS VARY



MRS. JAMES D. DONLON JR., 27. Her husband is an Army lieutenant who was reported missing in Burma and that is why Mrs. Donlon wanted to join the WAACs. A big, lively, idealist, she used to be a feature writer or the society reporter for the *Seattle Times* and *The First Lady*. Just week Mrs. Donlon graduated from the officers' training course and became a first officer in the WAACs, qualified to take over some specialized officer jobs. With her newspaper background, she would be a prize candidate for P. R. O.'s desks—a public relations officer handling public relations for some Army post.



MRS. HELENE R. MORRIS, 45, is a widow. She comes from Boston and looks like what she is—a capable and keen-eyed lady executive. Back in civilian life, Mrs. Morris had an administrative job at Selective Service headquarters in Washington. There she specialized in office management, particularly in fields of finance and supply. In the WAACs, her administrative talent and experience would qualify her to be a mess officer, relieving some regular Army officer of the job of supervising kitchen, inspecting food, managing menus. The WAACs may eventually move many men out of Army kitchens. WAAC auxiliaries (privates) are being trained to take over as cooks and bakers for the soldiers.



JUNE COURTNEY, 38, wanted to join the WAACs because she thought her trumpet playing might help cheer up the Army. The WAACs were glad to take her in because they needed a hand and they especially needed crack trumpet players. Miss Courtney has played the trumpet professionally for more than 30 years. As a child prodigy, she played with the Barnum & Bailey circus band, later played at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 and has traveled all over the country with female bands. She is an auxiliary, not an officer candidate. Here she wears her fatigue uniform of seersucker dress and jeep-type hat.



RUBY BRAUN worked for a cosmetics company as supervisor of sales in the Los Angeles area when she enlisted in the WAACs last spring. Once in the WAACs, Mrs. Braun said she wanted to drive trucks so she was put in the motor transport class. As a WAAC motor-transport specialist, Ruby Braun will drive ambulances, station wagons and medium 1½-ton trucks around Army posts. She will not be expected to handle heavy trucks. Mrs. Braun has had four husbands, all of whom are still alive. As a WAAC auxiliary, Mrs. Braun gets the old Army private's pay of \$21 a month, but a bill before Congress authorizes the Army to pay all WAACs, whether officers or auxiliaries, at the new Army rates.



MARY YATES, 26, is the wife of a coast artillery captain who was sent to the Philippines. He has been missing since Corregidor. Before she enlisted, Mrs. Yates was a clinical psychologist at the Worcester (Mass.) State Hospital for mental diseases. As a psychologist, she might become an adviser to incoming WAACs. Being an officer's wife posed a complicated social problem for Mrs. Yates. By Army usage, an officer's wife does not go out with enlisted men. But by WAAC usage, an officer candidate does not go out with officers until she has been commissioned. The paradox was resolved in the decision that Mrs. Yates was first of all an officer's wife and therefore privileged to go out with officers.



LORNA V. KUBLI, 28 and single, was working as an office manager in the War Department when she joined the WAACs, glad of the chance to get out from behind a desk and do something active. She was with Army Engineers and there learned a great respect for Army methods and a great patience with Army procedure. All this experience makes her a good candidate for a job as company commander. Here she is in classroom at Fort Des Moines reciting her lesson on the duty roster (on blackboard), the all-important schedule by which a commanding officer allocates jobs and makes sure that they all get done.



JULIE GETAS, 25, worked for the Walgreen drugstores in San Francisco and was concerned with buying, display and merchandising. She was assigned to the PX (Post Exchange) and has suggested many helpful merchandising ideas. Not an officer candidate, Julie Getas stands a good chance of coming up through the WAAC ranks to an officer's position. The influx of the WAACs has meant new business for the Fort Des Moines PX, where the WAACs buy toilet necessities. WAACs found that ordinary face powder doesn't stand the strain of WAAC life. They use durable pancake powder applied with a wet sponge. This lasts all day, the WAACs' schedule being too tight to allow of much primping.



MILDRED DAVENPORT CARTER, 40, used to run a dance studio in Boston. A Negro, she will command Negro WAACs now that she has finished officer candidate course. Eventually she will be assigned to duty at some Negro soldiers' post or sent abroad with Negro troops. At the post, Negro WAACs live in barracks apart from white WAACs. They are members of all-Negro platoons, like the Third Platoon whose roster shows above. Negro platoons, however, are part of white WAAC companies and regiments. Negro and white WAACs drill together, eat in same mess hall though at separate tables.

A WAAC'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

Dorothy Louise Kenna was working in the Dennison paper plant in Framingham, Mass. when she applied for officers' training in the WAACs. She wrote on her application: "If I were a man I would have enlisted in the Army after the tragedy of Pearl Harbor. When the final peace is established and victory is ours, I want to feel that I have helped to the best of my ability." She filled out the rest of her application: "Age: 29. Height: 5 ft. 8 in. Hair: reddish blonde. Education: graduate State Teachers College, Fitchburg, Mass. Parents: both dead. Occupation: scheduling



UP BEFORE 5:45 A. M. REVEILLE, Officer Candidate Kenna, in pink pajamas and blue robe, gets to the washroom before crowd comes.



A TAUT BED—no other kind will do in the Army—must be made up after breakfast (6:35) and before assembly (7:30).



AT ASSEMBLY, regimental commander inspects Kenna, seeing that hair is above collar, stocking seams are straight.



THE WAACS WALK is the regulation 30-in. Army stride. Sidewalks are measured off so that WAACs can practice between classes.



INOCULATION against typhoid fever, tetanus, and smallpox, which are given to all soldiers, are also given to all WAACs.



CALISTHENICS come every day. The exercises are designed to foster flexibility and endurance, not bulging muscles.



MAIL is picked up after morning classes. Here Dorothy Kenna happily looks over day's letters.



LUNCH is at 12:45. Today it is chicken soup, chicken salad, cole slaw, peas and pudding.



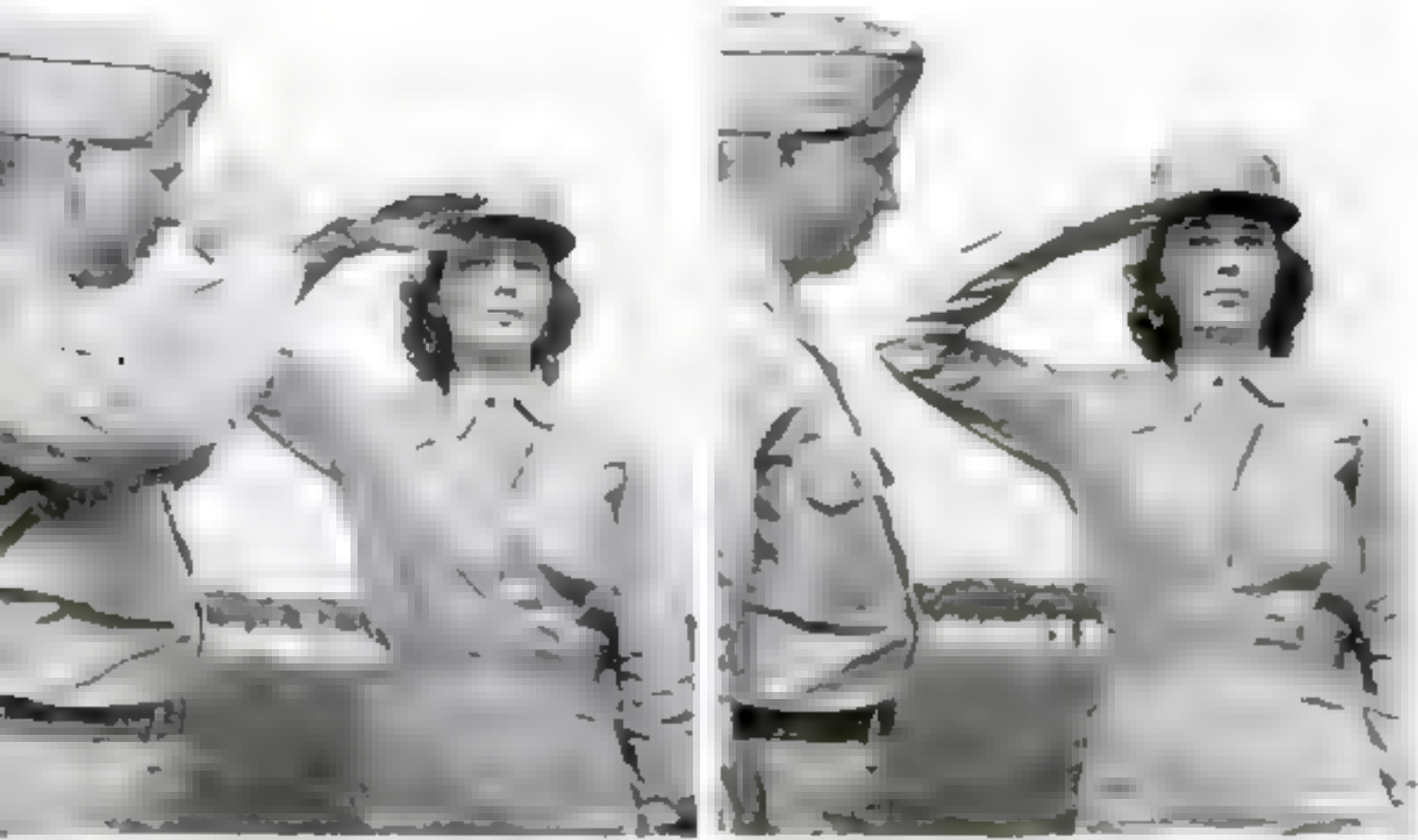
CANDIDATE KENNA'S HAIR is too long when she arrives. Post hairdresser gets to work on it.



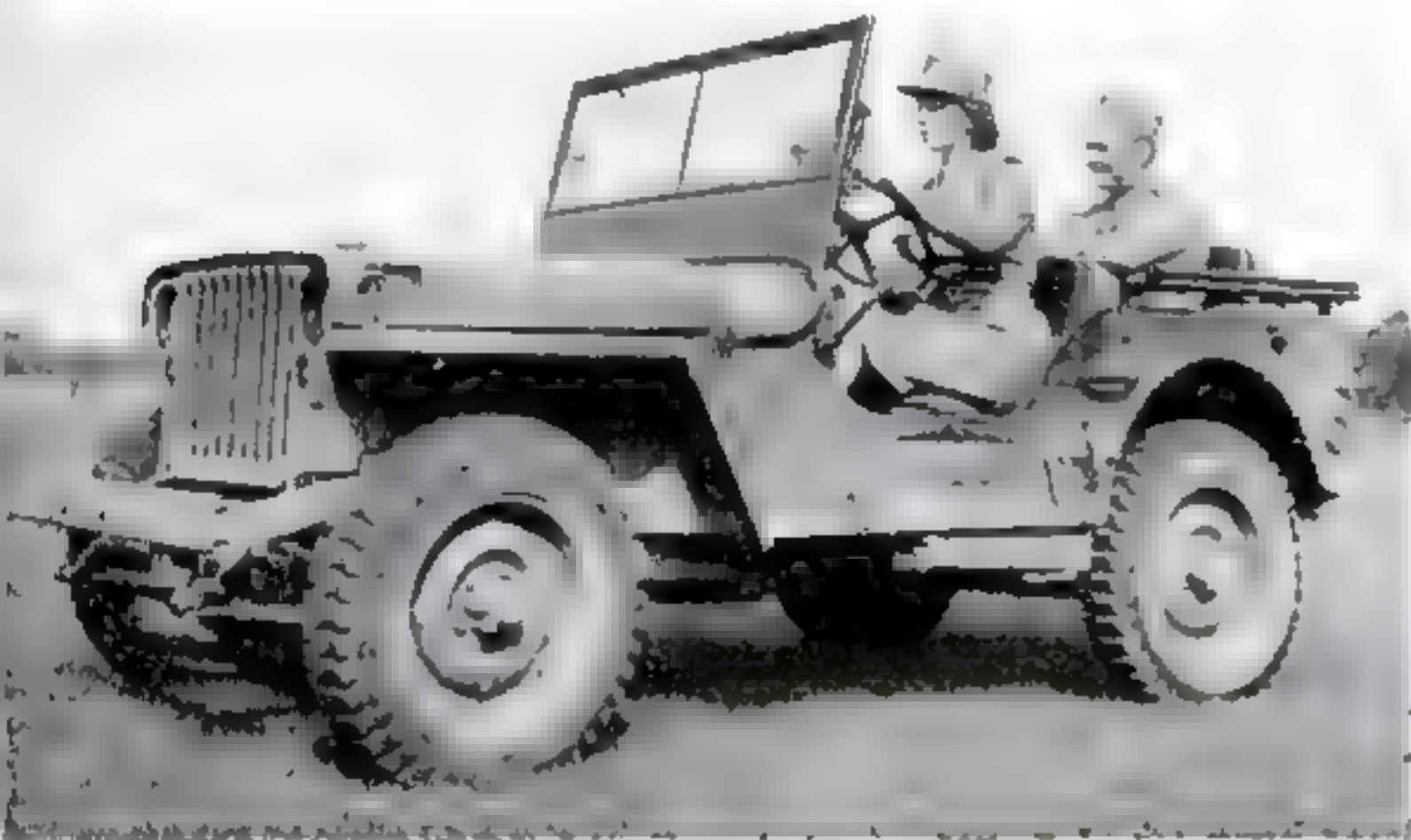
HAIR-DO IS SHORTER when hairdresser is done. Proper length is 2 in. above collar.

supervisor in a paper factory." When her boss saw the photograph Dorothy attached to her application, he said: "For God's sake, take time off and have a new one made. I wouldn't hire you myself if you looked like that." Dorothy's friends said: "I hope you get it, if that's what you want."

That is how Dorothy Louise Kenna, who wanted to do what she could, found herself at an Army post in Iowa where, as a WAAC officer candidate, she gets up with the sun, works and drills all day, and is still studying her lessons after long day is over.



THE WAY TO SALUTE is drilled into Officer Candidate Kenna by a patient sergeant. She starts out like Hwathu giving a greeting (left) but winds up with a smart, military gesture (right).



DRIVING A JEEP is fun for Candidate Kenna. She wants to do recruiting work after she graduates and she might have to drive a jeep. So she borrows one and bounces around the post.



OFFICER CANDIDATE KENNA, in military dress, wears discreet make-up. Hat is adapted from kepi of French Foreign Legion. When commissioned, she will wear regular Army rank insignia.



WAACS' ADVISER is Mrs. Ella Putman to whom WAACs bring personal troubles. Untroubled Dorothy Kenna makes her acquaintance.



WAACS WASH own undergarments & stockings. The heavy clothing is sent out to commercial laundries in Des Moines.



DAILY BATH—shower or tub—comes at day's end, after evening study period. Taps for WAACs comes at 11 p. m.



WAACS DO THEIR OWN POLICING around the barracks, keep their quarters clean inside and out. These are auxiliaries on fatigue duty in front of the old Fort

Des Moines cavalry stables, which have been made over into the most comfortable barracks on the post. New and more modern barracks will soon be finished



GROUP SPORT has not gone beyond softball which the WAAC's play with great enthusiasm and uneven skill. In the USO hall (below) the WAAC's rehearse a

show which, like all Army shows, makes broad fun of Army life. On stage now are actors in a skit entitled *Through Fort Des Moines or No Mother To Guide Them*

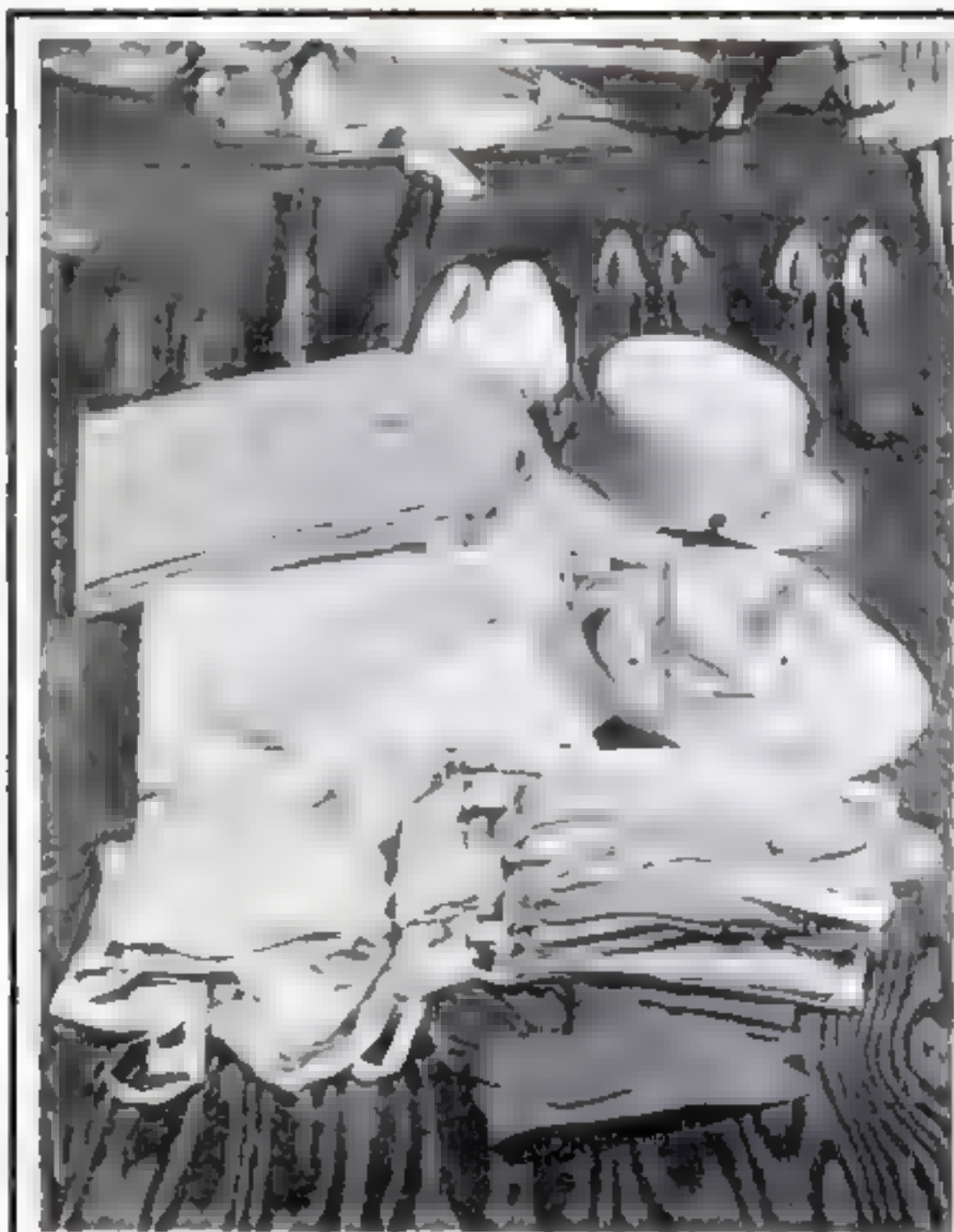


THEY FIT IN TO ARMY LIFE

In their first gas mask drill (see opposite page) the WAACs took two minutes to get their masks adjusted, long enough to insure annihilation of the whole company. Once the masks were on, the WAACs began to giggle until they sounded like a flock of muffled pigeons. But the girls improved quickly. They hardly ever suffer feminine lapses like group giggling. They are very earnest and often much more military than oldtime military men.

They fit easily into Army ways, taking equally well to sticking Army routine and to the G.I. (government issue) clothes which cost \$220 per WAAC against \$128 for ordinary soldiers. At first they found their meals given over a little too much to sandwich and salad female food which was too skimpy for hard working military ladies. Now they also get beans and chile con carne and beef, just like the rest of the Army.

WAACs have been very well behaved so far and have needed no disciplinary action beyond the passing out of a few demerits for minor infractions. They work too hard to have much social life. After 7 p.m., until taps, and for a full day and a half on weekends, they are free to put on their civilian clothes and amuse themselves. WAACs can have dates with enlisted men, but some officer candidates are ordered not to become too friendly with them because once they become officers they will no longer be able to go out with enlisted men.



WAAC CLOTHES, G.I.

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 BARRACKS BAG | 4 PR. RAYON STOCKINGS, TAN |
| 6 PR. PANTIES, BROWN | 4 PR. COTTON STOCKINGS, TAN |
| 3 BRASSIERES, PINK | 1 PR. BARRACKS SLIPPERS |
| 2 GIRDLES, PINK | 2 PR. SERVICE SHOES, BROWN |
| 1 RAINCOAT | 1 PR. ATHLETIC SHOES |
| 2 PR. ANKLETS | 1 SEERSUCKER BATHROBE, BLUE |
| 1 JACKET, KHAKI | 2 PR. COTTON PAJAMAS, PINK |
| 1 PR. OVERSHOES | 1 PR. COTTON DRESS GLOVES |
| 1 EXERCISE SUIT | 1 PR. COTTON WORK-GLOVES |
| 1 KHAKI HAT | 3 COTTON SLIPS, BROWN |
| 1 SUMMER HAT | 5 SHIRTWAISTS, TAN |



"YANKEE GIRL"

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG AMERICAN WHO SPENT FIVE MONTHS IN JAP INTERNMENT CAMP AT MANILA

by FRANCES LONG

It was fun on board the *President Harrison*. We played the nickelodeon and drank good American beer, two things we had not enjoyed for a long time. Early on the morning of Dec. 2 we arrived at Olongapo where, much to my regret, we left the Marines. At 6 in the evening we docked at Pier 7 in Manila. I remember feeling small and unwanted at the customs. I didn't know what to do or where to go and was relieved when a nice Red Cross man took charge of me and my luggage.

The next few days, ensconced in the Leonard Wood Hotel, I saw the city and made myself sick eating too much papaya. The morning of Dec. 8 I got up late as usual and decided it was time I saw the town by day instead of night. When I came down for breakfast there was no one in the hotel but a few Filipino boys rushing around cleaning rooms with no time for me. I hadn't read the papers and didn't know what was going on. I took a walk along the waterfront where all the big hotels and the Army and Navy Club are. I noticed small groups of soldiers on pretty green lawns and saw one or two anti-aircraft guns, but this was usual in the Manila of that day.

Just as I started to satisfy an urge and walk on the grassy lawn, I heard the drone of planes, looked into the sun and saw nine planes in perfect formation flying extremely high. I heard a loud bang and turned around to see what I thought was the white smoke of anti-aircraft maneuvers. There was no time to think further, for I was grabbed by the arm and thrown into a

Frances Long, who arrived in New York on the *Gripsholm* on Aug. 25, is one of the two Americans who were released from the Japanese internment camp at Santo Tomás University, near Manila, eight weeks ago. Her story, which LIFE presents herewith, was written on board the *Gripsholm*. It is the first complete account of conditions in Manila after the Japs got there.

Tall, green-eyed, cheerful and 21, Miss Long is an American citizen born in Shanghai. Her father, E. A. Long, was secretary to the consular body in Shanghai. His diplomatic status presumably caused Miss Long's release.

Frances Long went to the American School in Shanghai, finished at Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England. After graduation she returned to Shanghai via Siberia. In Shanghai she worked as secretary to Editor J. B. Powell—whose picture appears on page 23—and became engaged to Lt. Alan Manning of the U. S. Fourth Marines. Last Nov. 28 she sailed from Shanghai for the U. S. on the *President Harrison*. Also aboard was her fiance and the Fourth Marines who were being transferred to Olongapo in the Philippines. Frances and Lt. Manning had intended to be married in the U. S. when he got leave last June.

ditch. I tried to object but couldn't, as a soldier was sitting on my stomach. He bawled me out as stupid, silly and just like a woman—walking vaguely along while a war was going on. I told him I did not know war had been declared. This started him off again about how dumb he had found women all his life.

The planes disappeared in the direction of Cavite, and anti-aircraft fire ceased. Somewhat later my soldier friend got off my stomach and gave me a piece of shrapnel to put in front of my mirror to remind me that there was a war.

So war was declared and I was in a dither, for boats could not leave for the U. S. I heard that Olongapo had been bombed and everybody had been wiped out. My fiance had been to see me the day before, but now I did not know where he was (I have not heard of or from him since). I could get no money, as Shanghai had been cut off.

After three days of hunting a job with the Army, I got one with Navy Intelligence and worked from 1 to 6 p. m. I did nothing but file letters and telegrams but was paid enough to live well. The Leonard Wood was now blacked out, so I moved to the Bay View Hotel where I could have lights, as the windows were cov-

ered with black curtains.

Two other ships evacuating Americans from Shanghai to the U. S. had been caught in the war. Consequently, I soon ran into old friends who, like myself, were stranded in Manila. Among them was 20-year-old, curly-headed Jessie Mann, with whom I had gone to school in Shanghai. We had never

known each other very well because no girls are friendly in Shanghai—there's too much competition. But she had just married Ralph Mann, a lieutenant in the same regiment as my fiance, had sailed with him for the Philippines the day before Alan and I left, had gotten a job in Manila like mine, and the similarity of our plights drew us together.

At first, air raids came only at night. Then the Japs got bolder and came by day. Sounds of sirens in the middle of the night scared people. They got up, rushed into shelters if there were any nearby, and there we would sit, sometimes for hours, without even smoking. When the "all clear" sounded we would tramp upstairs, only to do it all over again a little later. The time came when we paid little attention to the siren and felt that if the bomb was meant for you it would get you anyway.

One time a bunch of us stayed in the Manila Hotel while the Japs bombed the port area for three and a half hours. Every time a bomb dropped, the building shook so I thought it would fall on our heads. After waiting until we thought it was all clear, we started to make the five- or ten-minute walk to the Bay View Hotel.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



SANTO TOMÁS UNIVERSITY IN MANILA IS NOW AN INTERNMENT CAMP FOR 3,500 AMERICAN AND BRITISH CITIZENS. MISS LONG HAS MARKED THE ROOM SHE SHARED WITH 33 OTHERS.



Modeling a new line in women's
suits, she shows her five
pieces of clothing in a manner



Boys! Here are Men's Shoes
in your sizes . . .

"Ruggedeers" by Buster



Fellows, here are the robust shoes you'll see on practically every college campus and in plenty of business offices this fall . . . except these are made in boys' sizes.

We've taken the same stout leathers, the same sturdy soles and the same smart styling and made up the best looking boys' shoes you've ever seen. They're really men's shoes in your sizes.

BROWN SHOE COMPANY,
Manufacturers, St. Louis



A — Hand-stained Birdseye, Dimple Sole, Smart Wing-Tip, Hand-Flexed, E310.

B — Buster Brown Official Boy Scout Shoe in Tan, E317.

C — Deep-toned Aniline Brown, Extra Popular Men's shoe pattern, Hand-Flexed, E368.

See these and the many other styles at the Buster Brown or Robin Hood retailer in your city.

SIZES 1 to 10
BUSTER BROWNS \$5 to \$6
ROBIN HOODS \$3 to \$4.50



BUSTER BROWN

MEN'S STYLE SHOES FOR BOYS

Also shown in ROBIN HOOD SHOES
and BUSTER BROWN OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT SHOES



At Marine cocktail party in Shanghai's American Club Frances Long celebrated her engagement to Lieutenant Alan Manning (left). Two weeks later they sailed for Manila.

"YANKEE GIRL" (continued)

We got halfway when the planes came over and dropped bombs all around us. For some unreasonable reason we ran and hid in the bushes for half an hour.

Christmas Day I got flowers, a compact and three air raids. It was in the dining room of the Bay View that I first saw Carl and Shelley Mydans. A friend asked: "Do you know Carl Mydans? He is the famous LIFE photographer who covered the Finnish war, etc." I took an admiring look at him and his wife as I walked out.

Then came the astounding news that Manila was to be declared an open city. All the officers were going to Corregidor and we were to be paid off. I was stunned. It never occurred to me the Japs would ever get as far as Manila. I thought I had seen the last Japs when I left Shanghai. The men left Dec. 30 and 31. One of the officers gave me three cases of whisky, two cases of Coca-Cola and cartons of cigars. He also left me a Packard convertible with no gas and no prospect of getting any. A couple of aviators from Nichols Field told two of my girl friends to take what they wanted out of their apartment filled with clothes and furniture. They came home with radios, clothes and movie cameras. Our room was so filled with junk we could not move around. Before the Navy Intelligence left, they opened the storerooms and gave the food to employees. While the Army was moving out the city was alight as oil companies blew up their tanks and soldiers burned equipment at Nichols and Cavite fields. In the middle of the night the explosions turned the skies red and it looked as if the whole city would burn.

New Year's Eve was a dreary affair. The Japs were expected in a matter of hours. The only place open was the Manila Hotel. I went there for a dismal dinner. There were very few people. New Year's Day we woke up tense and depressed. The newspapers advised us to keep the lights on and stay indoors. We sat around all day eating our stores and getting more and more gloomy.

At about 8 in the evening Jessie, standing by the window, screamed excitedly. We rushed to see. Here it was at last—the dreaded hour. Out of the dark came many lights, one following the other down Dewey Boulevard. As the lights came nearer, there was no mistaking the tinny sound of the motors of Jap motorcycles. In they came, flooded the town and began posting guards at hotels, clubs and apartment houses.

The hotel management told us to stay in our room and to come down to meals only. Most of the servants fled. We lined up, served ourselves and were told the food on hand would last ten days. After that it would be up to the Japs to feed us. For three days we ate and slept in the hotel, not knowing what was going on outside or even in the lobby.

Then I saw my first Jap soldier face to face. He was a general. We were notified of his coming to inspect. My roommates and I prepared for the visit by sitting straight, scared stiff, in chairs facing the open door. First we heard shuffling down the hall. Then big sandy-haired Don Kneedler, manager of the hotel, walked in straight-faced and calm, followed by a general with a three-day growth of beard, who shuffled in Jap slippers, had on dirty jodhpurs and a filthy open shirt, and a toothpick in his mouth. We were petrified. He blurted: "Yankee girls?", went through the rooms, and shuffled out laughing.

The third day, rumor came that we must pack one suitcase and be ready to leave the hotel within 24 hours. We grabbed clothes frantically and sat all day. Nothing happened. The next day an order came to be ready in a half-hour with one suitcase. We rushed through clothes closets and grabbed all we could lay our hands on. My first thought was for some brand new underwear I had been saving up

for my trousseau. I stuffed it in with cartons of cigarets and a couple of pairs of slacks, many towels and a mosquito net. Most of my clothes I left in the closet, as there was no room or time.

In half an hour the Japs came by, searched the luggage and asked for radios, cameras, knives and scissors. Jessie produced a pair of nail scissors. The Jap soldier grabbed them and stuffed them in his pocket. I went to the bottom of my suitcase for my nail scissors and offered them to him but to everybody's surprise he said for me to keep them. Later I learned others had somewhat the same experience. For no apparent reason, Jap soldiers take things from some people and do not take the same things from others.

We were ordered to lug our bags downstairs. No liquor could be taken, so on every floor people rested, took big swigs of liquor, and by the time they hit the ground floor most of them were happily unconcerned about what happened to them or where they were going. We were herded onto the street pavement in the blazing sun to wait for buses. There were only two buses and the wait was long, as there were 200 of us with luggage to be hauled. Somebody had the bright idea (as it proved later at Santo Tomás) to go back to get the hotel cutlery. The Japs permitted this, then had to refurbish the hotel with these same items when their officers moved in. In going back to the hotel I noticed two Jap soldiers trying to start the convertible the Army officer had left with me. It tickled me to see them fumbling with a car engine without gas.

In about an hour I was stuffed into the bus and we were driven to Santo Tomás University. It looked nice and big from the road, with clean lawns all around. In the middle was the main building and a church and gymnasium to the left of it. Behind the main building were three smaller buildings, later turned into the hospital annex for women and children and the Red Cross *bodega* (warehouse).

We were so cramped in the bus while the Japs discussed for half an hour what to do with us that when we tumbled out our legs were numb. Americans lined up on one side, British on the other. We were stuffed into three classrooms on the second floor of the main building. Most of us dug lunch out of cans with our fingers but some tall, slender, chivalrous boy from the South with a pleasant drawl ferched along a whole cold turkey and shared it with us. This was the last turkey I saw for a long time. Men were assigned to the right wing, women to the left. With 33 other women I was assigned to classroom 9 at the end of the corridor. The largest room in the camp was occupied by 76 women. There are about 3,500 Americans and British interned in Santo Tomás.

We organize the camp

The first night was a nightmare. Jessie and I scouted, begged and finally got a small, broken, horribly narrow bed with no mattress or bedclothes. The only way we could use it was to have her head at one end and my head at the other. Since both of us were restless, our faces were full of feet all night and to top it off the Japs made us tumble into the corridor twice during the night for roll call. Many of the women, not having anything, slept on the concrete floor without mosquito nets and were terribly bitten.

The next day we all suffered. Nothing was organized. Some did not have food. Halls and rooms were disgustingly dirty, as the building had previously quartered Filipino troops who left it a mess, and internees had thrown cans, paper and cigaret butts around.

After three days things were much better organized. Jessie and I got a double mattress. Camp organizations were set up with Earl Carroll, former YMCA worker, elected chairman of the camp. An executive committee was picked which appointed other committees. Monitors were picked for floors and rooms.

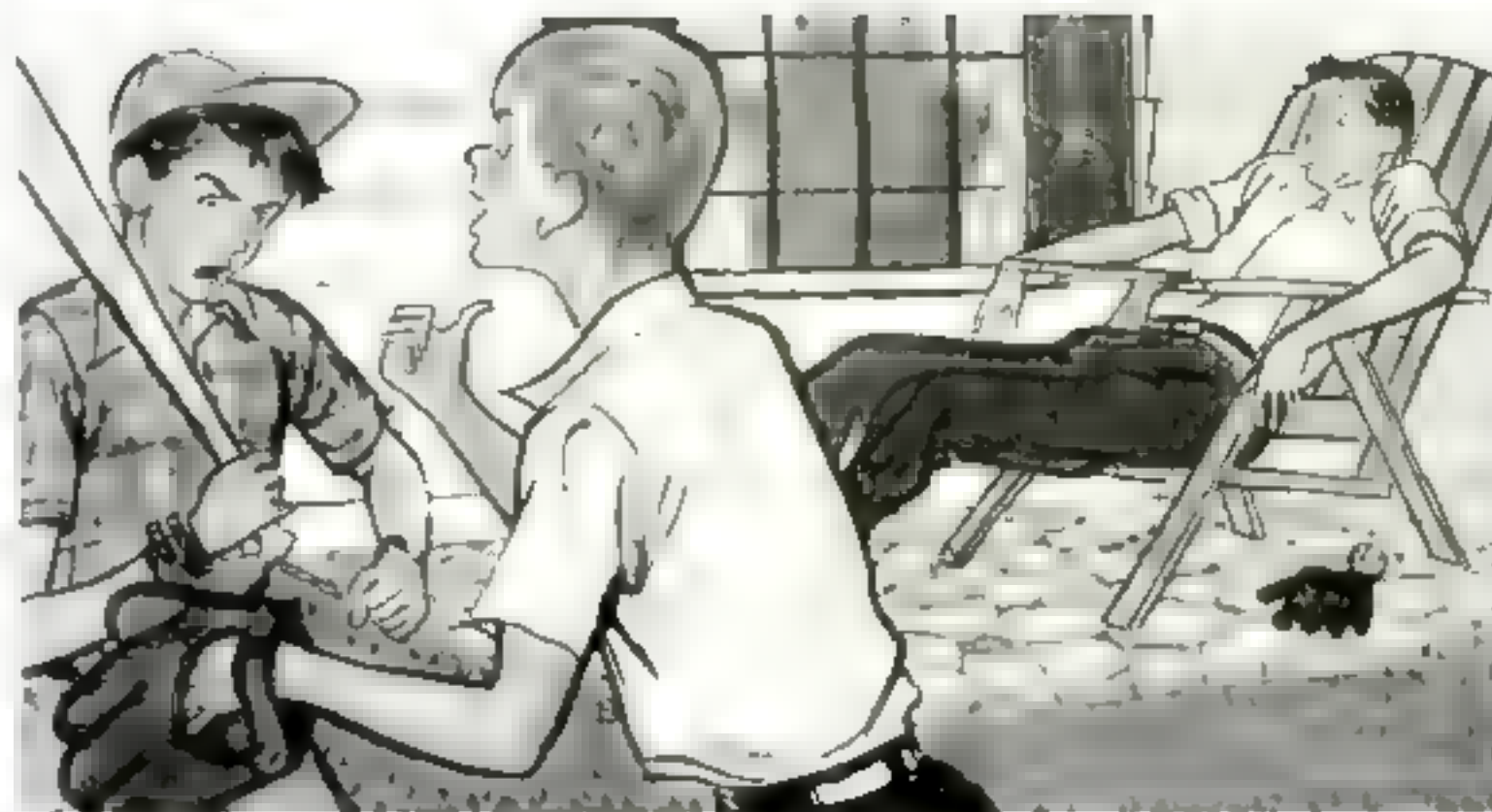
Japs allowed Filipino servants to pass beds, food and clothes over the fence but this hit a snag when they caught servants passing liquor to former employers. They stopped all fence-passing for a few days until they worked out a control system for parcels from servants to internees.

After three weeks of feeding ourselves, the Red Cross opened a restaurant for destitutes. My friend and I had about exhausted our food supply and were afraid to use the little money we had. I had \$150 when I entered. When that was gone it was gone. When I left I did not have any money and borrowed from Jennifer White, only other internee to leave with me. By getting a note from the room monitor stating that we were unable to get food and did not have any, we got a food pass for two meals daily. As time went on, people were kind and gave us things to eat. Much later we contacted the outside for fruits and vegetables twice a week at little cost.

On the whole, we saw very few Japanese. The commandant stayed in his office on the third floor, transmitting his orders through the Japanese-speaking internees who worked in his office, and there were

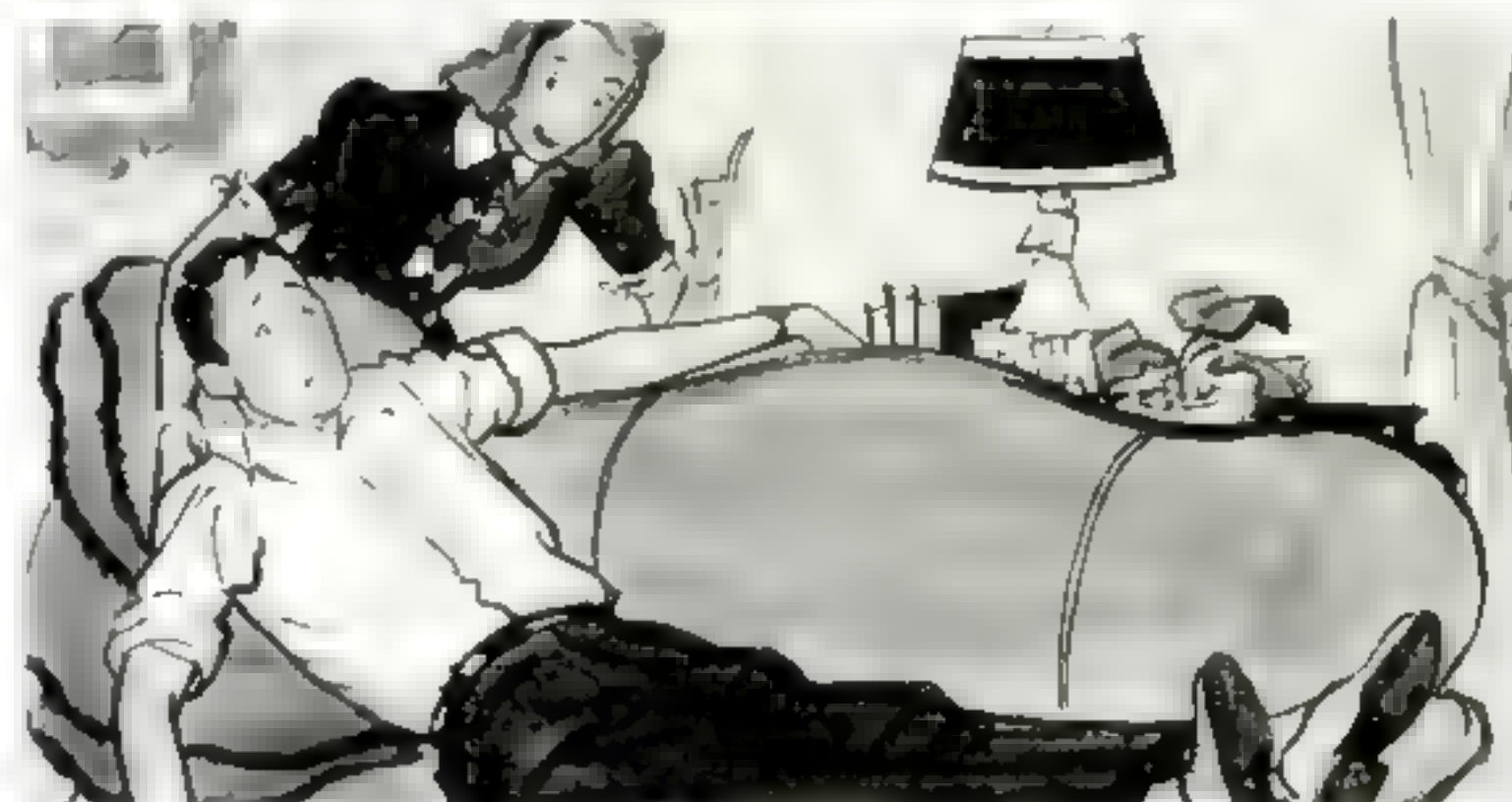
How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Siegel



Butch: Yash! And you said your old man was a hot pitcher. That fast one of his couldn't even bust a window.

Red: It could too! Guess Pop just didn't feel like throwing hard—that's all.



Pop: We-e-ll! Looks like I'm just getting too old for that sort of thing.

Wife: You and your long grey beard! All you need, Glenn Wiggins, is a little more—er—more *pep* appeal—that's all! You're not eating right. Probably the only thing wrong with you is that you aren't getting all your vitamins! And you're going to start in getting them—right this minute.



Wife: Can't have pep without vitamins, you know! And right in this crisp, crunchy cereal are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—B₁ and D! Yep—right in KELLOGG'S PEP, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat!

Pop: Say—all your talk, and you never once said how *good* PEP tastes! Golly, if getting the *rest* of my vitamins is as much fun as eating KELLOGG'S PEP, that young fellow, Butch, isn't even gonna see my fast one!

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IN BATTLE CREEK



SOLD BY GROCERS
EVERYWHERE

Vitamins for pep! **Kellogg's Pep** for vitamins!

Pep contains per ounce the minimum daily requirement of vitamin D and 1/4 the daily requirement of vitamin B₁ (1/2 for children up to 5).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SAVES TIME!
(JUST ADD HOT WATER)
SAVES WORK!
(MADE IN THE CUP)
PREVENTS WASTE!
(MAKE ONLY WHAT YOU NEED)



Prevents waste because none is thrown out . . . you make exact amount you need. A Nestlé product, composed of equal parts of skillfully brewed soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor. **CIVILIAN SUPPLY IS LIMITED.** Buy in cans or in glass jars as available.

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"YANKEE GIRL" (continued)

only 20 guards. These were posted at the gate and, except for an occasional soldier who walked through the grounds just to be cheeky, we had no contact with them. There was a discipline committee patrolling the camp to enforce the rules of the central committee governing the internees, and the Japanese commandant. The most unpopular discipline group was known as the "morality squad," which was organized because the commandant stated he and the Jap soldiers were shocked to see the internees holding hands and showing signs of affection, even if they were married. So the morality squad went around telling people not to hold hands or sit close together. Nevertheless, romances bloomed among young internees. One couple met the day they were interned, got engaged a week later and asked the central committee for permission to marry. The committee advised them to wait, as it wouldn't do them any good anyway in view of the fact that married couples were not allowed to live together in the camp. Nevertheless, they insisted. The committee conveyed their request to the Japanese, who angrily turned them down.

Six women under one shower

When I first arrived, there were no showers and no baths and only three washbasins for 470 women on the second floor. Sometimes the women hosed each other with water. Later the sanitation committee installed showers but there were usually six women under each shower at once. Our room became the envy of all, for when we got the basin fixed we could bathe privately.

As we got settled, the entertainment committee organized and gave amateur shows. There was a surprising amount of talent in camp. We had singers, accordion and guitar players and one night they gave *The Face on the Barroom Floor*. All my life I'd laughed at that title and it wasn't till I saw it given in Santo Tomás that I realized what a serious play it is. Everybody went.

Women with children were moved into a small building and given three meals a day by the Red Cross. The Japs were nice to kids and have been known to slap the parents and cuddle the kids.

A hospital was established under the supervision of several excellent civilian doctors and nurses from Manila. As organization got continually better the people said they liked getting sick, as those in the hospital fared much better. Outside of a few cases of enteritis, a form of dysentery, there was very little illness. If internees needed special medical attention which was not available at the camp, the Japs permitted them to leave for treatment in Manila.

There were many rules and regulations at Santo Tomás. They issued a rule against putting things on window sills when a sardine can fell on a Jap sentry's head.

They were always sending around circulars about how men and women over 60 could live outside, and women with small children could live outside. If they lived outside, however, the Japs kept walking into the houses and snooping around all the time.

Internees got outside the camp for as long as ten days sometimes. A man and wife with a baby were allowed outside ten days when their baby was ill. A girl I knew got a day's leave because her sister in Manila had a baby. Medical cases had priority. For a while the men lived in the gym near the church, but the Japs soon closed the gym, saying the priests who were free influenced us against the Japanese. Then the gym and church were surrounded with barbed wire—so the priests could not be contacted.

Children's sports were given in the open and there were baseball and football classes for them. For adults there were classes in French, Spanish, mathematics, music appreciation. Carl Mydans gave a course in photography. Besides teaching, Carl was on the public relations committee and wrote for *Internees*, our paper which is printed and read solely by internees. He always looked busy. Although I first saw Carl and his wife, Shelley, in the Bay View dining room, I did not know them until we went to Santo Tomás. I usually saw Carl when he was walking around the campus. He wore khaki shorts, a white or brown open-neck shirt and a khaki slouch hat. He often had a pipe, but generally held it rather than smoked it. He had a beard for a while, but I think Shelley made him cut it off. He used to wash his clothes a couple of fathoms away from me and would make cracks about how dirty his pants were.

Shelley was quiet and extremely nice. She used to come to our room and talk to Georgie Scott and Margie Kayser. Georgie's husband was with the C. N. A. C. in Chungking. Margie's was away in the Army and Shelley knew them both. The girls would talk to each other about when they would see their husbands again. Shelley always did her own washing with all of us. The Mydans' both looked cheerful, but nobody was happy. You'd see them eating together on

those rough benches out in the open, watching baseball games and walking on the campus together at dusk. Shelley was usually dressed in a print gathered skirt, white shirt, bobby socks and blue tennis shoes. Shelley and I worked at adjoining desks when she was assigning work to the internees. We used to exchange cigarets and talk about how foul the native cigarets were. And we used to laugh at her old fuddy-duddy boss.

I worked for the discipline committee for two months, typing, taking dictation and filing. I later became a messenger. This meant sitting outside the central office waiting to deliver messages. Messengers wore bands with "Little Boy Run Swiftly" written on them in Japanese so they could go anywhere in camp. Different arm bands meant different jobs: green for sanitation and yellow for central committee; red for policeman. When I worked for the discipline committee I had a yellow band with Jap characters meaning secretary. There are all sorts of jobs and everybody is busy.

After I had been in camp about two months they systematized the feeding so that we all got the same breaks. We were given food cards for breakfast and dinner. The noon meal we provided for ourselves, if we could. The kitchen was run by internees, the Japs paying the bill. We lined up from 7 to 9 for breakfast, 4:30 to 5:30 for dinner. When the line was long, I knew the food was good that day. For breakfast we had cracked wheat, sugar, treacle water, coffee. By this time milk was only for children. We had rolls for a time but soon the Japs took flour away. For dinner we had stew or noodles, rice or sardines, duck eggs and "peachi" (like spinach), tea, occasionally a banana or orange if in season. The starchy diet fattened some women. I gained 20 lb. We ate on benches and tables in the open and out of anything we could get. At first Jessie and I had a plate, knife, fork and cup but these were stolen early in our internment. Then we ate out of coffee cans which we found and cleaned with sand.

Later on, the months in Santo Tomás took on a new complexion. The Japs permitted the famous Filipino trader, Aguinaldo, to establish a counter where people could order stuff from the outside—sheets, towels, plates, easy chairs, knitting wool, etc. A second store, established at the same time by Japs, was selling ice cream, fruits, doughnuts, sandwiches, canned goods—all established on the lawn. We tried to boycott these shops but they had so much we could not get on the outside.

One day the commandant permitted the building of shacks on the lawns out of anything the owner could find. We were allowed to

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Autographs of internees adorn Miss Long's shirt. She embroidered the signatures with thread bought at camp store. The collar reads, "Santo Tomás Concentration Camp."



*glamour way to help
your skin look FRESHER,
SMOOTHER, SOFTER*

Yes—you'll find this delightful new way to use Pond's Vanishing Cream—as a 1-Minute Mask—is a real gift of glamour.

So quick! So simple! It's making beauty news for women everywhere!

To give your skin this Glamour Mask—smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream *thick* over your face and throat (except your eyes). Leave 1 full minute. Tissue off excess.

You'll love the brighter, fresher look of your face after it! And the softer feel of your cheek!

Use this 1-Minute Glamour Mask 3 or 4 times a week, in the morning, evening or during the day!



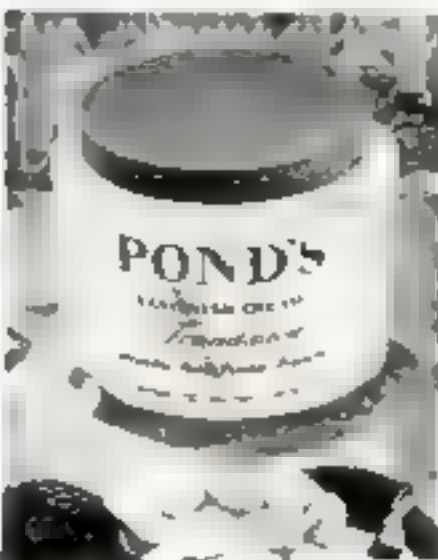
Lovely Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr. (the former Frederica Vanderbilt W. ebb) says, "I'm telling all my friends to try this 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It leaves my skin so refreshed!"



Countless dried surface cells and tight-sticking dirt particles may darken your skin, make your complexion look dull.

This 1-Minute Mask's 'keratolytic' action gently helps dislodge and loosen such surface scurf on your skin.

After the 1-Minute Mask see how much fresher, softer, lovelier your face looks and feels! It takes make-up beautifully.



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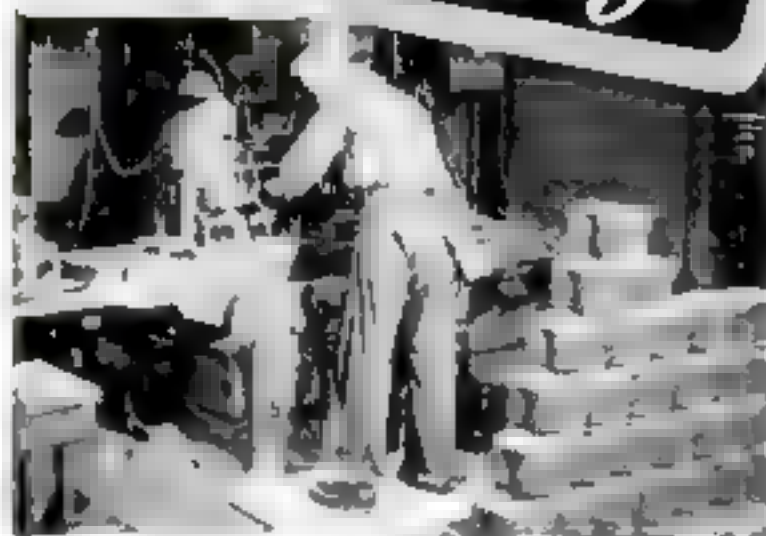
Always smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It gives your skin a flattering, soft, mat finish. Helps protect it from wind and little winter chappings. Powder goes on so smoothly—clings for hours.

TRY ONE MASK— You'll Use it Always!

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FOOT-O-GRAPHS

FROM *Life*



The machine worker in wartime production plants cushions his feet against the strain of long hours of standing on hard floors, by means of a flexible mat or a resilient platform.



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CUSHIONS EVERY STEP



PORTO-PED
Air Cushioned SHOES
by PORTAGE



LIFE Photographer Carl Mydans, caught when on assignment in Manila Dec. 7, teaches photography to other internees. He also serves on the camp public relations committee.

"YANKEE GIRL" (continued)

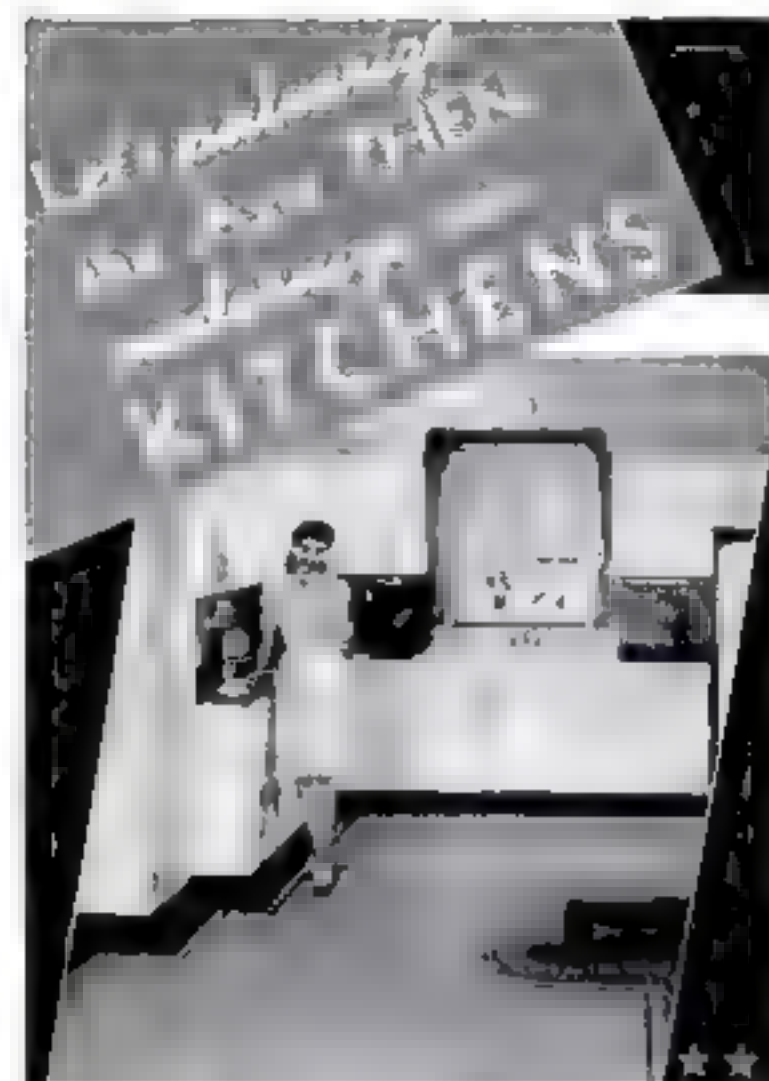
sit in them from 6.30 in the morning to 7.45 at night. One shack was roofed with an old Ipana tooth-paste poster. The Japs allotted the districts, which came to be known as Glamerville, Jungle Town and Shanty Town. Glamerville, with front lawn and good-looking shacks, built mostly of wood and sawah, had vines and flowers around. Jungle Town was almost hidden in the trees and bushes so the shacks were hard to find. Shanty Town looked like its name, a veritable conglomeration of the shakiest shacks. The districts had mayors who superintended the patrolling to see that the rules were obeyed. The Japs ordered all shacks to be open on three sides so that everything was visible. Jessie and I shared an 8-ft.-by-5-ft. shack with a duckboard floor, canvas roof and stiff blinds to be let down when we were sent back to the dormitory at night. Friends contributed a table, two chairs, a charcoal stove, buckets made from biscuit tins, and tin cans for storing food. Later we got contributions of precious morsels like salt, pepper, cooking oil. We now ate here, away from the jammed corridors and out of the hot sun.

Music on the lawn until 9 p.m.

The beginning of the fourth month things were in top shape. The entertainment committee gave a good show every other week. Phonograph music was played on the front lawn until 9 p.m. One could stay cool and listen to the music before going into the furnace-like buildings. At 8.45 a policeman from the discipline committee blew a whistle. We'd troop toward our room for roll call. Room monitors would call the names, read announcements and circulars from the committee or commandant. While this was going on we'd prepare the beds, fix our nets in a hurry so that we could go on to the corridors and get the best table to play bridge, knit, read or talk rumors. Eleven o'clock, lights out.

In spite of all this improvement, as time wore on hopes began to sink. When we were first interned we had the grand idea we would be out in two months. We heard rumors of reinforcements and that MacArthur was only waiting until he had enough to make a big push and retake Manila. We'd see the boys again and what a party we'd have! We saw the Jap planes in formations go over Corregidor, and from Bataan would come the boom-booms of the big guns and happily we thought, "That's giving them hell. They won't last long now that we have reinforcements." We counted the planes coming back and everybody had a different idea as to how many got back but somehow we felt that only a few returned. Copies of the Jap paper which went to each room looked black for our side but we paid no attention and called it Japanese propaganda.

But one day we learned that Singapore had fallen. "It could be



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—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

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It's easy—and sure! ONE—a bath with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap. It kills and cleans out fleas and eggs. TWO—dusting with SKIP-FLEA Powder—to kill new arrivals.

Rid your dog of fleas with SKIP-FLEA. Get Soap and Powder at drug and pet stores. Free Sergeant's Dog Book, too.

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Please send me a free, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

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Double or Single Edge.

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RAZOR BLADES

ECONOMY SIZES
25 for 59¢ 50 for 97¢
4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢



Shelley Mydans helped organize internee work program and is a member of the sanitation and health committee. She was the only woman in camp who didn't gain weight

true," we said, "but we won't believe it. The Japs are lying to break our morale. Why, Singapore is supposed to be the strongest fortress of the East." When all doubt passed and we knew it had fallen, everybody was low and depressed and bad tempered. We knew we were due for a long stay at Santo Tomás. Then came good rumors and people pepped up. We grabbed on to any new rumors and others would listen, believe thoroughly, clinging to anything that would make life bearable.

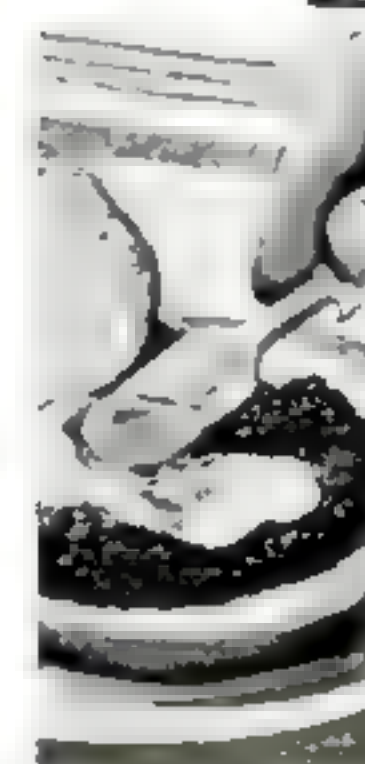
We heard the Dutch East Indies had fallen and everyone asked, "What is happening back home? Don't we deserve a break now? It couldn't be that the Japs are having their own way so completely." We grabbed any outsider, for news, rumors and stories were so contradictory that our heads were awl. We believed all except the most fantastic rumors on the barest chance they might be true. Once, when American planes came over and bombed Nichols Field, we became hysterical. I was thrown to the floor by Margie Kayser who thought we were being bombed. Surely something was going on. The committee elected a fire warden. We expected planes back in numbers to bomb the Japs out of Manila. Imagine our feelings when nothing happened except more bad news in the Jap newspaper. We thought, when MacArthur went to Australia, that he'd gone for reinforcements and was coming back with more men and equipment than the Japs could stand and would reward the boys of Bataan and Corregidor with ammunition, food and reinforcements.

As the time went on we realized with horror that there were no reinforcements, no MacArthur. More Jap planes were concentrating on Bataan. They seemed to leave Corregidor alone, going forth in formations up to 50 and returning with the same number or only one or two missing. The Jap paper said Bataan had fallen. We couldn't believe it until the Japs brought into our camp families from Bataan who said Bataan had fallen and the troops were retreating to Corregidor. The horror, depression and low morale was terrible to see.

But even worse was the fall of Corregidor. We shall never forget that as long as we live. As the days crept by and the sound of guns on Corregidor grew less and less we knew Corregidor was crumbling. Imagine us sitting in a concentration camp not 30 miles away. I felt I would become insane at the picture of all the horrible things happening with the fall of Corregidor. Wainwright's speech to the troops to surrender made internee morale pitiful. Almost all of us had husbands, fiancées, brothers or friends over there. When Corregidor fell, we heard that 3,000 of our boys were taken prisoners and marched through the streets of Manila, apparently to Bilibid Prison which was near us. At night we could see the searchlight in the prison tower.

After Corregidor, the Japs flew balloons, as is usual when a city or fortress has fallen, with messages to the Filipinos that they at last were free. Posters were plastered all over the city asking people to cooperate with Japan to suppress Americans and the British for ever-

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It's LOVE at FIRST TASTE!

• Sizzling hamburgers spread with French's! Um—m-m! How folks go for the fine keen flavor of this different mustard. It brings out all the good meat flavor. Try a jar today!



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ENGRAVED ON ETCHED BOWL



ENGRAVED ON ETCHED BOWL

"YANKEE GIRL" (continued)

lasting peace. But Japs contradicted the posters by beating the Filipinos for the slightest offense. The Filipinos hated them. Once at camp I saw a Filipino beaten for being fresh to a guard. I turned my head from these beatings, as it upset my stomach. The most horrible of all instances at camp was when three British seamen escaped and were caught in the city. They were brought back and shot before a small audience consisting of the chairman and a few members of the executive committee. That night we received a circular telling the story, warning of similar consequences if anything of the kind occurred again. Afterward the guards patrolled around the buildings nightly.

On April 4 I was summoned by the Jap commandant. I was so nervous I could scarcely dress. He smilingly gave me a letter from my family in Shanghai and I started crying. It was the first news I had had. Others began to get letters from Shanghai but we were only permitted to reply once, briefly.

A few days later the commandant asked if I wanted to return to Shanghai in case of evacuation. I answered, "Yes." During April and May I was called up several times and always asked the same question. If I asked questions, no reply was given. I was only told that I could go back if I wished. After so many times, I grew dubious about the whole thing but on June 4, as Jessie and I were going down to dinner, I was called to the commandant's office. I told Jessie to wait, as I knew it would be the same question and it would not take long. However, I was mistaken. I was told that I would leave Santo Tomás for Shanghai early the next morning with one other evacuee, Jennifer White, A. P. correspondent, who was also in Room 19. If I told anybody about my departure, I would be punished. My questions remained unanswered again.

A drunken Jap in a kimono

I asked if I could recover my luggage which I had left five months before at the Bay View Hotel. At first I was refused but after I told them I had borrowed all my clothes from other internees they consented, provided I go alone with one Jap guard. I agreed, and when we drove out of the gates of Santo Tomás my friends were on the lawn awaiting an evening musical program. They feared the worst and ran to each other asking what I had done.

I arrived at the hotel and had to wait in the lobby for half an hour for the guard to get the keys from the storeroom. The lobby was full of Japanese military and naval men lolling in kimonos and drinking beer. The walls were covered with propaganda posters, and the Japs eyed me malevolently, with actual dislike. I became frightened when one intoxicated Japanese soldier touched me and asked if I were a "Yankee girl." I was so frightened I could not answer. He laughed and staggered off. I was relieved when the little camp guard returned with the keeper of the keys.

These two took me up to the laundry room on the eighth floor where the luggage was stored. The little guard broke open the military seal on the door. The luggage was piled ceiling high, and after climbing around I found two of my suitcases, but the main case with my furs and all my winter clothing was missing. After 20 minutes of hunting, my yellow friends got bored and began yelling "Yankee girl," and pointed for me to come down. I dragged the two heavy suitcases down the eight floors with guards asking me stupid questions about my age, sex and name, saying "Yankee girl," and laughing like idiots.

I dragged the suitcases to the car and got in with swarms of native Japs staring at me. I breathed easier in the car with the guard, headed back for camp.

At Santo Tomás, word had gone around and I met a thousand staring faces and what seemed like a million questions screamed at me as I tried to make my way to Room 19. A friend helped me with the luggage. At the risk of punishment, I told him I was leaving, for I saw that it was useless to try and keep the secret. As I packed, people from Shanghai crowded in begging me to take messages. Most of them had to be verbal, as the Japs told me I could not take anything connected with camp.

I felt terrible to leave Jessie behind and I could not sleep. I tossed restlessly listening to the snorts, snores and whistles of the women in the room.

I arose at 5.30 and for the first time in five months had a whole shower to myself. It was great to feel the full splash of water instead of the usual sprinkle. After I dressed I awakened Jessie and, speaking in whispers, I awaited the call of Mr. Grinnell, an internee connected with the Japanese office.

When he came, we trooped downstairs in a strange and quiet

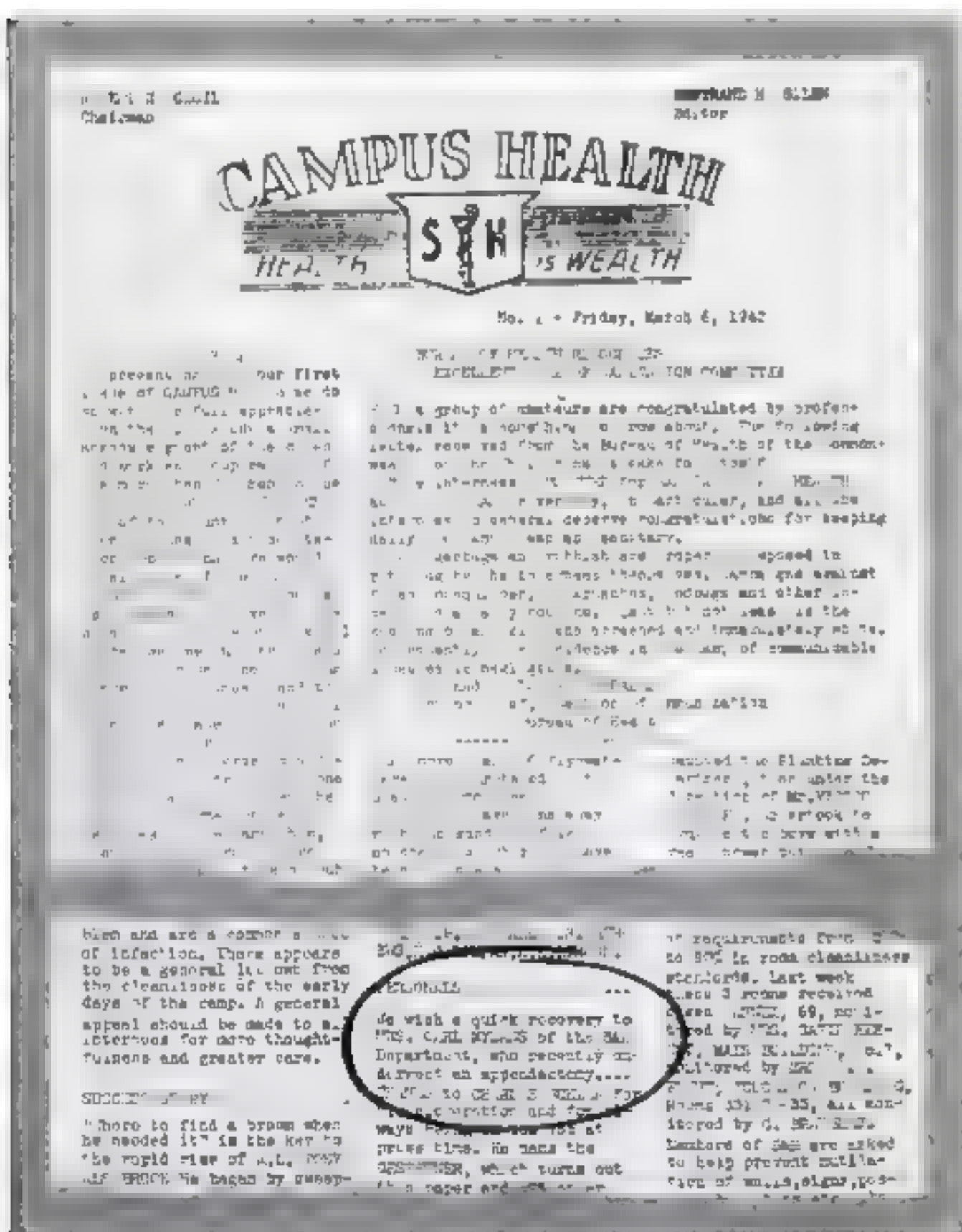
manner. Outside was an old bus, and a few early risers were hissing their last-minute messages. Then Jennifer White came down. We climbed into the bus with our luggage and tried to wave bravely to the receding figures of our friends of Santo Tomás. For a few minutes we couldn't talk, and smoked cigarets to regain our composure.

We drove all over Manila picking up the luggage of eleven other evacuees for Shanghai, including "Chick" Parsons, the Panamanian consul, his wife and three little boys. We drove to Pier 7, which was wrecked by Jap bombing and looked so different from my first visit. There a small Red Cross vessel was docked and we were taken aboard and assigned cabins. We were warned not to look at the wounded Japs below.

As we passed Corregidor, I peeked through the drawn curtains. It was a depressing sight, desolate and completely ruined. I felt sick. After two days at sea we pulled into Takao, the southern end of Formosa. A Japanese military came aboard and made us fill out forms, asking us about our education, if any of us had ever been to Japan and who we thought would win the war. We were placed in a Japanese inn. Six occupied one room. It was clean, but we ate on the floor, sat on the floor and slept on the floor. We bathed in a community bath and we got the innkeeper to understand that we did not want any Japanese gentlemen along when we were bathing, as is the custom. Several times an old man tried to get in the bath, but our screams scared him away.

We went from Takao to Tathoku on a night train with one Japanese guard who alternately slept or offered me horrible Japanese cigarets. At Tathoku, eight of our group left for Shanghai by plane immediately. Five of us stayed at the hotel for two days where we were confined to our rooms, except for meals which we ate in the dining room behind a screen, because the hotel didn't want its Japanese customers antagonized by the presence of white people. Even so, it caused a stir among the guests and waiters; they began peeping through the screen at us.

There were seven armed guards night and day. One night one guard insisted he would bathe with us if we took our baths after 9:30 at night. We took ours early in the morning to avoid an argument. We were taken by auto to the airport, the car windows being covered with Japanese newspapers. We climbed into the window-covered plane, but once we were clear of the Formosa coast we could look out. The China coast was a magnificent sight. It was wonderful, at Shanghai, to see my folks and give messages to the relatives and friends of the people of Santo Tomás. On June 28 I sailed from Shanghai on the *Conte Verde*.



Sanitation committee's weekly paper keeps internees posted on what is being done to maintain health. Paragraph in circle gives news of Shelley Mydans' appendectomy.

To back you up on the job!



You war workers have to squirm, bend, crawl and worm your ways through the innards of war machines in the making. Underwear that gives and takes as it goes along with you can make an uncomfortable job a lot easier. That knitted SKIT-Trunk there, with the "STRETCHY-SEAT"™...see how admirably it fits the situation? Has a new, exclusive supporter and a new, patented, straight-cut No-Gap fly, too. That SKIT-Winger Shirt is its easy-going partner, streamlined to the gills! No doubt about it, you'll fit better into your war job when you're fitted with Munsingwear.

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FEMALE DERMACENTORS ANDERSONI (1, 4),
ENGORGED WITH BLOOD AFTER TEN DAYS'
FEEDING, ARE LIVING VIRUS CULTURES.
MALES (2, 3) SHOW PRE-FEEDING SIZE.
MALE (3) IS IN POSITION FOR SUCKING

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SPOTTED FEVER

U. S. vaccinates 200,000 against tick disease

There has been more Rocky Mountain spotted fever in more localities in the country this year than ever before. This is both because the fever is spreading over the country and because doctors are learning to recognize it. Scientists are girding themselves for a widespread fight against this ferocious fatal disease.

Center of the bitter battle is peaceful Bitter Root Valley in western Montana, where the disease was first identified by U. S. Public Health Service doctors. At Hamilton, in the country's most dangerous laboratory, they have found a preventive vaccine which is 75% effective. Once an unvaccinated person gets the disease he is fated to die unless his own body can throw off the infection. Only hope is a new serum which may save some lives otherwise doomed.

For years before the scientists came, people had sickened mysteriously in the valley, burned with sudden fever, flamed with red-purple rash and died. The farmers said it was from drinking melted snow-water. But the medical detectives found it was a virus transmitted to many by a little bloodsucking insect—the tick.

Several species of tick carry the virus in their bodies, but the *Dermacentor andersoni* (opposite page) carries the most virulent or "hot strain" of those so far discovered. To reproduce, ticks must have blood. After lying low in the shrubbery they suddenly emerge in the spring, climb up on a blade of grass or twig and wave their legs in the air to catch on any passing mammal. Once they find a piece of live flesh, they bore under the skin and suck blood. When they feed on man, he does not feel their bite. As their host, other animals show no symptoms of disease.

Male tick gets enough blood in three days but female hangs on until she is engorged, usually at least ten days. As she feeds, she either draws virus from an infected animal or deposits her own in its bloodstream. When full, she drops to the ground, lays her eggs and dies. Baby ticks hatch out in a month, each one carrying spotted-fever virus, and the cycle of tick to animal to tick to man starts over again.

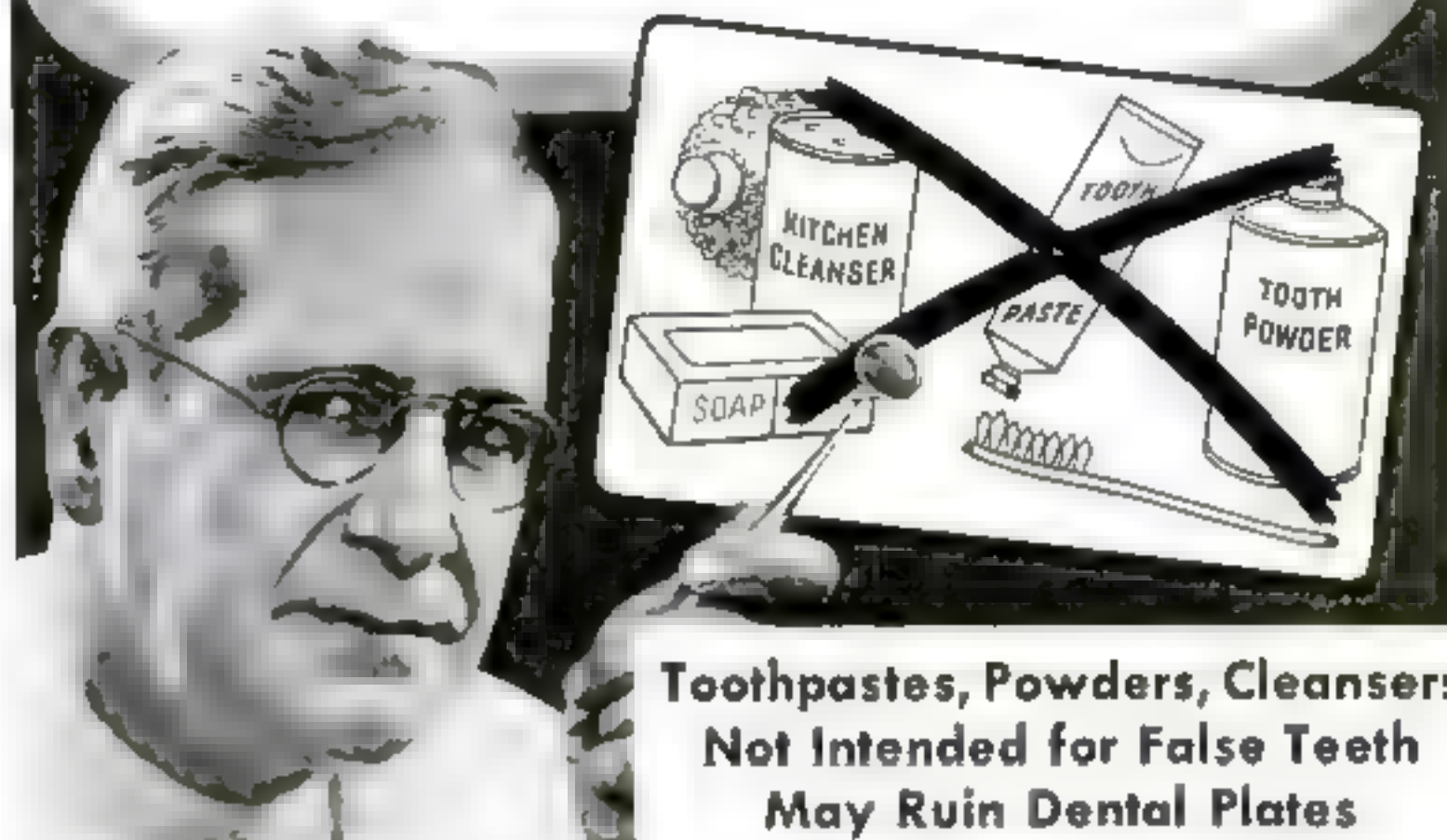


Mass vaccinations for Rocky Mountain spotted fever are given in Missoula, Mont. City Hall. Two hundred thousand persons have been vaccinated in U. S. this year.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

DON'T BRUSH FALSE TEETH

with Makeshift Cleaners



**Toothpastes, Powders, Cleansers
Not Intended for False Teeth
May Ruin Dental Plates**

PLAY SAFE... USE POLIDENT

**LABORATORY TEST SHOWS HOW
MAKESHIFT CLEANERS
WEAR DOWN PLATE-MATERIAL**



BEFORE note the important fitting-ridges, built into plate from the "impression" taken by dentist.



AFTER—see how brushing with makeshift cleaner wore down the denture material, changing contour.

DID YOU KNOW that dental plates are softer and more easily worn down than natural teeth? It's true. Many dentifrices, safe for natural teeth, are dangerous for dental plates. Most household cleansers are even more harmful.

Tests show that these cleaners—not designed for artificial teeth—slowly but surely ruin the denture. They wear down ridges so that plates become loose. They scratch the polished surfaces causing stain and film to collect faster and cling tighter. The extra handling, while brushing, increases danger of breakage.

POLIDENT CLEANS SAFELY

Approved by Leading Makers of Plate Materials

Soaking plates and bridges in Polident dissolves the cloudy film and ugly stains... dissolves food particles from hard-to-reach crevices and corners. The purifying action of Polident maintains the original natural appearance of dentures—without danger of scratching or breaking.

Polident is recommended by many leading dentists and approved by the leading makers of modern denture materials.

Plate Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders

The stains and film that collect on plates and bridges retain impurities and odors. The result is often "Denture Breath"—probably the most offensive breath odor. You may not know you have it—but others do! Play safe! Polident leaves dentures clean, odor-free and sweet. Millions call it a blessing.

Only 30¢—at all Drug Stores

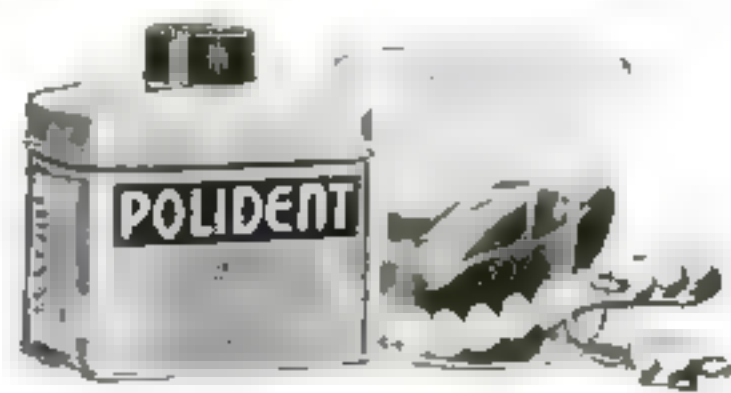
Long-lasting 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz.—80¢, at all drug stores. Your money back if not delighted. Today—get Polident!

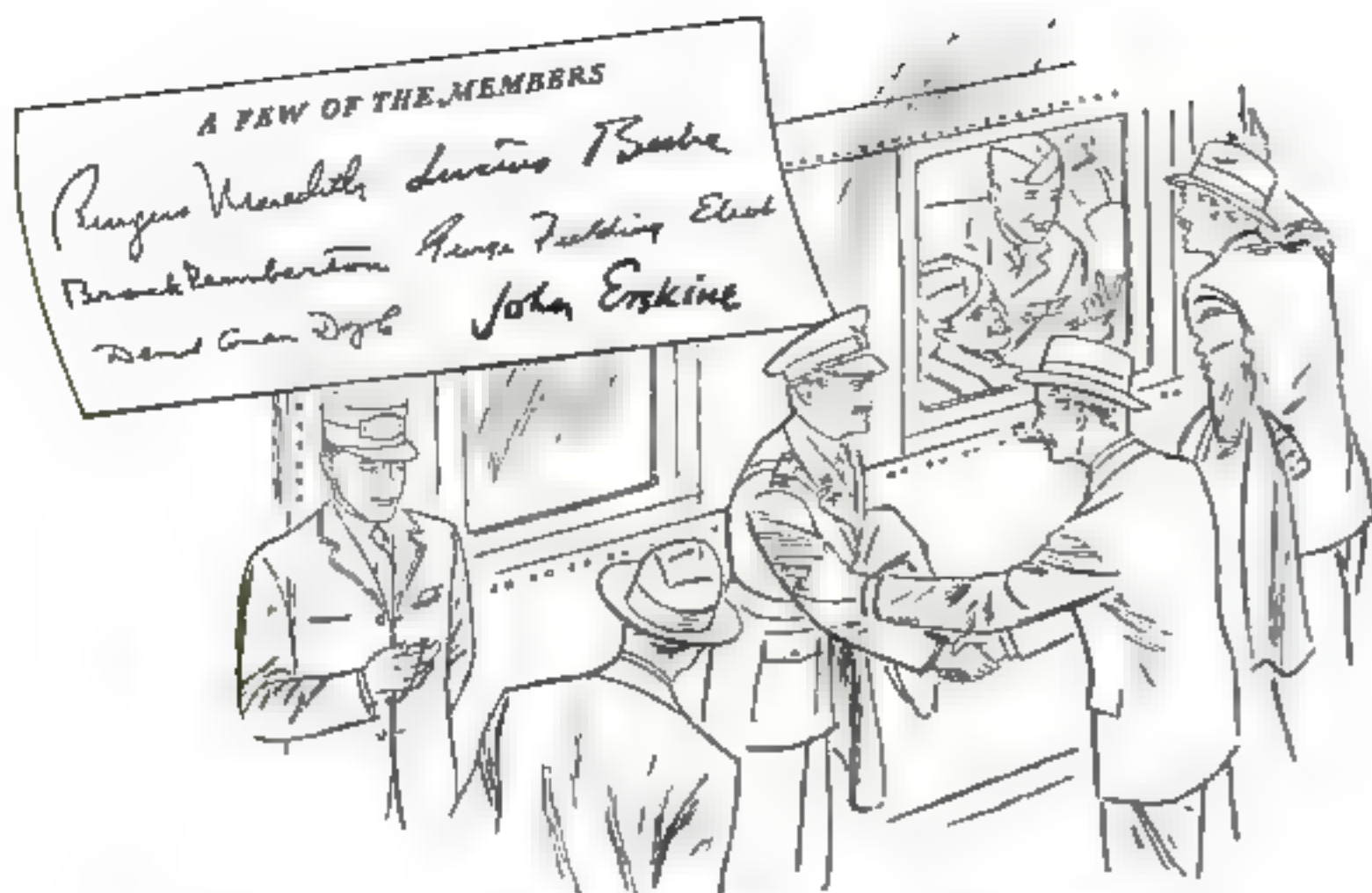
NO BRUSHING—NO SCOURING

Do this every day: put one capful of POLIDENT in ½ glass of luke warm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in this solution for 15 minutes, or over night if convenient. Rinse well—it's ready to use.

POLIDENT

The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges





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aye be a broad grin"*

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Spotted Fever (continued)



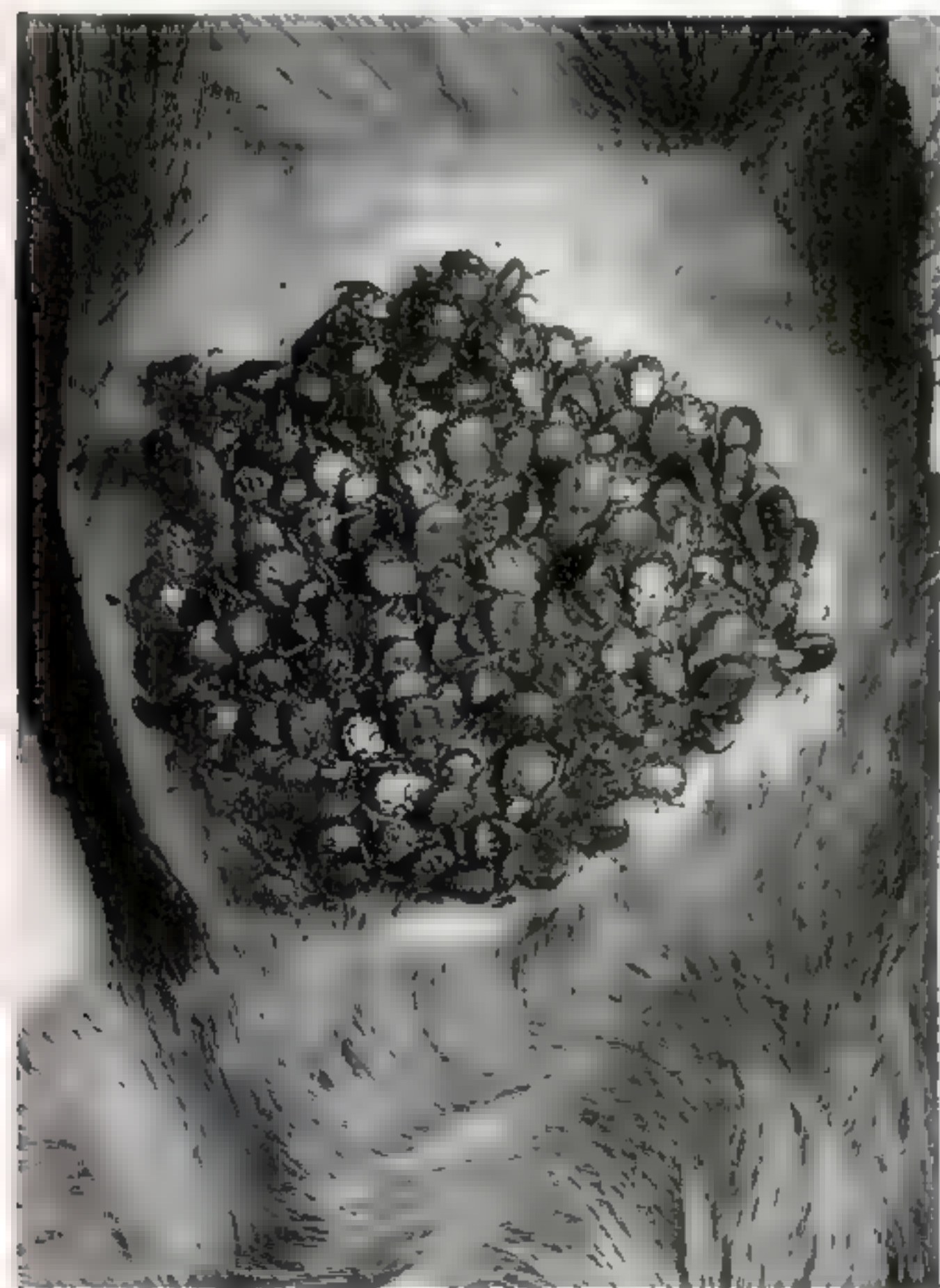
"Dragging" for ticks is the first step in production of spotted-fever vaccine. Worker drags wire-cloth bag over low vegetation in favorite tick haunts and the ticks catch on the rough cloth. An experienced man can collect 2,500 ticks a day.



Bottling ticks is a very dangerous job. The worker must be careful not to crush tick and release virus on his skin. Usually bloodless ticks are not dangerous because virus lies dormant until reactivated with fresh blood. Ticks shown here are natural size.



Collected ticks are fed on infected rabbit. Female ticks feed rapidly for ten days, swell immensely, turn grayish. Males ingest blood for only one day, then mate with female. When female detaches she is placed in glass vial containing eggs.



Engorging ticks on the belly of infected guinea pig will be ground up for vaccine. If tick is already infected, its virus becomes highly virulent with three days' intensive feeding. Ticks are kept under wire cover for safety while feeding in laboratory.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE













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from left to right

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Spotted Fever (continued)



Ticks are weighed before being ground up to make vaccine. A thousand ticks fed on animal blood for three days weigh 25.35 grams, will make 800 cc.'s of vaccine. Virus culture from these ticks is used in egg method of making vaccine shown opposite.



Infected tick rearing room must be flushed with hot water every two hours by laboratory workers. In spite of muslin bags on cages, highly infectious ticks escape. Eighteen workers have contracted the disease, four have died since the laboratory



Eggs are inoculated with spotted-fever virus, in newer and faster method for making quantities of vaccine. Each egg contains 20,000,000 doses of spotted-fever virus. This virus has been fed on blood from a guinea pig and kept alive for three years.



was founded. Workers must undress every few hours and inspect themselves before three-way mirror. They often find stray ticks hiding in their clothes or even on their bodies. But since they are now all vaccinated, workers seldom die from the disease.

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Life Calls on Boy King of Iraq

**Photographer Cecil Beaton portrays
Feisal II, 7, in Palace of Flowers**

Baghdad, ancient blue-domed capital of Iraq, sprawls along both banks of the river Tigris in the heart of the Middle East. Thither recently went Cecil Beaton, famous London photographer who has turned from portraying lovely ladies with his camera to covering the rough ragged outlines of the war, to take pictures of King Feisal II, world's youngest monarch. The results of this Beaton expedition are shown here—excellent photographs of a rare subject.

Feisal is 7 years old and Beaton found him a normal young extrovert, interested in riddles, *Alice In Wonderland*, toy automobiles and a model of a Hurricane fighter sent to him on his seventh birthday by the R. A. F. Though Feisal sits on the strawberry-red throne of Iraq (*see opposite page*), he does not rule his little kingdom. That job is done by his 30-year-old uncle and close friend, Amir Abdul Illah, who was appointed regent in 1939 when Feisal's father, King Glazi, was killed in an automobile accident. Most of Beaton's pictures were taken around Baghdad's Palace of Flowers (*Qasr ul Zuhur*) where the young king lives.

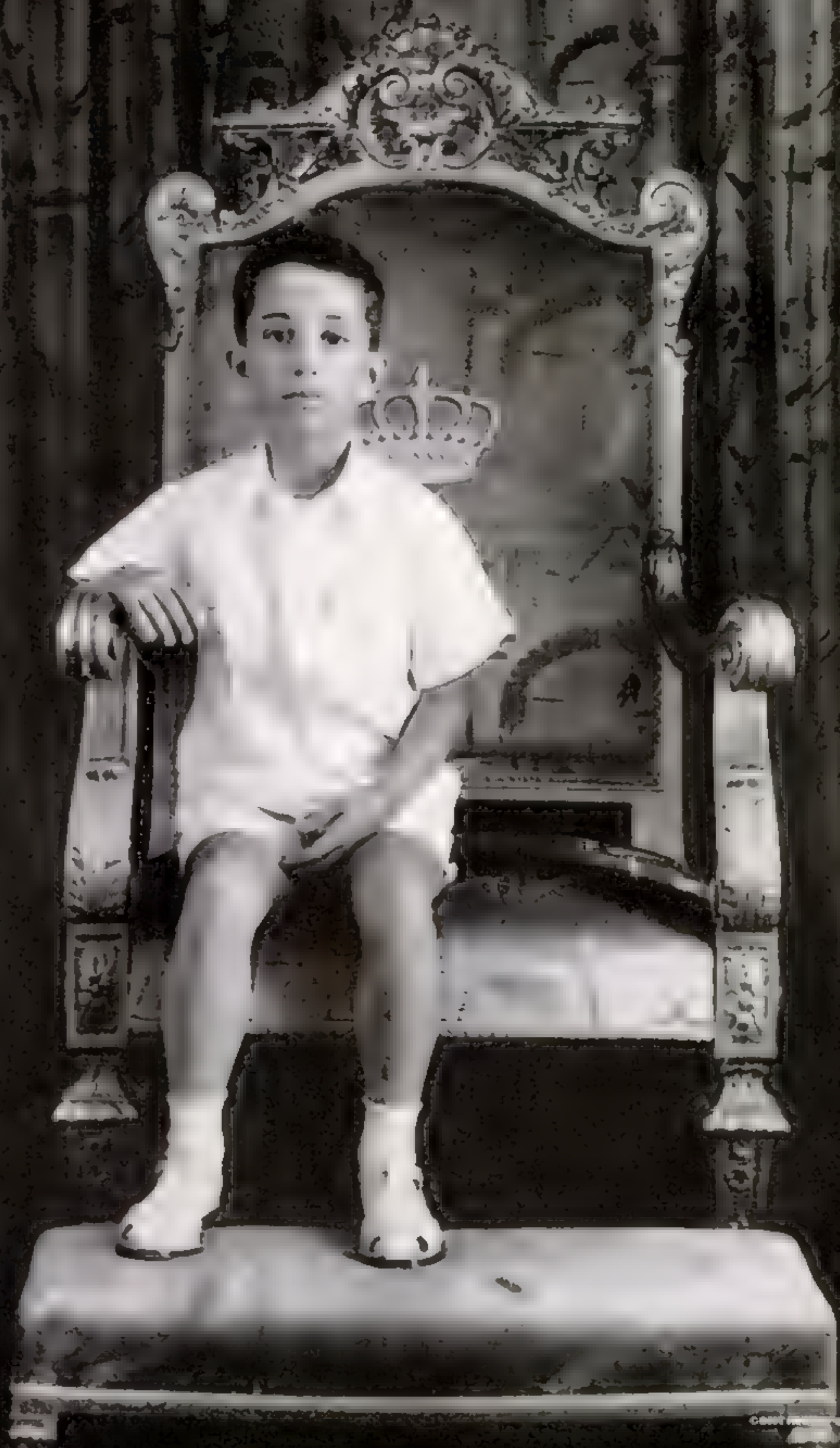
While King Feisal plays in the palace yard or strolls through the grounds with his uncle, the war pushes ever closer to his strategic domain. Today, Britain bases an army in Iraq not only to protect the Empire's vital Mosul oil fields but also to meet the Nazis if they succeed in breaking through the Caucasus into the Middle East. But the war will probably be over before Feisal attains the age of 18 and in his own right mounts the throne of Iraq—if there is still an Iraq in 1944.

KING FEISAL, SPRAWLED ON PALACE'S MARBLE FLOOR, GAZES UP AT PHOTOGRAPHER CECIL BEATON ON THE BALCONY

YOUTHFUL RULER WITH REGENT UNCLE, AMIR ABDUL ILLAH, STROLLS THROUGH LANDSCAPED GARDENS SURROUNDING PALACE. RIVER TIGRIS MEANDERS PAST PART OF GROUNDS



HIS MAJESTY FUSAI II
ON THE THRONE OF IRAQ

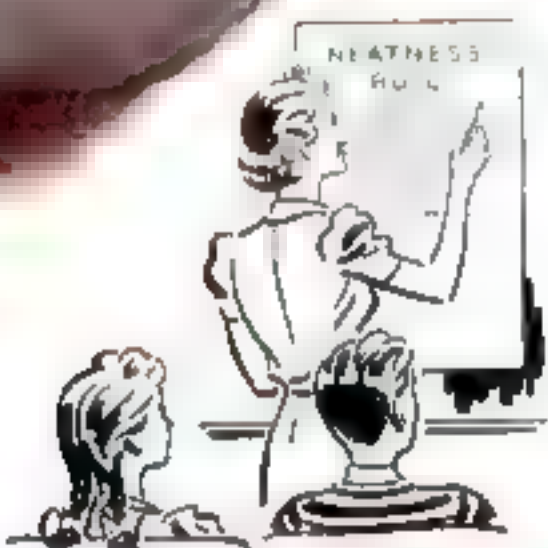




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King of Iraq (continued)



On sentry-guarded portico, King Faisal II stands with his English governess, Miss Dora Borland. Besides English, Faisal speaks Arabic, his native tongue, and Turkish.



Leaving palace's front door, over which hangs the Iraq coat of arms, Faisal and his uncle, the Regent, take pet shepherd dog for a leisurely walk around palace grounds.



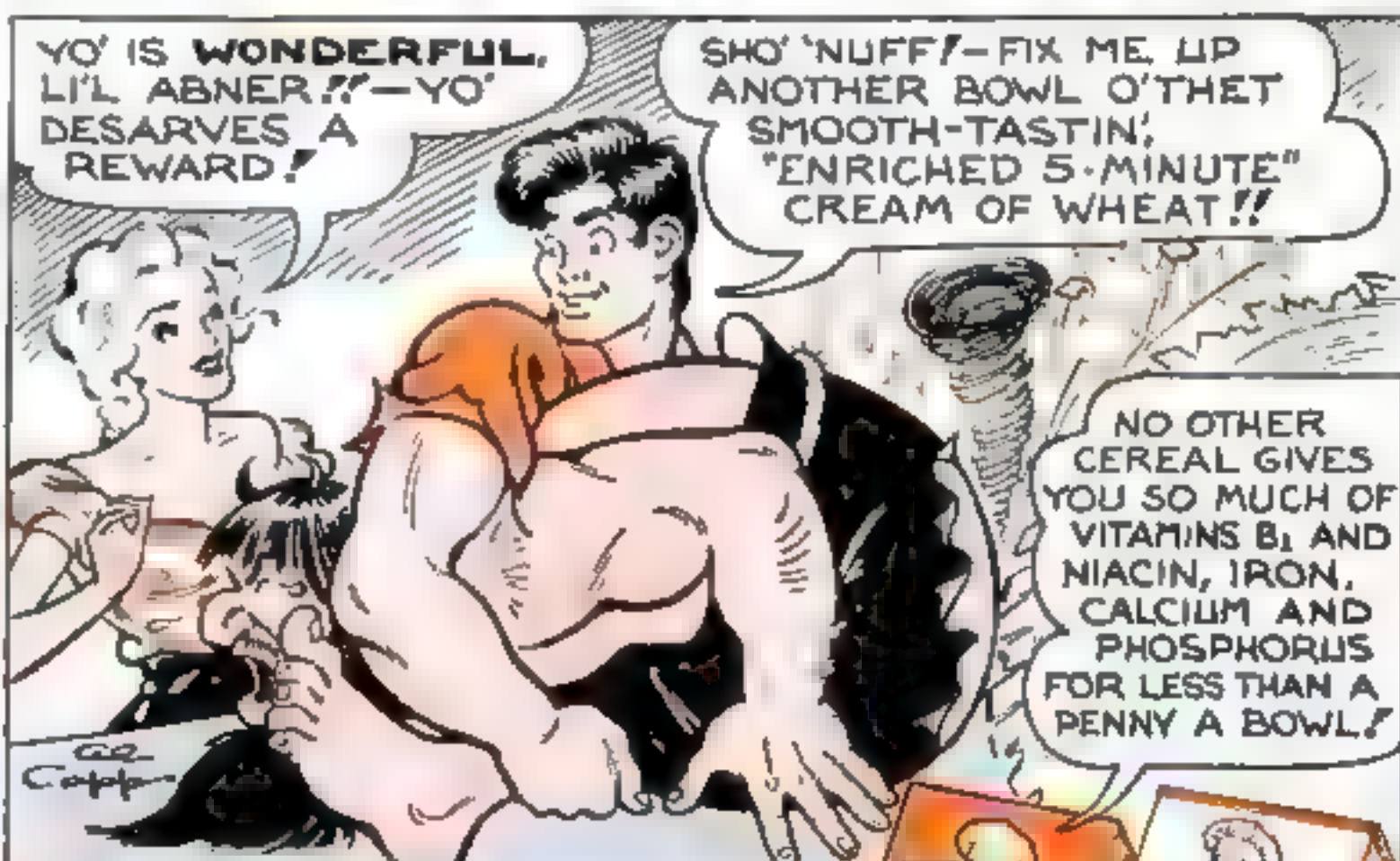
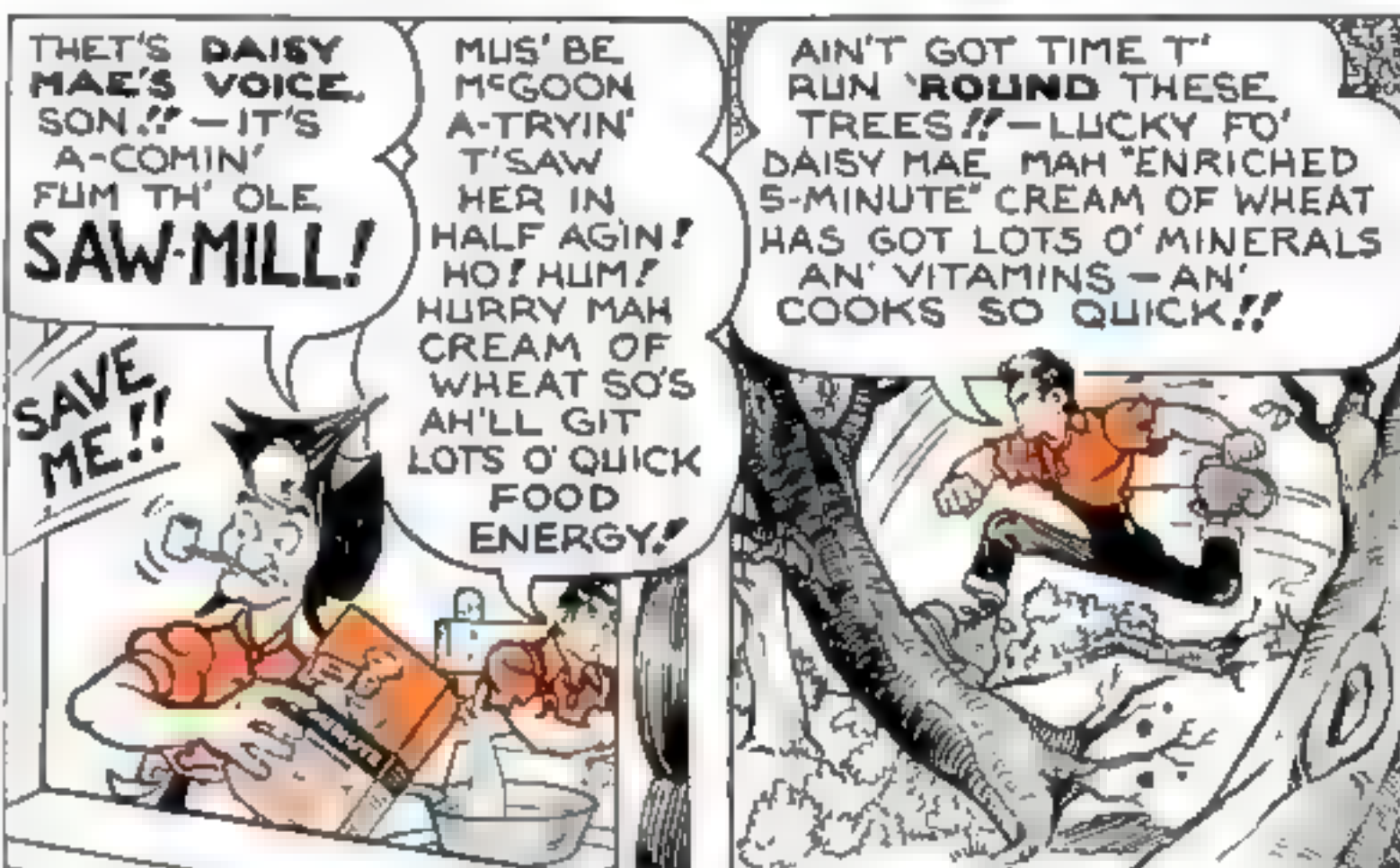
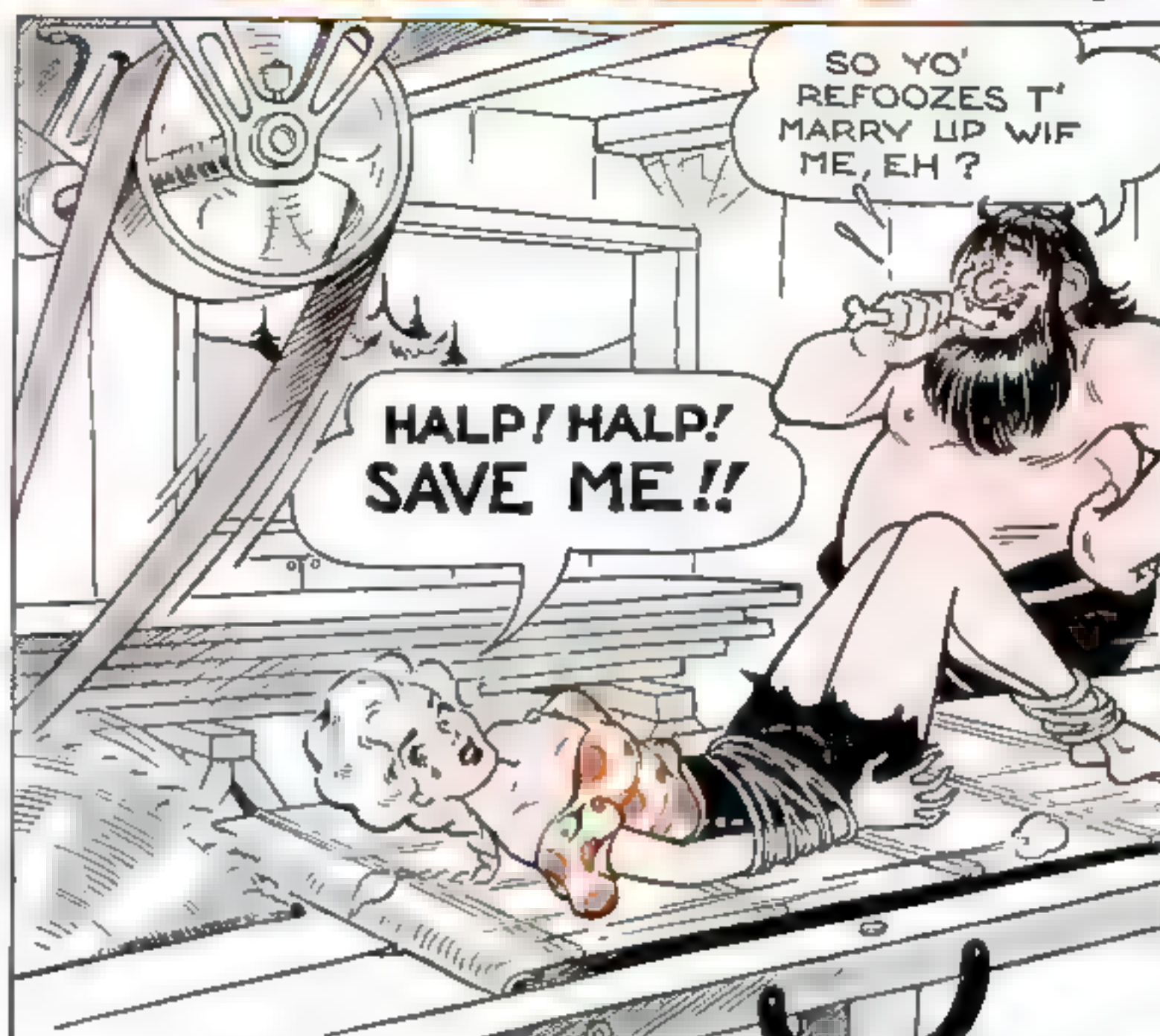
In formal gardens of the Palace of Flowers the trio stop to rest. Lush plant growth in Baghdad watered by the river Tigris is an oasis in Iraq's desert and treeless plains.



Returning from their walk, the world's youngest monarch and his uncle cross a palace terrace. For fun, Feisal kicks football, rides ponies and dresses up to play soldier.

LIL ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than one ounce and a quarter! In all traditional shapes, at your dealer's.

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Free your Hands for Other Tasks. Breezewood is comfortable because it's light. When motoring, writing, fishing or whenever your hands are busy, you don't have to interrupt yourself so much to handle your pipe.

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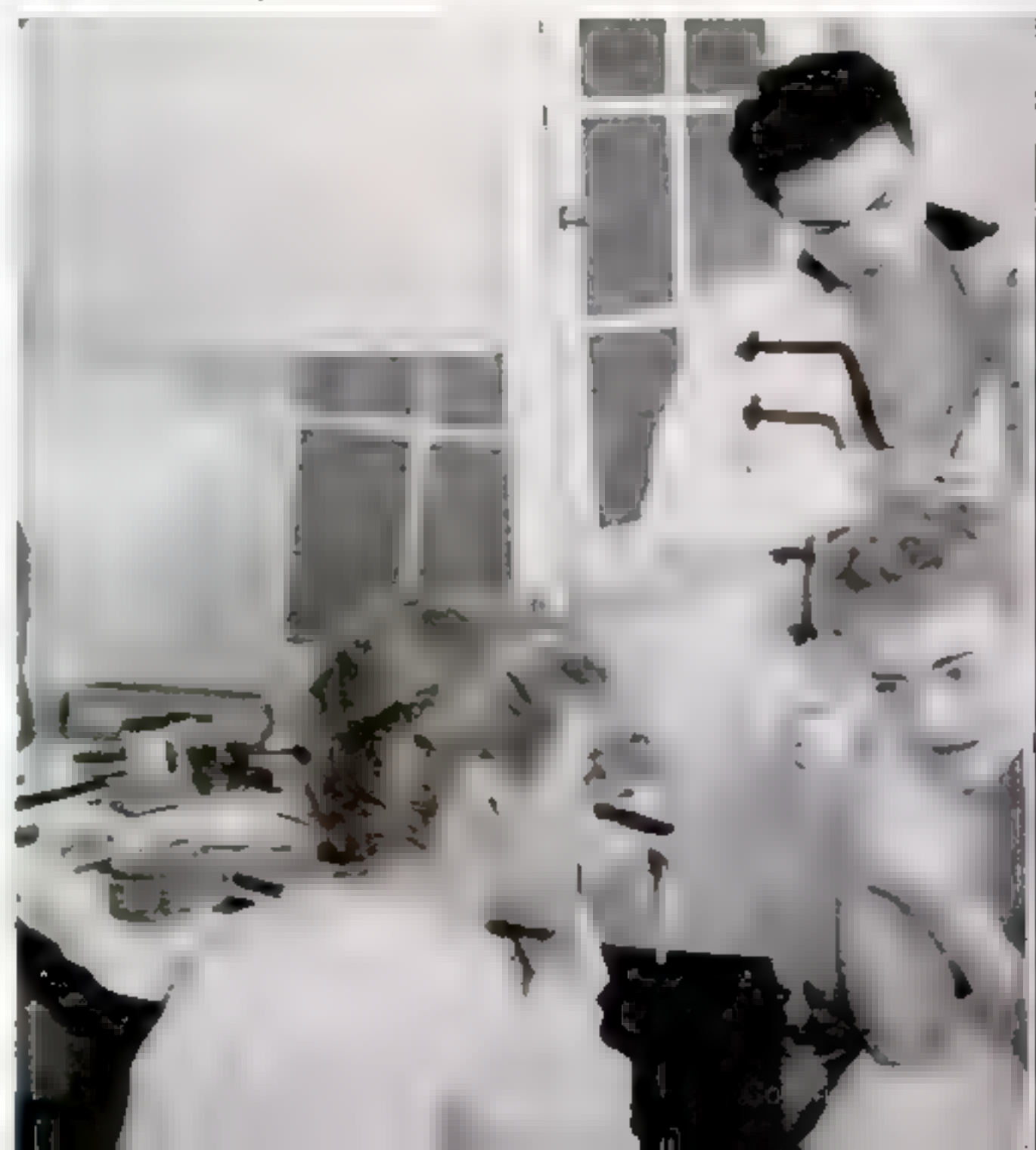


THEODORA ROOSEVELT AND HER GREEN PARTNER, ALEXANDER IOLAS, PRACTICE

TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S GRANDDAUGHTER

In the past, the fabulous Roosevelt family has always stuck fairly close to business, gentleman-farming and politics with side interests in nature, literature, education and history. This summer one member of the famed clan became a self-styled "pioneer" in a new field. Theodora ("Theo") Roosevelt, slim, 20-year-old daughter of Archibald Roosevelt, granddaughter of Teddy and first cousin once-removed of Eleanor Roosevelt Roosevelt, made her professional debut as a *dansuse*. Already prepared by advance publicity, a brilliant gathering of Rio de Janeiro society saw Theo glide out on the polished floor of the Golden Room at the Copacabana Casino in the arms of her partner, dark, handsome Alexander Iolas. Their routine, coolly but politely received by the first-night audience, included dances to

BEFORE THE SHOW, THEO FUSSES WITH MAKE-UP WHILE IOLAS BUTTONS COAT





"CHOICES" FOR THEIR OFFENBACH ROUTINE AT COPACABANA CASINO IN RIO

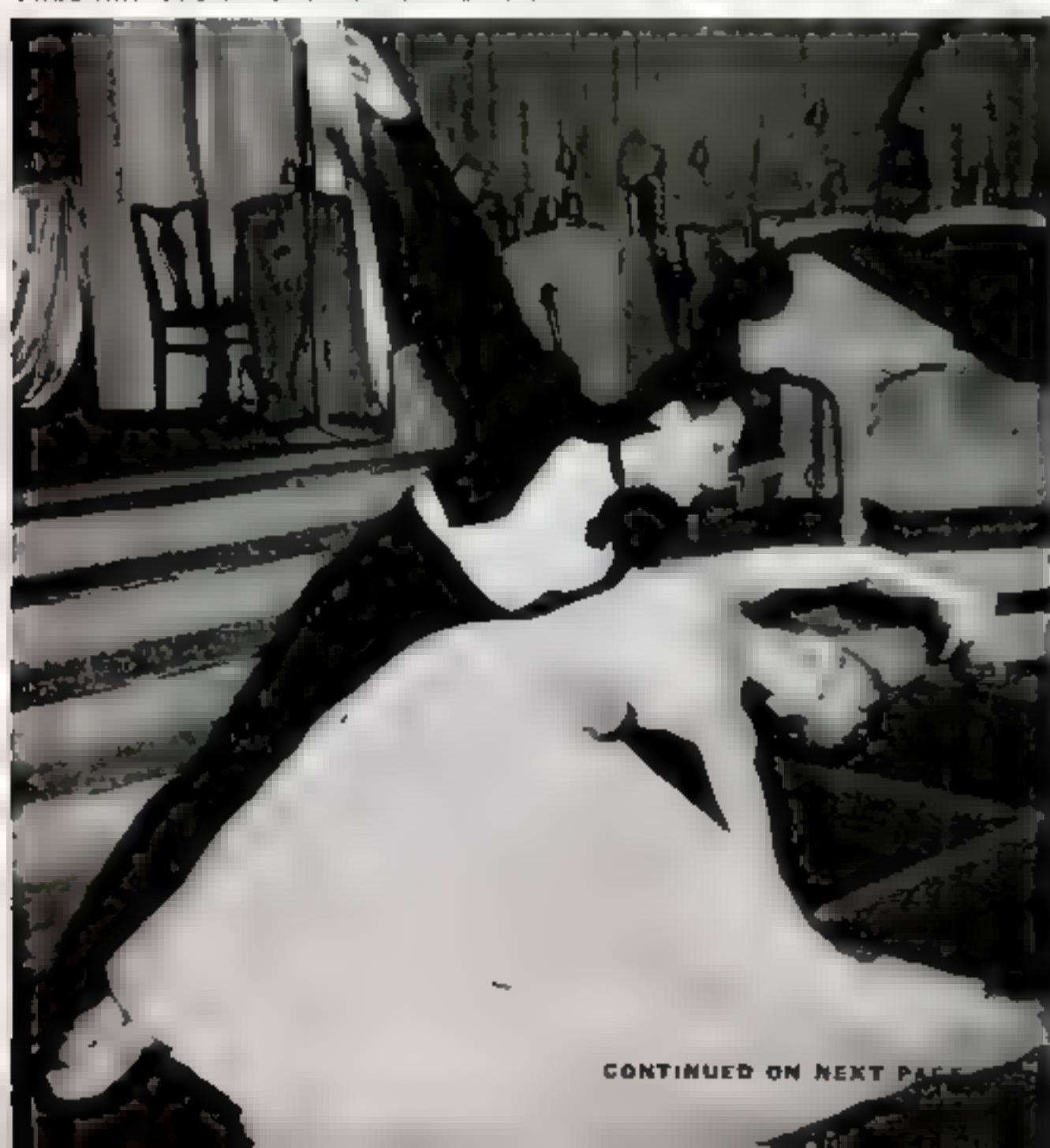
DOES A CANCAN AT A CASINO IN RIO

Offenbach's cancan music (above) and Debussy's *Claire de Lune* (below).

During rehearsals at the Copacabana, Theo had disagreements with the aristocratic floor-show manager, Baron von Stuekart. She told the baron that she was accustomed to greater deference, that her family was one of much influence. The baron replied that the Roosevelts might be very influential in the U. S., but in Brazil they were *café pequeno* (small coffee).

Theo has been studying dancing for two years. Although the Rio engagement was her debut as a professional, she gave a few dance recitals for friends last summer at Bar Harbor and Southampton. Before she decided to make a career of ballet dancing, Theo studied at Miss Chapin's School in New York and at Radcliffe College. She was introduced to society in 1937.

THEO AND IGLES DO AN ADAGIO LIFT FOR THEIR "CLAIRE DE LUNE" NUMBER



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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TWO DELICIOUS FLAVORS



Clark's *Teaberry* Gum

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Theodora Roosevelt (continued)



Jefferson Caffery, U. S. Ambassador to Brazil, chats with Theodora Roosevelt at his table after the dancer finished her routines. To live up to Latin-American ideas of U. S. women, Theo switched from brunette to blonde for her Rio engagement.



Theo is introduced to Dona Alzira Vargas do Amaral Peixoto, daughter of the President of Brazil. Proceeds of the second night at the Golden Room went to the favorite charity of the President's wife. Senhor Vargas did not attend due to a recent injury.



Theo dances with young Bob Corrigan, secretary to the U. S. Ambassador in Rio de Janeiro and son of the U. S. Minister to Venezuela. Theo and her partner wanted to make a "good-will" dance tour of South America, but official permission was refused.

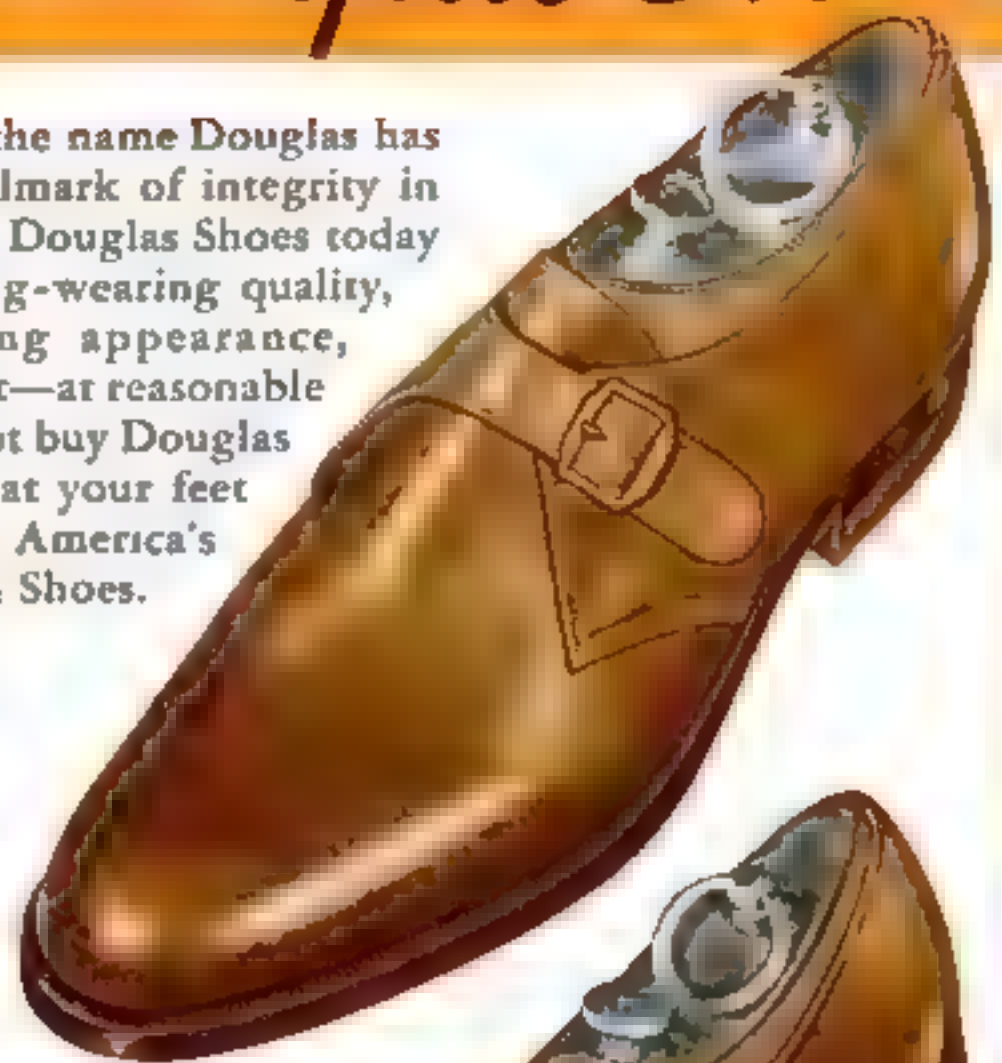


Partners Iolas and Roosevelt stroll along the Copacabana beach at Rio. Iolas, who taught Theo how to dance, is a noted Greek choreographer. He has danced with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, for Max Reinhardt, and in the Salzburg Festival.



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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

COTTONWOOD IN BLACKOUT

SUN

When Sacramento tree surgeons operated on this old cottonwood, they found a healthy young one growing inside.

The little tree had apparently lived its whole life in a blackout, but had survived because of a small opening above where

its leaves could pick up necessary light and air.

Miss Ruby Deagash was not fazed in the old hollow tree, but stepped up and threw her arms around the young one just for the picture.

JOE HANDSAKER

Sacramento Bee
Sacramento, Calif.



TREE LINCOLN

SUN

I spent my vacation this summer in Richmond, Ky. My husband and I took a tour of the city. One of the sights pointed out to me was the place where Lincoln had been shot. The spot was marked with a small tree growing on the tree I had to climb over the fence into the courtyard lawn, risking the loss of a limb.

However, when the law realized that the tree was not a good one, it was cut down. The tree was cut down, but the spot was marked with a small tree growing on the tree I had to climb over the fence into the courtyard lawn, risking the loss of a limb.

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Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. In such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c.

Cystex

Helps Flush Kidneys Only 35c.



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

BOOBY BATH

Sirs:

Blue-faced Booby from the West Indies loathes water. His first summer at the New York City Zoo, he condescended to bathe himself in the outdoor pool but balked at the indoor winter bath.

To keep Booby respectable in the winter, an attendant had to scrub him once a week. He grew to like the grooming so much that now he refuses to bathe himself in any season.

LILLO HESS

New York, N. Y.



The ad on page 7

It reads: "A national survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand... more than the next two leading brands combined. We attribute this personal preference on the part of America's skin authorities to the high standards of quality which we have maintained for over half a century." From a recent issue of the official dermatological publication of the American Medical Association.

... the choice of dermatologists



① WHISKERS OFF!
Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. Lather Shave, plain or mentholated (extra cool).



② FACE PEPPED-UP!
Skin Bracer, just a few drops pep up your face — and how the ladies like its subtle aroma!



③ PERFECT FINISH!
Talcum for Men, neutral tint, doesn't show on face. The perfect finishing touch after the shave.

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE

GOOD!

-Today-and Tomorrow too!



Willard's **NEW** CDI

The "Buy" for the duration

This new, long-life battery is so powerful it meets truck requirements. Yet it's so compact it fits passenger cars too. Has thick, husky plates and dual insulation for heavy-duty service. If your vehicle is a truck in constant use or a passenger car in heavy service, see the Willard CDI when you require a storage battery.

Light and power for thousands of farms

This glass-jar cell is one of the many kinds of special purpose batteries made by Willard. A series of these cells, when connected with a generating set, will provide dependable electric light and power to an average farm home for years.



The battery illustrated is the new CDI-1-100, equipped with Willard's exclusive "Safety-Fill" construction that prevents overfilling and damaging corrosion.

Here's **another**
Famous Willard

"SAFETY-FILL"
BATTERIES

Willard

-have the power to carry on!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY • CLEVELAND, LOS ANGELES, DALLAS, TORONTO

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

BABY SALVAGE

Sirs:

With the salvage campaign in full swing all over the country, I thought you might like to meet Oklahoma's youngest donator—year-old Rita Fern Thompson.

Rita Fern's mother, Defense Worker Cleo Thompson, saved every one of the

476 empties of the baby's first year's rations to give to the tin drive.

We celebrated Rita Fern's first birthday by posing her for pictures with her cake and seated among her cans. She was willing to hold still only if her bottle was handy for an occasional swig.

GLADYS M. BREWER

Hugo, Okla.



RUGA AND DARK ROOM

Sirs:

Ever since LIFE's first issue, my husband and I have enjoyed again and again your beautiful pictures of babies. Now we have one of our own just a year old today, and I am sending this picture in hopes you might print it in my favorite magazine.

Our son's name is Ruga, combination

of my husband's name, Rudy, and my name, Gay. To celebrate Ruga's first birthday we had a photographer in to take his picture. The nice man brought along his little dog, "Dark Room," to make the baby smile, but you can see the result. Later on, though, Ruga and Dark Room became friends.

MRS. R. KERPAYS

Chicago, Ill.



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WORTH IT!

Sure, taxes are high—but they buy the tools for Victory—and you can still drink to that in a glass of the best—Schenley!



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OF EVERYTHING!



THE BEST OF THE TIMES... and the Best of Products in every field, including the World's Best Whiskey! From Schenley's vast reserves, the largest in the U. S. A. — you get the best whiskeys from Kentucky, Indiana, Pennsylvania and Maryland — blended with finest grain neutral spirits for perfect mildness. It's unique — it's America's Best — try it tonight!

THE TASTE IT TAKES FOUR STATES TO MAKE



JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

SCHENLEY, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. SCHENLEY RESERVE, 67% Grain Neutral Spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

Women in the War



In this photo the Motor Corps of the American Women's Voluntary Services is represented. The young lady standing is dressed for duty behind the wheel. Blue-gray tunic, skirt, visored cap, dispatch case, brown leather belt. The seated driver wears her working uniform for under a car. The Camels are an important part of the uniform, too. The same grand flavor and extra mildness that make them such a favorite with men in uniform click with women in uniform, too.

The trim, alert drivers of the British-American Ambulance Corps look very smart in their blue-gray "R.A.F. style" uniforms. These girls can read a map like a field marshal, drive in the pitch darkness of a black-out, assemble a motor, do a man's work any day. Steady nerves are a must on a job like theirs. Notice how many of them smoke Camels. And remember, Camels are the favorite with the men in the armed forces.

Wherever you find the Services you find Camels

Steady Nerves ...that's the order of the hour not only with the *men* in all the armed services but in all the *women's* services, too.

Here is a member of The National Security Women's Corps. An ambitious recruit, having passed her courses, is entitled to wear this smart uniform of slate blue with brown belt and overseas cap. Motor mechanics, rifle shooting, map reading, hospital aid, fire wardening are just a few of the courses studied. The cigarette—Camel, of course. Camels are a favorite in the services.



This crisp, efficient-looking young lady is dressed for service as a Hospital Aide in the American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps. You see Camels everywhere in the women's services. "They're so mild. And they taste so good," women say. You hear that all over.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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Steady
Pleasure**

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In the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard
the Favorite Cigarette is Camel

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